ANGLO-INDIA.

VOL. I.

ANGLO-INDIA,

SOCIAL, MORAL, AND POLITICAL;

BEING A

COLLECTION OF PAPERS

FROM THE

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THOUGH the resources of the mind are almost inexhaustible, it is not easy to supply the general reader's constant appetite for novelty from materials of home production. Mines, however, of intellectual treasures nearly untouched exist in the East. The people of Hindostan, in their social, political, and romantic aspects, the hybrid form of society produced by the commixture of European and Asiatic manners in the English residents there, furnish matter for works equally new and agreeable to Western readers, whose repugnance to Indian topics is disproved by experiment, where they are treated in a popular manner. These considerations have led the Proprictors of the ASIATIC JOURNAL, a miscellany which is not exclusively devoted, as some suppose, to crabbed Orientalism, to think that general readers would be gratified by a selection of its lighter papers, chiefly illustrative of the Moral and Social Condition of ANGLO-INDIA.

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SOCIETY AND MANNERS.



ENGLISH SOCIETY IN INDIA.

I.

MAN is a mysterious compound of active and passive will. The former, unless in a few rare and enviable cases, it is seldom given him to exercise. By the latter, he is every hour, in this "working-day world," influenced, modified, I might say, created. I hate all your metaphysical jargon, which seems only invented for the concealment of ignorance, and am, therefore, truly solicitous to avoid it. But shall I be misunderstood if I call active will the principle which, when in some solitary insulated instances it comes into operation, animates, exalts, and o'er-informs us with something akin to divine inspiration—that *divinam particulam auræ*, which bursts by

its own inextinguishable energies beyond the fetters and impediments of the external circumstances which train and educate by far the greater part of mankind, and mould and fashion all the every-day specimens of humanity that walk or strut upon the habitable globe? It is, then, the *passive* will, that almost voluntary submission to extrinsic influences and over-ruling motives, which in the pride of our hearts we deem ourselves capable of withstanding, but which is even then the most irresistible at the moment we are most striving to resist it;—it is this which, in every philosophical survey of our *genus*, and in every precise investigation of our moral history, ought primarily to be regarded. For it is this that makes the individual, or, in other words, constitutes his idiosyncracy; and not of the individual only, but of the larger combinations as well as lesser platoons of human society.

Of the few who, by the exercise of an active will, rise superior to all outward circumstances, standing like rocks amidst the waves and storms of motives that assail us, and wholly unmoved and immoveable by the impulses which are so omnipotent in the formation both of single and collective man, the history is written in prodigies of super-human virtue;—in action or words doomed

never to die;—in whole lives of stern and inflexible self-denial;—in the thoughts and imaginations which will never taste death, but endure in their living form and indestructible essence through the endless track of ages. Of these, standing alone and at long and awful intervals, as if they were marks to shew the height which the flood of glory, or of genius, or of virtue, has now and then reached—of these, in treating of society and of manners, it is evident that I can have little to say;—but it is with the second class of beings that I concern myself—a class falling within the scope of our experience, and furnishing a much more agreeable exercise for our speculations than those who, by appearing in such irregular cycles amongst us, seem in some sort to have abdicated the common wholesale properties of our nature. Compared with the *οἷοι νῦν ἄνδρες εἰσὶ*, they are of another and higher order, scarcely united with us by the tie of human weakness or human folly, the strongest ties by which man is confederated with man,—claiming appreciation by a different standard, and not liable to the wear and tear of the common motives which impel us;—they are, therefore, of too colossal a stature, and of a mould too gigantic, to be useful or pleasing objects of contemplation.

It is then the surest process for philosophical

thinkers, who undertake the delineation of the characteristic manners of any definite class of mankind (and without some tincture of philosophical thinking no picture can be faithful or vivid), to watch narrowly the external discipline of circumstances, which affect the disposition, the temper, and the character, rather than simply enumerate, as travellers are too apt to do, the mere naked phenomena themselves, without taking any note of each extrinsic cause that has its share in their formation. It is because they have not given themselves the trouble to become familiar with this important part of the human mechanism, or, in other language, with the whole tribe of impulses by which the passive will is hurried along in spite of its feeble resistance, that the numerous writers upon India, who have appeared lately amongst us in swarms that almost "darken the air," have scarcely attempted, except in a few instances of manifest failure, a sketch of English society and English manners in India. Do not for a moment let it be thought, that I am vain enough to imagine that I am about to supply the deficiency, either to my own satisfaction, or that of my readers; but may I not succeed in giving a few hints at least to future limners even by my own unfinished daubings, and suggest the propriety of shunning, on the one

hand, the unseemly and revolting caricatures presented to us by the few writers who, for their own amusement or Mr. Colburn's profit, have made the experiment; and on the other, the tame and spiritless sketchings, in which all that is distinguishing and prominent is wholly lost and obliterated?

Impressed with the utility of this mode of proceeding, in order to arrive at a just criterion of society and manners, whether amongst the English residents at Paris, or the English at Rome, or in whatever country curiosity or restlessness may have dispersed them (for wherever our countrymen are, with whatever community they may come into contact, there they remain, like oil and water, unmixed and immiscible), I am sincerely convinced that it is the best mode of estimating the English societies of India; and I lament that the ground has been quite untrodden, or nearly so, by those who have lately published their reminiscences of that interesting region; for I conceive that the being, so strangely compounded, whom we call here "an old Indian," that odd bundle of whims and humours, whether considered by himself, as the being, formed and fashioned by the circumstances that were constantly acting upon him whilst in India, or the whole Anglo-Indian society of that country altogether, who are undergoing the actual

discipline of those circumstances, do assuredly deserve the compliment of a more specific delineation than has been hitherto assigned them. To these, perhaps, the rule I have laid down will be found more emphatically applicable than to our countrymen in any other part of the world. An Englishman in France or Italy still remains the Englishman, carrying thither only his follies, his arrogance, and his prejudices, and stands out in prominent relief from the countries he visits, by the peculiarity of his cherished follies and beloved vices; whereas in India, by the concurrence of various causes of sure and uniform operation, some of which I shall point out, the English character undergoes a transformation so rapid and entire, as to render it the fittest study that can be imagined for the moral painter.

I must repeat, then, the subject of English society in India has been uniformly neglected by all who have visited Hindustan, with the exception, perhaps, of Maria Graham (not now, indeed, Maria Graham, for that fascinating combination of sounds, associated with the enlivening remembrances of youth and personal charms, is now merged in a second marriage and another name not half so pleasing and familiar to my ears)—that delightful writer of travels, who saw manners and noted them with the

exquisite nicety of female discernment, on which every shade, and tint, and colour of character, primitive or mixed, never fails to be reflected. But more of her hereafter. With this exception, however, I have searched in vain the publications of residents and travellers in India, without stumbling upon one correct portrait of Anglo-Indian society; any thing that may be instructive as a lesson to young men, or may hold up to our young countrywomen, who are about to quit the shores of our "fair, domestic stream," for those which the Ganges washes with his mighty waters, a mirror of what they are hereafter to become, through the influence of climate, marriage, musquitoes, and the varied assemblage of causes likely to operate upon them, when they arrive in a country which is considered, I fear but too justly, as the grave of European beauty.

What a useful supplementary chapter to Dr. Fordyce, or Mrs. Chapone, would this furnish! Something of this kind is surely necessary, if, on no other ground, on that of good taste, to give a little pleasing variety to the writings upon India, which the press is every day bringing into the world, and which weigh as heavily upon the forbearance of the general reader as upon the counters of the booksellers. For without something of the

kind, "Ten Years' Residence in India," and "Reminiscences" of I know not how many years of service, begin to be rather sickening; and no wonder, as they are for the most part *refaccimentos* of by-gone campaigns; the dregs and rinsings of old officers' memories; the scrapings of barrack-room conversations, where, over a cheerless bottle or two (the slowness of whose revolutions speaks whole volumes against the diminution of batta), some poor complaisant Sub is obliged with polite quiescence to listen to the endless narrative which "fights the battle o'er again"—the same prosy detail which is so soon to arrive in the propitious region of New Burlington Street, and after it has received its due share of pruning and polish at the maturing hands of Mr. Shuckburgh, to take its place in what is called by courtesy "the literature of the day."

But the taste for this is going by. Who is there that can be interested at this time of day with an Indian battle fought twenty years ago? What reader is endued with such an overflowing sensibility as to spare one drop of it for the fate of a thousand polygars (if they had been so many Polly Carrs, the narrative might have some interest), whose only virtue seems to have been their hereditary hate to the Panjalum-choorchy race; or to weep the premature loss of Captain Trotter of the

cavalry, who, by too quick a *trot* was carried into the hottest fire of the enemy; or the wound of Captain Hazard, who felt so cruelly the *chances* of war in his right arm; or the *hair*-breadth escape of Lieutenant Beard, whose chin was grazed by a ball, and who came off providentially, with the loss only of a third of his whisker (these are not puns, dear reader, but veracious facts*); or feast with delight upon pages filled with lists of the killed and wounded? For heaven's sake, let us have something more than this. "Call a new cause!" Lord Mansfield used to say, with infinite complacency, when he was worn out with the one he had been trying. What we want is man, male or female, imported from England into India, with his English notions, English tastes, English antipathies, acted upon by the thousand influences that gradually modify him into a different animal, till, without knowing it,—for, whilst he is there, goitre-like, a host of similar examples prevent him from suspecting his own transformation,—he comes back again to his native land the finished "old Indian," the consummate but interesting nondescript, which in common parlance has acquired that appellative.

* See "Military Reminiscences of Forty Years' Service in India," by Lieut.-Col. Welsh; 1830.

But first, of woman. I hold most religiously, that the study of woman any where, but particularly in India, is the study of philosophy; nor would it be an exaggeration to say, that transcendental beauty furnishes more instruction than transcendental philosophy; for beauty is philosophy without the mysticism of Kant or Richter; philosophy written in plain and living characters, burnished by the hand of nature herself on bright complexions, inscribed in brilliant faces, and taught by eloquent eyes. In Anglo-Indian society, as in every other, woman is the most important and powerful of the social elements. Married women give the tone not to manners only, but to modes of thinking, in the English circles of India. Single ones have no perceptible influence, for they soon get married, and melt into the character of wives and mothers. No such thing as a regular set of unmarried women exists there; as for a knot of old maids, the forlorn bench of our coteries and ball-rooms, it was never so much as heard of. Judge then of the influence of this very circumstance upon those who move in those circles, and in particular on the female portion of them. A batch of new arrivals are like the hams and cheeses imported by the same vessels; they will not keep till another season. If they do not meet with a suitable match

soon after they have lighted on the Indian soil, they must lower their hopes from the delightful dreams of a rapid fortune, shining liveries in Portland Place, and a mansion and park in Hampshire —hopes which a union with a civilian of rank can only realize,—to some lieutenant-colonel with a liver perforated like a sieve, or a colon almost brought to a full stop, and a pocket not much replenished by a twenty-five years' service. "If 'twere done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly," says Macbeth.

But, gracious heaven! what mistakes people run into, when they talk opprobriously of women going out to the Indian market to be married, and what absurd theories do they construct upon that foolish assumption and ridiculous prejudice! I maintain that, for conjugal love, conjugal happiness, lasting, unbroken, undecaying attachments,— for that perfect identity of wishes, of fears, of griefs, of gladnesses,—that mutual amalgamation of tastes and sensibilities, which constitutes the highest bliss than can reign in that paradise of the affections —that which Horace in two words describes so beautifully to be the beatitude of the sexual union, the *irrupta copula*, the chain, at once bright as gold and strong as adamant, which clasps two hearts and souls together—there is nothing that

equals an Anglo-Indian marriage. True, the affair is quickly decided, and so much the better; for both parties are spared all the odious haggling and the intolerable humming and ha-ing which precede the matrimonial engagement in England. An Anglo-Indian marriage is quite a *veni, vidi, vici* sort of thing. A few glances rapidly interchanged commence and complete the conquest. Before the band has completed five bars of the quadrille, the proposal is made, accepted, and ratified. And what a world of trouble and vexation is saved! How delightfully is the lover spared (he has enough to employ him at his desk without the superfluous business of a tedious courtship) all those deadening, cold-blooded references to fathers, mothers, brothers, uncles, aunts, through the whole gauntlet of which he has to run in this country for a little bit of matrimony! Your marriages in India are like the primæval marriages of Eden. The female, indeed, like her first parent, would not "unsought be won," and it is very seldom, or never, that she makes the first proposal; but she requires no very fatiguing chase to catch her; and he who belongs to the corps of *eligibles*, and is in good circumstances to marry, marries almost *sans phrase*, and takes possession of a prize gracefully surrendered to his grasp, without the fears and perturbations of the

pursuit. I repeat, once more, that this *ready-made* love spares him a million of those inquietudes, doubts, alarms, jealousies, which torment our lovers at home,—"more pangs and fears than wars or women have,"—where they have to undergo the tedious process of a previous manufacture.

Thrice and more than thrice happy Anglo-Indian, on whose head the auspicious heavens thus shower rupees and beauty, the smiles of fortune and of woman commingling in due proportions to bless thee;—the smiles of the celestial goddess lending redoubled fascination to those of the earthly one, whom thy arms encircle,—their union the truest omen and firmest guarantee of conjugal love and conjugal enjoyment! It is true, that beauty ceases to blaze from the first moment that it arrives in India; but it does not on that account "shake its light wings" and fly altogether. It does not shine, indeed, with the heat of a Persian sun, that strikes dead its worshippers. So much the better. Instead of the common-place blushing tint of the European countenance, you take its mild and subdued lustre (no bad exchange), subdued perhaps into almost a vestal paleness; but it is a paleness which, in a woman essentially pretty or beautiful, disfigures no lineament, distorts no feature, oblite-rates no dimple, but brings them all forth into

stronger relief, and, like the moon of Paradise, "shadowy sets off the face of things;" whilst the eyes, the windows from which the soul peeps, rain the same, if not more than the same influence;* discourse the same, if not more touching eloquence; and are doubly radiant from the extinction of the lesser lights that, in your healthy, English faces, play in rivalry around them.

Away, then, with this stupid gossip about the mercenary marriages of India—the markets, as they are called, where English beauty is bought and sold. I affirm, without hazard of contradiction, that there are more interested and venal marriages celebrated in the space of one day in London, than have taken place in Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, since those places have been presidencies. If those places are *markets*, Almack's and the Italian Opera are *shambles*. How many young ladies, who have reached the marriageable period, could I name, who, at the very time that they were curling up their noses at Miss S. or Miss W., who had just sailed on their outward-bound voyage to the East, with the undissembled speculation of getting husbands, were themselves from morn to night occupied in the hope of entangling

* ——— Bright eyes
Rain influence and adjudge the prize.—*Milton.*

some middle-aged baronet, or banker, or wealthy esquire, into a matrimonial promise, and setting in motion their whole train of artillery to carry their point! And what is the destination of a young girl of fashion in London, from the first flutter of her heart at the sight of a beau? What is taught her by the counsels of mamma, or the examples of elder sisters? What are the aims that engross her whole being, all her waking, all her sleeping thoughts? What is the goal which her young imagination pants to arrive at? Is it the simple union of the affections—the unadulterated choice of the mind, with no dowry, no worldly wealth, but that of love—the gratuitous dedication of her whole soul, the unbought devotion of her heart, to one beloved and beloving object? No; she has been too well tutored not to discard all this nonsense with contempt, as the idle dream of thoughtlessness and folly.

The females, sent out to India to try their chance for an establishment, are for the most part nurtured to the hopes of a competent rather than a splendid union. To this end they are educated, modestly indeed, but sufficiently to qualify them for the duties of wives and mothers. They are taught the art of pleasing by means of those accomplishments, which are no more than a neces-

sary part of female education, instead of the fascinations which glare and dazzle rather than delight, and are more fitted for the stare and gaze of public admiration, than for the chaste and sober ornaments of domestic life. Having probably some friendly connexions in India, they arrive there generally under the protection of kind and matronlike residents, with whom they become domiciled, and who, from their experience of the characters and morals of the male society at their respective presidencies, are enabled to give them the most salutary advice as to the important choice on which depends the woe or the weal of their after-lives. What is there mercenary or venal in this? It is an egregious blunder to imagine that there can be no real affection in these marriages. I never heard that the little god of love could make no use of his wings for being encumbered with rupees, or that his arrows were less efficacious because they were tipped with gold.

But let those who sneer at English marriages in India, look to the unbroken constancy of the union: I mean in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Can there be a more conclusive proof that the affections of the young spinsters, so invidiously ridiculed as forming part of the ship's cargo, find there a secure and honourable asylum? A *crim. con.*, which in

London is served up every morning at breakfast to your wives and daughters, is of such rare occurrence in India, that all the affairs of that nature, which have broken out in English families from the first moment of our having so much as a factory there to the present day, when what were once factories have become populous capitals, put together, would not amount to thirty-three, which, to speak with statistical precision, is not so much as half a one per annum. This has the appearance of a problem, inasmuch as the female heart there, as well as at home, is beset with frailties and exposed to temptation. But the solution of it will be found in those exterior circumstances to which I have before adverted, as disciplining and fashioning dispositions and characters. It may, perhaps, diminish the value of the compliment, but it is almost an obvious truth, that in India our wives are better guarded by one little circumstance in their domestic economy, than if they were secluded with Turkish jealousy from every eye, or secured from contact by ramparts of brass. Conjugal infidelity is next to impracticable; and what do you think it is which renders it impracticable?

In the first place (do not smile, reader), in every house, through every apartment, the doors of which, from the necessity of the climate, are always open,

there are constantly gliding along, with noiseless and inaudible rtead, a variety of domestics, with various names, and acting in various offices. They are eternally at the elbow of their mistress. If she shakes off Ramasawmy, Vencatah is sure to succeed him. The moment the kansumar leaves the saloon, the kitmugar steals into it. So unheard and unperceived is their foot-fall, that they are like flies with respect to their exits and entrances. He who does not perceive the influence that so perpetual an exposure to observation will have upon the female conduct, must needs have the dullest apprehension in the world. The force of such a restraint is almost incalculable. It acts upon the wife as a supernumerary conscience, and it has all the efficacy of the severest penalties which law could inflict. In truth, your black servants, whose eyes are those of lynxes, and who are endued with a kind of invisible ubiquity, may be relied upon by the most jealous husband as so many walking statutes against adultery. Nor are there in your houses in India any of those snug receptacles of intrigue, those *petits boudoirs*, which in England are considered by every lady to be inviolable—her *castellum*, her sanctuary, into which none but a few foolishly indulgent wives will permit even their husbands to intrude. The eye may command at

once every apartment of the mansion, which is seldom of more than one story, as distinctly as Don Cleofas inspected the interior of the houses of Madrid which his friend the lame devil had unroofed to his curiosity. Consider, again, I beseech you, the necessary effect of this one circumstance, in the formation as well as the preservation of chaste and guarded habits, and the bridling irregular and licentious passions, by the almost entire impossibility of indulging them, and you will set a proper value on a moral restraint at once so gentle and so effectual.

Another most invaluable restraint, which keeps down in India this worst of domestic scourges in English society,—that pernicious crime which, in our world of fashion, is so often snapping asunder the golden cord of wedded affection—is a restraint of a physical rather than moral kind; but it operates with equal force on the seducer and the victim. What I mean is, the almost absolute impracticability of eloping. There are no post-horses to carry off the erring couple, as it were, on the wings of love, or at least with the degree of velocity which their escape from shame and retribution requires. Palanquins are out of the question. As for running away on horseback, it is quite impossible. No lady in that torrid climate could endure

the fatigues incident to a mode of travelling so disconcerting to the female nerves. Every successive bump would be a lecture upon her imprudence; her misplaced desires would be completely jolted to pieces; and I question whether the gallant himself, whilst spurring his flagging Arab under a burning sun, would not be inclined to think that he had at least gone far enough, and begin to vote the whole affair to be a bore. Then there are not, as in England, delightful inns, stored with exquisite viands and admirable wines, with smiling landlords and obsequious waiters, where the fugitive pair may halt, to recruit their spirits, and drown in champagne or claret the squeamish and uncomfortable risings of remorse, that may obtrude upon their felicity. But for these there are, at occasional distances, certain buildings called choultries, facetiously said to have been erected for the comfort of travellers; desolate, cheerless, uninhabited, echoing to no sounds but the howl of jackals and the hum of musquitoes. In these inhospitable edifices there is nothing to cheer or support you, and a much better chance of your being yourself eaten up, than of finding any thing to eat. Now absolute famine, or even bad fare, is a decisive antidote to love of any kind, lawful or unlawful. Travellers who refresh themselves at these places

are obliged to send on all their culinary preparations before them. In the case of an elopement, these preparations would betray the secrecy and impede the progress of the expedition.

Such then are the salutary checks which, in the English society of India, interpose between woman and the thoughtless folly that undermines her fame and her happiness in other countries. The black servants, I repeat, are as vigilant guards over your earthly paradise as if they were "cherubims with flaming swords" stationed at its gates. The impediments to rapid flight soon reconcile the wedded dame to the ills she has, instead of encountering those "she knows not of;" and it is a most invaluable law of our nature, that we are not long in learning to endure that from which we cannot fly. Fastidious moralists may cry out that these are equivocal signs of virtue, and degrading motives to abstain from evil. Senseless prate! If virtue consists in abstinence from vice, no matter how the end is accomplished, it is still virtue. The result of all this is, that handsome wives gradually subside into respectable matrons, that euthanasia of beauty, in which all irregular and unholy affections are buried in the quiet grave of conjugal stillness, and they return to England to spend the autumnal season of their charms with placid and

subdued desires, that never wander beyond their husbands or their nurseries, except to a little harmless gossip on the less guarded conduct of their friends, and the pardonable maternal vanity of witnessing the triumphs of their daughters in the ball-room or at the piano.

But there is another circumstance which operates most powerfully as a cement of the matrimonial union in India, which it would be unphilosophical to pass by. Every lady has a direct participation in her husband's advancement, and consequently a tenderer sympathy in his fortunes;—and this has an obvious tendency to strengthen her constancy and invigorate her attachment. For, as he rises step by step in the service,—I refer more particularly to the civil branch,—he imparts to her that enviable distinction, which in limited spheres of society is the object of the warmest aspirations cherished in the female bosom. How many fair complexions have I seen ruined by unavailing and feverish competitions for the splendid plaything—the glittering toy, called rank! How many an interesting dimple has been fretted into a downright wrinkle by the slow corroding pangs of envy, that Mrs. W*** should have a right to walk first, because Mr. W*** has just received an appointment at the Board of Trade! Hence it is, that having once

embarked in, she adheres to, the vessel which not only carries the fortunes of Cæsar, but the rank of Cæsar's wife, a circumstance of no slight weight in strengthening the links of the matrimonial chain, and identifying by a bland and harmonious assimilation the mutual ambition of the parties. It is astonishing what the love of rank will effect in the coteries of Anglo-India. I verily believe, there are some ladies that would rather crawl on their hands and feet, than not be allowed to go first into a room at all.

Sometimes the love of rank takes a retrograde turn. When a cause was tried in the Supreme Court, respecting the widening of the Marmalong bridge—a long series of arches whose needless and wearisome length bestrides the bed of a small river near Madras, but which was so narrow that two carriages accidentally meeting could not pass,—I remember a curious Irish attorney, in the broadest of brogues and with a face which had been thrice dipped in Shannon's brazen flood, in order to point out more emphatically the inconvenience of the bridge, was heard to exclaim, "Why, my Lord, it was only yesterday morning, that Mrs. O**** in her carriage met Mrs. D*** in her's, in the very middle of it, and there they stuck for a whole hour, quarrelling for *precedence* which should go backward."

But English life in India is a subject that unfolds itself as I advance. I pledge myself in future essays to treat the subject according to the most correct principles of our common nature; to shew that all that is eccentric or problematic in the character of Anglo-Indian society is to be traced to certain fixed and definite laws; and endeavour at least to supply a desideratum in the pictures of that society which have lately been given to the world, that has been long felt and long lamented.

ENGLISH SOCIETY IN INDIA.

II.

In a former article upon this subject, we attempted a faint and rapid sketch of two or three interesting lineaments in the female society of the English residents in India; and amongst these, the constancy of wedded attachments held a conspicuous place. Our task would have been but imperfectly executed, had we neglected to give due emphasis to one of the most honourable among the moral causes which have stamped a bright and distinguishing colour upon the domestic life of our countrywomen in those distant regions. We traced also that splendid peculiarity in the social intercourse of the East to the very singular circumstances by which it was impressed. We have not, however, done with the theme (its fertility is inexhaustible); for the most potent influences that shape and fashion all the societies of the earth are female influences, and they are incessantly at work to pro-

duce the most striking modifications of character which can interest the student of our common nature in his researches.

It was observed also, or rather hinted, that in our Anglo-Indian communities, there was no coterie of virginity which had passed the matrimonial Rubicon. The absence of this moral cause, which at home is in active and hourly operation, is itself a most important peculiarity, and must have a pretty perceptible effect upon the temper, and manners, and feelings of the Anglo-Indians. What a world of acerbities, of bickerings, of satirical reflections, of petty strifes and emulations, is superseded by this single circumstance! Yet, although no reasoning can be accurate or philosophical without general propositions, all general propositions are limited by sundry exceptions, perhaps not occurring so frequently as to destroy the value of the proposition. For, in our English societies in India, are occasionally to be seen about half a dozen spinsters, pale as the ghosts on the shores of that fabled stream, whose surly ferry-man has refused to carry them over, and wearing in their complexions the livery of "the hope deferred, that maketh the heart sick:" not, indeed, to be called "old maids" without the grossest perversion of language; faded rather than withered;—for those eyes, with their languid

and bedimmed brightness, tell us most intelligibly, that they were not long since the lamps of joy, and were intended to be the lamps of love, had not the wayward perverseness of fortune thwarted the kind destinations of nature. It is not that time has yet begun to revel amidst the wrecks of their beauty. No such thing. Not one of them has yet seen her ten lustres; but the work of Time, in the devastations he so much delights in, has been taken off his hands by an artist quite as expert, and in that climate much more expeditious; by sorrow,—not loud but deep,—not breathing itself out into friendly ears, nor easing its load by confidential ommunications;—but cherished, silent sorrow, indulged in secrecy and solitude, finding no communion but with the midnight gloom, or the pale moonlight shadows, which throw over the earth a congenial sadness. Then arise the images of departed years;—the familiar groupes of childhood; thoughts, feelings, passions, come rushing around their couch, as with the sound of innumerous wings. And to be the subject of scorn to those who have played with better cards—scorn, indeed, more in apprehension than reality, for, bad as our nature is, we seldom cast aside our respect for misfortune. Yes, it is misfortune, the disappointment of hopes "too fondly nursed, too rudely crossed," and there

is none incident to humanity which has a better title to commiseration, and would meet with it more, were not these instances in which it is indelicate and cruel to commiserate. It is, however, natural for persons thus self-humbled, to take every smile or whisper for the complacent commentary of selfishness and contempt, even where no scornful feeling existed, and where the hearts of those who were thus unjustly suspected were much too pure and generous to triumph for a moment over those whom they had distanced in the race.

I knew one neglected beauty, for she certainly was beautiful, who felt—not her matrimonial disappointment, but the destitution to which the circumstance of not being married had consigned her—with peculiar intensity. The nerve was waked in this interesting creature, where "agony is born." Her meditations upon her almost insulated condition, in a society to which she was allied by no natural ties beyond those of gratitude for kindness and hospitality, cast as it were the shroud of death over every scene and object; and she sometimes sate as motionless and insensate in the lighted ball-room, amid the glare of lamps and the revelry of music, as if she had already reached the stillness of that sepulchral abode, where her sorrows not long afterwards found repose. But the error was not her's—

alas! the miseries of that error were her's, and her's exclusively. She had been sent out to take her chance, in common with other accomplished and amiable creatures, of meeting with a respectable husband, and a comfortable establishment;—but it was an injudicious step on the part of those who over-ruled her own instinctive reluctance to the adventure. They had not penetration enough to see a something in her character, her affections, her habitual turn of thought, her high-toned romantic sense of all that is right and dignified, which boded little success to the speculation.

Poor Isabel W——! No persons gave themselves the trouble of inquiring whether on this orb, which you hardly seemed to tread, there are not some spirits so refined above every gross and earthly ambition—thine, dear girl, was eminently so—so dedicated to the love of all that is good or beautiful, whether in nature or in virtue, and so entranced in those mysterious but hallowed musings of the soul in which that love is fed and cherished,—as to have as little leisure as aptitude for the day-dreams and speculations, in which the greater part of the sex are immersed from morn to night. Yet such spirits there are—rare, indeed, and twinkling like solitary stars on the extreme boundary of the horizon, whose wanderings no eye can follow, or note when they

go or when they return. Isabel's mind and its peculiar genius were quite overlooked by the people who, with the best intentions in the world, were in the habit of computing human beings in the lump, and classing all alike with natures with which they have neither kindred nor analogy.

What unhappy mistakes are constantly occurring in this world of ours, for want of a distinctive classification of the minds and temperaments, over whose destinies we usurp an authority which nature refuses to sanction; and this, because we still persist, right or wrong, in classing individuals by wholesale catalogues! Never was the mistake more woefully illustrated than in the case of Isabel. Here, was a soul of etherial temper, "finely touched and to fine issues." Yet from the gross misdirection of those who should have watched its wanderings, or rather have studied its aspirations, it was rudely transplanted from the quiet spot in which it was embedded,—the home of its purest joys, its unpolluted affections,—from the dear familiar scenes of youth,—from the stream or grove or valley, among which it delighted to wander;—from rich landscapes fresh with verdure, and rejoicing with nature in their richest attire, where her eye never failed to trace or create new beauty, as it paused to meditate or admire,—transplanted, I say,

to the cheerless, and sterile, and parched soil of a burning clime, where nature rather languishes than reposes; where her beloved melodies of birds, and of cool refreshing breezes, and of gushing brooks, are heard no more; and there is no walking by the side of fragrant hedgerows, or under the shade of embowering elms. Such a being, endued with sensibilities attuned to every noble emotion, ever in extremes, and vibrating with ecstasy, whether of gladness or sorrow, was unfitted for Anglo-Indian society, where no feeling is allowed to exceed its statutable limits, no sympathy to burst the bounds of that conventional complacency of look, thought, manner, and that subdued, disciplined state of feeling, which receives with unfluttered pulse alike the imparted joy or the revealed sorrow.

In such a society, by such a mind, how much was to be endured, to which, unfortunately, it had been never trained! But Isabel, chained in that insipid converse from which there is no flight—and especially during that part of an Indian *soirée* when the ladies leave the table, and indulge themselves in the habitual topics furnished by the domestic events of the settlement, the suspected flirtation, the reprehended coquetry, and others equally interesting and equally stale from daily recurrence and endless repetition—and her fear of

imputed pedantry, should she attempt the introduction of subjects more familiar to her by thought or reading,—felt unutterable torture, and the more acutely as she was constrained to dissemble it. Now and then, indeed, a rebuke of female inanity did escape her; and it was felt the more acutely because it was expressed, not with bitterness or a contemptuous sense of superiority, but pointedly and eloquently. The women leagued in a society of sneer and sarcasm against her; and, without suspecting it, she found herself engaged in that warfare, ἡ μάχη τῶν γλῶσσων, that war of tongues, in which no one is invincible.

Isabel W—— was the most beautiful and sylph-like female of the lesser order of figure my eyes ever beheld. Her step was graceful beyond any thing I had heretofore witnessed; it was winged rather than pedestrian; she seemed to hover about you rather than to stand near you; and, after half-an-hour's converse with her, such was the celestial airiness of her form, and such the silver sound of her voice, which seemed like notes struck from an angel's lyre, and such (probably her personal fascinations should incline me to mistrust my own estimate)—such the wisdom that welled forth, pure, bright, and unaffected, from her lips, I always felt as if I had been conversing for that short pe-

riod with some vision indulged to us as a specimen from the world of better and happier spirits. Yet all her feelings were feminine; her perceptions of feminine propriety instinctively keen; and, in one word, it would have been almost a pardonable idolatry to have fallen down and worshipped her, as the living image of virtue.

What did this avail in the society of Madras? It is certainly true that she created a considerable sensation (to use an unmeaning, but common phrase) upon her first arrival; and many of the *eligibles* flocked around her. The kind friends, with whom she was domiciled, gave her the usual *catalogue raisonné* of the unmarried members of the civil and military services. As to the latter, except in the case of a few lucrative staff situations, they are universally sneered at. Majors, captains, and lieutenant-colonels, are only the sad refuge of desponding virgins—the straws caught hold of in the last paroxysms of despair. Moreover, the same friendly monitors could enumerate within a few fanams the amount of their respective salaries, and all their brilliant expectancies in the background;—to what Mr. B***, the collector of Tanjore, would probably be appointed, as soon as Mr. W**** of the Revenue Board, who was happily in the last stage of a liver complaint, should make room for him; or

the cholera morbus make, a few fortunate inroads upon the Sudder-ul-Dawlet, or Mr. C***, the resident at Hyderabad, fall by the tusks of a wild boar, the only event that could possibly wean him from the dangerous amusement of the boar-hunt—either of which auspicious incidents would double or treble Mr. B***'s salary:—besides this, the good friend, who was thus pulling up the curtain of futurity to her young charge, pointed out to her, and in no very distant perspective, a seat in council for Mr. B***, that *ultima Thule* of a civilian's ambition. Never did the chapter of human accidents unfold so many delightful promises. To be sure, there was a *per-contra creditor* to all this; for Mr. B*** was a very dull and a very cross man, and exceedingly penurious withal, and his servants, in their English jargon, used to call him "a make-afraid man," because he was in the habit of beating them, or pulling off their turbans, when they could not understand his bad Hindostanee. A gentleman, so peevish and tyrannical, was not indeed exactly cut out for the fairest, the gentlest, the kindest of created beings. Added to this, Mr. B*** was very middling in point either of intellect or acquisitions; but, instead of being humbled by the consciousness of his inferiority, he was weak enough to think that it would not be discerned by others,

provided he could assume the bearing and consequence of a man whose knowledge was universal. He proposed to Isabel, and was feelingly and kindly refused.

Good heavens! what, after this, could be thought of Isabel in the coteries of the settlement! Deluded girl, was it for this that thou wert arrayed by nature with all this prodigality of charms, both of mind and person, and fitted out for India with so much cost to thy friends? Mr. B***'s failure did not discourage other suitors. They came, and were repulsed. Seeing this, the rest of the eligibles kept aloof, and poor Isabel sat through the tediousness of the ball-room and the concert quite unmolested, unless perchance a straggling aide-de-camp or two, in the course of a saunter through the room, ventured to expend upon her the vapid nothings of his famished intellect.

Now all this on Isabel's part was error,—error fatal at length to her happiness. Oh, that she could have lowered her lofty and towering, but visionary ideas of what a husband ought to be, or what he might be made, down to the concert-pitch of the world as it is; that she had learned, by being more conversant with mediocrity, to have been more tolerant towards it;—that, instead of struggling and panting after ideal excellence, she had found out

that the happiest and best of unions are rather compromises between what we expect and what we find, than the entire fulfilment of what fancy and hope are so wont to dream of! Then she might have wedded well and respectably, and in the course of things have produced children, and run the ordinary round of conjugal happiness, and in the fulness of time have returned home, and graced the first societies of England, of which, she was in every respect worthy. But she could not listen with feigned attention, scarcely with patience, to common-place remarks propounded with as much gravity as if they were philosophical discoveries. She could take no part in the pointless satire, the stale jest, and the prosy narrative, that necessarily constitute the essence of Anglo-Indian conversation. Her's were no vulgar endowments. A large expanded soul, a cultured mind, that comprehended very considerable stores of acquired knowledge; taste, feeling, a green flourishing memory, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection; a perpetual stream of fresh ideas, and a voice to give them utterance that fell upon your ear as the genuine music of the heart;—with so many gifts and such natural powers, let those who know India, and the English society of India, judge whether they, who disposed of poor Isabel's destiny,

acted wisely and judiciously. There was a restless pining constantly going on in her mind for the country she had quitted, the dear scenes of her childhood and her youth, and the groupe of happy faces which fancy conjured up to her remembrance. She indulged a great deal too much that silent anguish, which is felt so acutely when the soul has no affinities, no fellowships, in the crowd of vacant faces that surround it;—for ever was she stealing in vision to the vales, hills, woods, streams, of her native place—the modest mansion, the home of her modest affections, the seat of her purest joys, and the blue wreath of smoke that curled from its roof, as if to warn her, after her return from a prolonged walk, of the lateness of the hour, and the sweet affectionate chidings that rebuked her delay. From all this, the world of waters had severed her, perhaps for ever; but the chain which bound her to that spot, though lengthened by distance, was never broken. She felt its force to the last. Thus occupied, she would weep alone, benighted in her soul's gloom, for whole days and nights.

Soon after her refusal of Mr. B***, her parents had died, and Isabel, through some untoward domestic circumstance, was left without one natural protector, save the kind friends with whom she found an asylum in India. And most affectionately

was it accorded to her; for so powerful are the influences of beauty, goodness, and virtue,—virtue, too, enshrined in the fairest of forms,—that every one of those selfish, every-day feelings, which are so apt to break out where there is no considerable enlargement or cultivation of the mind, was restrained, and nothing was said, not even by a look, that served to remind her for one moment of her destitution and dependence. Isabel, however, felt them; and her beauty withered, and her smile, though as delightful and interesting as ever, was mingled more and more with a languor that betokened inward suffering; and she went the unmeaning round of Anglo-Indian visits, tiffins, balls, assemblies, dinners, and listened to idle ridicule and empty gossip, and sate at feasts where daily hecatombs were offered up to vanity and ostentation,

—— "joyless all; and unendeared;"

but no amusements, scarcely her own insatiable thirst for literature, could fill up the cheerless void which existed in the bosom of one, who was made to love, but who could not love where she found nothing lovely.

Yet what false interpretations pass amongst the ladies and gentlemen of this world for profound commentaries—what gross blunders for sagacious

truths! No person thought it worth while to penetrate into the real causes of the decay of that beauteous frame. The easiest solution, and the most in unison with their own sentiments and habitudes of thought, was at hand, and they adopted it. Isabel, they took it for granted, was wasted with disappointment, because no offers were made her, and with regrets for having refused Mr. B***, who, on the very day, perhaps the very hour, of his rejection, had made another offer to another lady, which was accepted, that lady being luckily of a disposition or temperament not liable to be shocked by Mr. B***'s flogging his black servants because they could not comprehend his broken Hindostanee; and being gifted with an understanding that tamely brooked the usurped superiority of that of her husband. Moreover, as if to heighten poor Isabel's disappointment, there was a conspiracy of the accidents of life, and every thing happened to Mr. B*** as had been predicted. The small residue of Mr. W****'s liver soon gave way, and made the happy vacancy at the Board of Revenue; the cholera morbus did its duty at the Sudder-ul-Dawlet court, and Mr. B*** had only to wait another propitious death to arrive at the consummation of his hopes, the seat in council. But they knew her not, nor was it possible they should. She was

far too high-minded for such vulgar disquietudes, and she had little in common with the minds which they agitate. Her fine frame and generous heart had been overmastered by feelings of another kind; and she was universally deemed a martyr to disappointed hopes of marriage, when those hopes were the most abhorrent from her nature. She was fascinating and instructive, even whilst she was sinking into the grave, and her wonted smile lingered on her face in death. A memorial was rudely sculptured on her grave-stone, at the expense of one who knew her well. It was borrowed from the pathetic epitaph of Shenstone on Maria, and ran thus:

> Vale, vale, Isabella!
> Quam melius est tui meminisse,
> Quam cum reliquis versari!

But this is a melancholy theme. Yet, spite of every wish and every effort to change the strain, I find the thing impossible, and the chord being once touched, I must go on. Recollections, "sicklied o'er with the same pale cast," continue to haunt me, strive as much as I will to oppose or divert their current. And thus it must ever be, so long as this orb of sorrow revolves on its axis, that he who unclasps the volume of his life, will start with horror at the sad and painful world of remem-

brances he evokes from their graves. Thoughts are awakened, whether of yourself or of others, that, as they rush with hideous yell from the cells of memory, tear and agitate you like furies.

The English society, into which you are thrown whilst in India, becomes after a few years a gallery of dismal portraits, out of whose histories the tragic muse might weave many a mournful drama of real woe; and he who can meditate with a heart at ease upon the manifold chronicles registered in his mind, of vanished hopes, of disappointed ambition, of friendships passed away, of early loves buried in sudden clouds, or thrown prostrate by overwhelming storms, and can calmly pick up the links of the broken chain without grief and shuddering, is a being belonging to another nature, with whom we have nothing in common beyond the form and configuration of humanity. Amongst the specific train of causes, however, by which these unhappy results have for the most part been brought about, and which the careful observer of society and manners will not fail to have noted down minutely,—he cannot overlook, as he unfolds his tablets, the havoc, disorder, and wretchedness, superinduced in Anglo-Indian life over the other ills to which we are heirs, by the mania for ostentatious expense, which is the most fatal epidemic, whether of the

country or the climate. It pervades all orders and classes, and drives on young and old indiscriminately to their ruin.

Strange, indeed, it must seem, and it is an anomaly that baffles all set reasoning, that, execrating the climate as everybody does from morning to night, —panting beneath the hot fumes of the land-winds, which it would be no poetic exaggeration to term "blasts from hell,"—punctured from top to toe with the prickly heat, a sensation that teaches you, without any help from the fancy, precisely what you would feel were your body stretched on a bed of upraised pins,—awakened in the sultry stillness of the night-watches out of some delightful dream of England and of home by musquitoes buzzing in the ear, or meeting each other by appointment on the tip of the nose,—cursing in querulous anguish the dull sameness and unvaried vapidness of existence,—compelled every returning eve to take the self-same ride or drive along the self-same road, through the same monotonous vista of trees,—to meet for ever the same faces, and reciprocate the same cold and unheartfelt greetings,—and when the nightly *promenade* is concluded, to sit down without appetite to the same bill of fare, of which that of to-day is the exact fac-simile of that of yesterday, the eternal pig with the lime in his

mouth, the unfailing mulligatawney, the never ending rice and curry, with the same oft-repeated topics, bad puns, and tasteless reflections;—that, enduring these incommodities, and whilst every one is beating his wings against the bars and wires of his cage, from which, in due course of time, a little worldly prudence would have delivered him;—that, all this while, nearly the whole Anglo-Indian world should be busied in schemes of throwing away the means which can alone ferry them back again to the land of their fathers, is, I repeat, a most perplexing paradox.

But so it is. The climate, it is true, renders many things, which elsewhere would be termed luxuries, absolute necessaries. Horses, carriages, servants, unavoidably multitudinous from the endless divisions and subdivisions of employment, palanquins, garden-houses,—all, or some of these, are perhaps requisite to mitigate the inconveniences of a clime which forbids bodily exertion. But it is not merely the indulgences, without which nature would sicken and languish,

> Quêis humana sibi doleat natura negatis;

it is not in these that European fortunes are engulphed and lost. There are other "Serbonian bogs," in which gold mohurs and rupees sink as

fast, often faster, than they are obtained. There are horse-racings, horse-breedings, horse-trainings, equipages ostentatiously swelled beyond every domestic need, carriages gorgeously splendid, postillions and even horse-keepers extravagantly liveried, and tables, on which a very few simple condiments would represent all the actual comforts of the whole bazaar, not only crammed with a superfluous heap of provisions, but glittering with a costly shew of plate, gold and silver.

Add to this, that your capricious and pompous civilian, or your brief-proud lawyer, whose fees in Westminster-hall could not keep his washerwoman in good humour, but which in India have descended upon him in showers, cannot content himself with a mansion of modest proportions. No: he must roam through long suites of elegantly furnished apartments. He erects, therefore, a palace, which, as it rises out of the earth like an exhalation, so it often disappears like an exhalation; —for the sun and the monsoons, with their united strength, are rapid artificers of ruin, and these being helped in their work of destruction by the puny industry of their active *collaborateur*, the white ant, in a few very short years, the master-pieces of domestic architecture crumble to their foundations. Yet to rear these transitory emblems of human

pride and human folly, he squanders sums which, on his return to his native land, might have repaired the ancient hall of his ancestors, redeemed the mortgaged acres, or erected a mansion anew, to illustrate him as the first founder of a name and family. Such are the riddles which vanity is perpetually framing to perplex and humble us.

The fretfulness for surpassing those among whom we live, is at all times a passion which it requires no little philosophy to subdue; and perhaps the entire extinction of it would not be desirable, were it possible. It is in its misdirections that it works so much mischief and folly, and becomes the most sordid thing imaginable, and leads to the most sordid results, especially when it takes the mean, pitiful turn of vying in pursuits after the veriest trifles and gew-gaws of existence; and in little societies, like those of our Anglo-Indian settlements, this paltry misdirection of a feeling which would be a noble one in its right course, may in ten cases out of twelve be with tolerable certainty calculated on. In a wider sphere of intercommunion, all this would find wholesome and natural correctives. The influence of better example would incite to worthier competitions, perhaps to literary or philosophical ones; and there is no mind, after it has acquired knowledge, but swells out to the requisite dimen-

sions of what it contains, and, becoming enlarged and lofty, looks down with disdain upon the puny emulations, in which so many foolish creatures sacrifice fortune, fame, happiness. At our Indian presidencies, moreover, there is scarce an individual of any rank or station, that, like the citizen in the Spectator, who kept a journal of his life, is not of greater consequence in his own thoughts than in the eyes of the world, and therefore imagines that he is watched in all his movements, his exits and entrances, and thus trains himself to a false theatrical appearance in society, and walks perpetually on the stilts of the most absurd and despicable of all the prides that infest our nature.

I believe from my heart that poor R*******, who in a very few years contrived to spend in mere external shew, not only his own accumulations, but the hoards of others, was infected with no other vice but this. He was a vain, but, in every other respect, a strictly honourable man, kind, humane, generous to excess, passionately fond of horses, and determined not to be surpassed in the stateliness of his mansion, the splendour of his table, and the excellence of his stud. His legitimate emoluments, as Registrar of the Supreme Court, were considerable, but not adequate to a style of living that put to the blush the establishment of the Governor-

General. It is the first step which it is so difficult to retrace. On one side of a given line lay good fame, competence, domestic peace, inward satisfaction;—on the other side of it was a tinsel, candle-light happiness, that would not bear a day-light inspection; hosts of acquaintances, who grinned with envy at his hollow magnificence, or watched with delight the progress of his ruin; a heart cankered with care, and slumbers broken by fear. This line he had passed. As Registrar, he was the official administrator of the property of intestates, and as intestate death is a most common accident in India, large accumulations sometimes remained for years unchecked and unaccounted for in his hands. Had the judges of the court called periodically for his accounts, as they were virtually bound to do, he might at this day have been, if not rich, virtuous and happy. For a long succession of judges, this duty was neglected; at length, a chief justice arrived, who was dazzled and astonished at the splendour of his hospitality; enquiry took place, and R****** was a defaulter to an immense amount. He lived but for opinion, and although it was a contemptible species of opinion that he worshipped, he could not exist without it, and a sudden apoplexy terminated his career. It is a sad story, but it contains volumes of admonition.

ENGLISH SOCIETY IN INDIA.

III.

It is true, your genuine Anglo-Indian has many prejudices, which have necessarily encrusted themselves over his understanding and feelings during a long commorancy in India. But, on the other hand, how many prejudices are there from which he is emancipated; prejudices which, had he remained in England, would have stuck to him for the whole of his natural life, and created around him that dense atmosphere, which chokes the moral and intellectual respiration, and condemns a man for ever to the disgrace and degradation of thinking with the multitude upon those subjects on which the multitude can hardly be said to think at all! The reason of this is not inexplicable; it is simply because he has had the advantage of handling, or rather seeing, what the rest of the world only reads or talks about. Of all our corporeal senses, the eyes are the most faithful interpreters to the understanding;

and when he hears people uttering endless absurdities concerning India and Indian institutions, with as much ease and apparently as much at home as if the very objects were palpably before them; when he finds things taken for granted, and declaimed upon with zeal and fury, which he knows to be non-existent, or at best to be the mere bubbles of popular declamation—he naturally enough shrugs his shoulders, and asks whether they would talk such execrable nonsense, and give themselves so much trouble in laying down moral precepts and prescribing rules and regulations for the inhabitants of a country so removed from the circle of their experience, if they had cast the most transient glance upon that which they are in the habit of reviling, and seen in their genuine forms the usages and practices which are reflected to them, in the most distorted shapes and the falsest colours, through so many *media* of imperfect observation, of interested testimony, and of blundering zeal.

"What are they making all this fuss about suttees for in England?" said a sensible old Calcutta civilian, as I was handing him some letters of recommendation which I had brought out addressed to him by my friends in this country. Upon the very threshold of my Indian noviciate, to be authoritatively given to understand, by a person of long

experience, of great learning, and of a protracted residence in India—one, whom my aunts, cousins, and uncles had extolled to the skies, and urged me to cultivate by every means in my power, and to make him, in short, "my guide, philosopher, and friend,"—to receive so much as a hint from a person for whom, during my voyage, I had hoarded up so much veneration and respect as to give him credit for being an oracle of wisdom, and to prepare myself to treasure up the most casual remark that should fall from his lips, as a response of Pythian prudence—to hear from such an authority, that a single word was to be said in behalf of the self-immolation of widows, which I had habitually abhorred as the foulest of the deformed family of Hindu superstitions—I, too, who had so lately been numbering groan for groan with the most sensible of my maiden aunts, while she bewailed, over her nightly needle-work, that hideous rite of idolatry—to be told that the invectives against it, to which in a manner I had been trained and educated, might possibly be, after all, only nonsense, or worse than nonsense—threw me, I confess, into a fit of perplexity, from which I did not soon recover. My kind patron, who had by no means been unobservant of what was passing in my mind, took afterwards an early opportunity of developing what he had only

hinted, and of detailing his sentiments on what he called, sarcastically, "the home-legislation" of India, and on the folly as well as danger of making, upon slight or inadequate grounds, the notions and usages of large portions of mankind, and those civilized portions too, the subjects of such indiscriminate and unsparing vituperation. I must protest, however, against being understood to identify my own feelings or opinions with those of my Anglo-Indian friend, when I give the substance, or something like the substance, of what he said;—my purpose being merely, in accordance with the plan on which I first set out, that of shewing in what manner, and in what degree, mind and its opinions are modified by a residence of considerable duration in India.

"So long," he said, "as we are rather clamoured than philosophized into the greater part of our opinions, it will be almost a matter of peril to utter a word in behalf of many things, which, however cried down in the gross, may nevertheless be susceptible of excuse. It is enough that they are in the *index expurgatorius* of those who profess the morality of the day, which is, you well know, by no means deficient in verbal pretensions to a pure and refined benevolence, and is for the most part careful in selecting those subjects which make no further demand upon its commiseration; and so

prevalent is this cheap and economizing virtue, that no one, unless he is a candidate for the downright abhorrence of half the decent, respectable, well-dressed persons he meets with in society, would venture so much as to whisper or breathe an apology for them. Candid reasoners, indeed, may admit that there is a wide distinction between excuse, which is merely relative, and defence, which proceeds upon some unqualified and absolute principle. But where are you to look for candid reasoners? Upon the subject of the religious customs of India, there are a hundred second-hand declaimers to one original thinker. It might, indeed, be expected, in an age which is proud of its philosophy and its exemption from vulgar prejudice, that understandings capable of liberal and extended views of our common nature, and familiar from the nature of their habitual inquiries with that copious chapter of its errors and obliquities implied in the word 'superstition,' would be aware how many palliations, not merely the spirit of philosophy but of common charity, might suggest for religious practices, however alien from our best feelings, and however discordant with the tone and genius of Christianity, which I allow, and indeed feel, to be the only perfect wisdom that has yet beamed upon mankind.

" It has always struck me as very remarkable,

that the most heated enthusiasts who condemn those practices, and in particular that of the suttee,—all their knowledge of which is mere hearsay,—disavow the expediency or the right of interfering with the religion of India. But the same consistent people, whilst they avow their tolerance towards the whole system of Hindu theology in the gross, yet in their talk about its specific rites and ceremonials, which, though far from being the essence, in fact constitute the greater part, of all the subsisting theologies of mankind—when they talk, I say, of specific rites and ceremonials, although part and parcel of the inveterate religion of Hindustan, and entwined with it by a coeval root and simultaneous growth, the very next moment forget the forbearance they still think it politic to profess, and feel no delicacy even in calling for restrictive measures, to suppress them as nuisances and abominations. Such is the marked inconsistency of their mode of speaking of the Hindu religion generally, with their zeal for the compulsory repeal of its vital and not unessential parts.

"Happily, however, it is only a verbal zeal; for words are the coin in which our modern philanthropy pays its debts. Verbal denunciations reduced to action would be fatally ominous to the

repose of India, and the stability of our Indian empire; for they would evince a total departure from every maxim of justice, policy, and reason, on which it has been hitherto administered. I was strangely amused," he continued, with a sardonic expression in his looks, "in seeing, by one of the English papers in the packet you brought me, that a petition signed by one solitary gentleman has been actually presented to Parliament, for an immediate penal enactment against the practice of suttee. One individual actually lifting up his voice in the British senate for the abolition of one of the religious usages of a people, removed from the natural sphere of our legislation, not more by physical distance, than the strong discriminations which the wisdom of Providence has impressed on the various families of the earth;—that usage, an integral part of an immense and venerable pile of opinions, or, if you will, errors, which, for a long cycle of years, beyond the reach of all rational chronology, has been wrought inseparably into their moral identity! But as no practical result has yet happened, or is likely to happen, from the petition, one cannot help smiling to observe how vast a field is open for the overflowings of this worthy creature's benevolence; how unrestrained

his imagination may wander amidst so many soothing dreams of human amelioration, with the whole chart of Brahminical superstitions, all the

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum

of Hindustan, unfolded before him. What a glorious privilege is secured to him by the happy constitution of his country, that permits him to petition by lines of latitude and longitude all over the globe, and to display his benevolence on so large a scale, without the slightest appeal to his pocket, or any expense beyond that of the paper on which he writes his petition! Happily for India, however, it is a species of philanthropy as noiseless and inaudible as it is cheap and economical. Long may it 'lie upon the table,' that limbo of unamended grievances and forgotten wrongs, and expire in the gentle euthanasia of the utter oblivion which, by this time, has in all probability overwhelmed it, along with many other pieces of congenial folly!

"Yes, you must allow me again to indulge a smile,"—here the sardonic expression of his features began again to display itself,—"whilst I figure to myself in fancy the enviable enthusiasm that must have glowed in the breast of this magnanimous lover of his kind. For your English philanthropy," he continued, "seems on all occasions to be a mighty

traveller. It is a charity that neither begins nor ends at home. Make the appeal to its compassion at its own door, it is received with comparative indifference. The hungry and wretched before its eyes make but a feeble impression on sympathies whic are not cultivated for home consumption : those sympathies, which journey with unwearied steps over distant climes, to snatch the Hindu widow from the blissful illusion of dying by the side of her lord, and living with him for long cycles of ages in the blissful mansions of Paradise ; or to prevent imaginary multitudes from being crushed under the wheels of Juggernaut, a martyrdom they are supposed to seek with the most vehement emulation. Whip me a score of such philanthropists ! Oh ! that it were possible by some moral gauge to measure the real depth of the benevolence that is for ever fermenting in the bosoms of these sensitive individuals, and to ascertain the contemptible proportion between the few drops of pure and genuine milk of human kindness that you would find there, and the exuberant quantity of that weak, yeasty, counterfeit of it, which passes by its name. Depend on it, they scarcely wish in their hearts for the consummation of their pious projects. Destroy the whole superstitions of India, and you would compel their philanthropy to shut up shop for want of a capital to trade with.

Vixque tenet lachrymas, quia nil lachrymabile cernit,

would scarcely be an exaggeration of the pain and disappointment they would undergo. You could not do them a more unwelcome favour. They would sigh in secret for the recall of the abdicated grievance, and feel an aching void at their hearts in the absence of the themes, on which they had been wont to be pathetic, with so scanty a waste of tears, and charitable with so small an expenditure of money. Nor is this last consideration of little weight with your rhetorical distributors of charity. The miser in Molière liked *bonne chère avec peu d'argent*; and the cruel rites of the Hindu religion afford matter for a long and benevolent speech. whilst the same display of oratory at the London Tavern, in behalf of our suffering poor, would entail the necessity of coming down handsomely in a public subscription. Then what fine opportunities would be lost of attacking the Court of Directors, who are of course involved in all the guilt of the Hindu idolatries;—a fact so logically proved in a late debate at the India House, when it appeared as clear as day, that they were lending their countenance and support to the obscene worship of Juggernaut, because they laid a tax upon its celebration, almost amounting to the prohibition of it!

"To speak gravely. Even allowing the zeal which dictates our interference to be the most pure and exalted of its kind, let us not forget, that political wisdom demands an obeisance to times and seasons. The discussion of the subject is dangerous. The natives, contemplating the matter through optics peculiar to themselves, and sensitively shrinking from the meditated invasion of their religious customs, will not probably distinguish between the mere proposition of a measure, and its actual adoption. They are too imperfectly schooled in our political constitution, and have been nurtured to maxims of government too dissonant from the genius and frame of ours, to discriminate an act done permissively under the state, from the solemn and authentic act of the state itself. That which is permitted, they will erroneously, but with their habits of thinking, or rather of feeling, naturally infer to be sanctioned. I do not complain of slow attempts at abolishing so sad and melancholy a rite. Let the suttee be prohibited, as it now is, within certain distances of the presidencies. Beyond this, I question whether at present it would be wise to push our interference. Mild remedies have been found to succeed with fanaticisms much more detestable than this. What a world of wisdom did the old senate of Rome

bequeath to the knights-errant of the officious philanthropy of the present day, in their memorable decree against the most execrable ceremony which ever assumed the character or dishonoured the name of religion! 'Si quis tale sacrum solenne et necessarium duceret, nec sine relligione et piaculo se id omittere,' &c. &c. &c. The whole may be seen in Livy, and it is one of the best lessons of tolerance that subsists in history."

My Anglo-Indian friend continued nearly in the following words: "I have before expressed my abhorrence of this practice. As a Christian man, I feel for all the sorrows of humanity, superinduced by custom or religion upon the necessary and inevitable ills which we inherit at our birth. Yet I do not like the disingenuous spirit, in which it has been loaded with unjust exaggerations and clothed in horrors not its own. For this purpose, the victim is usually exhibited, by the wholesale dealers in rhetorical misery, as cut off uniformly in the flower of her youth (I suppose the inhumanity varies in intensity, as the premium of an insurance-office, according to the increased years of the sufferer), dragged like Iphigenia with tottering steps to her death-bridal, with those lingerings after life so natural to its vernal season, and closing her eyes upon the light of heaven and

the cheerful scenes of day, with pangs which the greatest master of pathos could alone describe:

> Ἰὼ, Ἰὼ, λαμπάδουχος ἁμέρα
> Διός τε φέγγος, ἕτερον,
> Ἕτερον αἰῶνα,
> Και μοῖραν οἰχήσομεν.
> Χαιρέ μοι, φίλον φάος. *

But, believe me, these are sufferings to which the Hindu widow is impassive. The choice of death (for the martyrdom is by no means compulsory, as many zealous but ill informed writers have asserted) is one of the purest volition. So far from its being forced upon her by the peremptory order of her religion, one of the most authoritative of the sacred texts declares, that 'a wife, whether she ascends the funeral pile of her husband or survives for his benefit (that is, lives the remainder of her days in performing certain expiatory ceremonies in his behalf), is still a faithful widow.' It has been my fortune to have been, on one or two occasions, the spectator of this afflicting ceremony, and I can myself bear testimony against the vulgar assertion, that the widows on either of these occasions had been overpowered, either by the entreaties of relatives or the persuasion of the Brahmins, into the execution

* Iphigen. in Aul., a. 2.

of her resolve. On the contrary, the strongest remonstrances of her friends were aided by those of the Brahmins, to call her back to life and its duties. The truth is, the sort of existence,—life it can be scarcely called,—to which, as a surviving widow, she knows herself to be destined, has nothing in it to render death, in its most appalling form, an image of terror. It is this fearful perspective, which makes her future existence appear to her eyes a long, wearisome, and distasteful series of melancholy duties. This, added to the honourable distinction attached to the martyrdom, operates upon a feeble and enslaved understanding with a strength, that overpowers the instinctive love of life which nature has infused into every bosom, and she dies amidst the most beatific visions of having redeemed her deceased lord from a thousand years of penance, and dwelling with him in the seats of the blessed, till both are absorbed into the boundless infinity of nature. Amid these visions, she knows no taste of death, or even of suffering. Is it wise, therefore, is it genuine humanity, to be making these incessant appeals to the morbid sensibilities of those, who are remote from the spot, and untinctured with the slightest knowledge of Hindu institutions or Hindu society, and therefore have no opportunity of correcting, by actual ob-

servation, the errors into which overheated and exaggerated representations of an irremediable evil must of necessity mislead them? In your future speculations upon the people amongst whom you are now thrown, you will, I trust, avoid the mistake of considering the suttee the worst of religious usages, or as one that calls for the impertinent gossiping interference of those, who talk so much nonsense about it at home."

Years have intervened since my kind friend and patron addressed this discourse to me. It has been my good fortune to revive my acquaintance with him in London, and I have lately listened with still more pleasure to his opinions as to what he calls "New India," in other words, the ominous changes that have happened there since his time. "I read in the Bengal papers," he observed, the other day, "of strange doings there. Things are called by new names." I had already, from previous hints which had fallen from him, begun to conjecture the nature of the forebodings that had thrown so dark a cloud over his good-humoured brow, and what were the innovations that had grown up since my friend's departure from India. His prejudices on this subject were inveterate, and lay near his heart. "Our former relations to the natives of India are wholly subverted," he observed. "Only consider,

now, what a vast change, moral and political, is implied in the new fashionable slang of the Bengal newspapers—'native gentlemen!' Observe here (reading a paragraph from a Bengal *John Bull* of a recent date): 'Last Thursday, a grand ball and supper were given by ——, at his house in Chowringhee, at whic ha numerous, elegant, and brilliant assemblage of rank, beauty, and fashion, were present. A number of *native gentlemen* were present, who appeared to be highly delighted with a scene, which to them must have been new and striking."

I could scarcely repress a stare of astonishment at this almost microscopic prejudice of an Anglo-Indian of the old school; but I begged him to be more explicit, when, after a few half-muttered and half-suppressed imprecations against the march of intellect, which, without circumlocution, he recommended to the devil, calling it the march of folly and madness, he proceeded in his tirade against what I thought to be quite an innocent, though perhaps an unmeaning, designation.

"It is not," said he, "that I am in the least wanting in all due and seasonable feelings of respect for the virtues and amiable qualities of our Hindu fellow-subjects. Far from it; I have systematically and on all occasions condemned every one of those

senseless and impertinent molestations of their opinions and usages, which have of late been so prevalent, and have reprobated without mercy the premature and fanatical efforts, from certain quarters, to engraft upon their's a system of theology, to which only in the fulness of time, and in the season of God's high will, they will become reconciled; for they who have most plagued and pestered them with their restless experiments of conversion, have first in the regular process of their argument, and in order to prepare an adequate basis for their project, blackened them, after the fashion of the Wards and the Careys, with every pollution of which our nature is susceptible, and attributed to them every vice and atrocity, that makes us hang down our heads in sorrow and shame for our species:—and this for the benevolent object of making them little better than nominal Christians. It is my rooted opinion, I say, that in all our intercourses with this highly interesting order of mankind, the harsh relations of conquerors and conquered, the strong and the feeble, should be banished, and free, mild, and forgiving communications, in the spirit of gentleness and affection, subsist betwixt us. But let us not forget, sir, that there are lines of expediency which circumscribe all the virtues; which place limitations even upon the too eager pursuit of right

principles. Let us push these principles of social duty towards the Hindus as far as possible; they should nevertheless stop short of that complete identity and assimilation of national character, which is amongst the most deplorable of modern affectations. Native gentlemen, indeed! Invited, too, to our evening parties, to teach them to laugh at our follies, to be spectators of our intemperance, to witness our convivial noise and inanity, and, however they may for a while suppress or disguise their contempt, to shrug up their shoulders when they get home, in disgust and pity at the degenerate successors of the Clives, the Cornwallis's, and the Hastings's, of those who laid the first foundations of our vast dominions in India. On the other hand, *they* are governed by maxims of much less equivocal wisdom. Every European eye is religiously excluded from their domestic privacies, and their social festivities, save on the formal and unmeaning occasions of a nautch, which is altogether a public out-of-door thing, and does not afford the English observer the slightest glimpse of the Hindu life or character, which, to this day, in spite of all the nonsense that is written and will continue to be written about them, is still a sealed mystery to Englishmen.

"Let 'the native gentlemen,' in God's name,"

continued my friend, "when they do come into contact with us, see our character in its more dignified position; in its official and civil aspects; administering equal and indifferent law to rich and poor; framing wise and humane provisions for their protection, dispensing beneficent and healing measures to mitigate their indigence, and to diffuse over the wasted country, which the mysterious ordinances of Heaven have subjected to our domination, the wholesome encouragements of its industry, and the seeds of its public and social happiness. It is thus they are to be taught to revere and admire us. But as to calling them *native gentlemen* (he said this with a sneer of bitter irony), exposing yourselves to their gaze and their criticism in that attitude, which in their eyes is the most contemptible one in which you can be seen—especially in that most senseless occupation of jnmping up and down in a heated room, beneath a climate which overpowers you even in the most quiescent postures, and which you can hardly endure whilst reposing on your couch—be convinced, that these intercourses, now so frequent in Calcutta, will lower you most egregiously in their estimation. Do you know, that they esteem this amusement of ours as one of the worst deformities of our social system? Dancing, in their opinion, is a degradation, and not the better

for being a voluntary degradation. They think that it is a most senseless and idle pastime—and the more disgraceful, as it is by their customs exclusively confined to the mercenary ministers of pleasure, the most despised race of outcasts that are to be found in Hindustan. God knows where these innovations will stop. Not, I suppose, till we have lost the country altogether. For, in breaking down the social discriminations, which till lately kept the native community at a certain distance from us, not too great to generate awe, but just wide enough to preserve respect, be assured, we part with no small portion of our ascendancy. You may think this an insignificant circumstance; but national superiorities often reside in matters apparently trifling, as the strength of Sampson lay in his hair. No man can be a hero to his valet de chambre. You understand me."

Although strongly inclined to dissent from this most unaccountable of Anglo-Indian prejudices, I saw it was of no use to interrupt his invective, which flowed, I well knew, from his sincere and rooted conviction, that India had been turned quite topsy-turvy since he left it. The phrase "native gentlemen," I perceived, stuck in his throat nearly to suffocation, and he dwelt with renewed emphasis on its ludicrous inappropriateness. "When we talk

of an English gentleman," he remarked, "we know what we are saying. A definite set of ideas rise up by a necessary and instantaneous association, to represent the complex being whom we designate by that term; but the words 'native gentlemen' are as much a solecism in language as an absurdity in logic. All the powers of abstraction that the intellect of man ever brought into exercise, would fail of conjuring up such a monster with any sort of accuracy to the imagination. Swift's abstraction of a lord mayor, without his gold chain and furred gown, is a joke to it.

"Aye aye," he continued, "I know what you are going to reply." In fact, I had remained with my lips closed, and had not given him the slightest intimation of dissent, beyond certain wry faces that I was constrained now and then to make, as a sort of protest against his doctrine. "You are going to tell me, that many natives of the opulent and respectable classes are persons of engaging manners, of habitual mildness in conversation, amiable, pleasing, and deferential in society; postponing themselves to others; courteous even to elegance. Yet all this does not amount to the character with which it is the fashion of the times to invest them. 'Native gentlemen,' forsooth! The Oriental qualities are wholly immiscible with those of the gentleman,

properly so called. They are necessarily tinged with a sense of subordination, a feeling of subserviency, between which, and stiff stately arrogance, there is in the native character no intermediate shade or softening." I perceived that my friend was, in the language of Hamlet, considering the matter somewhat "too curiously," and was glad to put an end to the conversation, if that could be called conversation which was sustained by a single prolocutor.

My Anglo-Indian's prejudice, though carried to a degree of absurd refinement, and involving distinctions almost evanescent, is, however, by no means peculiar to himself; for it tinctures, and that not slightly, the feelings and judgments of the greater part of Indians of that class and standing, with regard to many portentous phenomena now visible at our presidencies, particularly at Calcutta, of which, in their days and to their vision, not the slightest speck was discernible. No doubt, our familiar intercourses with the natives may be carried much too far, and too close an inspection of our domestic and social habits may contribute in a great measure to dissipate a certain halo, which ought to encircle our character in their estimation, and thus destroy the real superiority which we derive from a morality guarded by the sanctions

of a purer religion, as well as the more enlightened knowledge, which are the great foundations of our Indian empire. The repulsive maxims of former days, indeed, kept us at too marked a distance; for among the various moral causes that have so long fettered and enfeebled our efforts to improve the condition of our Indian fellow-subjects, must be reckoned the stiffness and pride of our demeanour towards them, as if we deemed them an inferior and degraded race. It were desirable, were it possible, to preserve a due mean between these extremes; not, however, overlooking altogether, as quite visionary, the apprehensions and solicitude of our Anglo-Indian as to too indiscriminate a commixture, from which neither party would derive increased veneration for the other.

ENGLISH SOCIETY IN INDIA.

IV.

We noticed in a former article the besetting prejudices of your genuine Anglo-Indian, respecting what he has taught himself to believe are no less than portentous changes in our relations to the native population. Those prejudices may seem to accord most ungraciously with the spirit of liberality which is abroad in our day; but many of them have their origin in correct notions concerning the delicate and complex threads of our eastern policy, which any violent or sudden movement may for ever snap asunder, as well as in those habitudes of thinking, which European residents, till the new era dawned upon them, were wont to cherish in every former period of the British government in India. For it is pretty obvious, that we have lately been solicitous to remove from the eyes of our native subjects every monument of the real subjection, in which, by the necessities of our own tenure, we

are compelled to hold them. The subjection is actual and substantial—the extraordinary tolerance, stretched so far beyond the utmost limits of our ancient practice, nominal and ideal. Can so unnatural an equilibrium long remain? These are questions that are for ever obtruding themselves on the reflections of those who have been brought up in the old school of our Oriental policy.

It may, therefore, easily be imagined with how torturing an impatience our Anglo-Indian friend contemplates the unrestricted comments of the native newspapers, upon matters heretofore considered, in that part of our dominions, sacred from the slightest breath of animadversion—those papers, too, assuming and exercising to the utmost latitude the right of passing strictures upon the administration of the British government, and of criticising the acts of its servants, with a severity of sarcasm and a vehemence of invective, scarcely surpassed by the most liberal of our English journals, in their comments upon what is going on at home. Conceive, then, the strange sensations to which the remarks of the *Chundrika*, the *Kaumudy*, and other native journals, published without restraint and circulating all over India tinged as they necessarily must be with political speculations, of a character formerly deemed to be much below the tone and

temperament of Asiatic feeling, must have awakened in the mind of my worthy friend, who for some time past has felt a morbid sensitiveness on the subject of Indian innovation.

Being an indefatigable reader of the Bengal newspapers, extracts from these extraordinary publications are continually meeting his eye, and they seem occasionally to conjure up tempests of thought within him. Some allowance, indeed, ought to be made for the strength of his feelings, and the gloominess of his anticipations, upon a subject which appears to give uneasiness to no one else; for he proceeded to India not many years after our acquisition of the Dewanny, and resided there nearly forty years; during that large portion of human existence, filling in succession many high and honourable posts in the civil service, and therefore, with a pardonable complacency, deeming himself a kind of Nestor upon almost every topic of Eastern politics. Often, at the same time chuckling with the pleasing recollections of his early career, has he told me how encouragingly Clive patted him on the shoulder, what courtesies he received from Mr. Hastings, and how hospitably he has been entertained at Mr. Barwell's house, the first villa that was as yet built at Garden-Reach. In short, he might be said to belong to ancient more than modern

India. His mind and all its ideas had, of course, been drilled in the discipline of those austerer times, when no such phrases existed in the Anglo-Indian vocabulary, as *native gentlemen* or *native newspapers:* combinations of sounds from which he always started with perturbation and affright.

And here I observe, that, in speaking of native newspapers, I must be understood to refer only to native printed newspapers, in their present form, and conducted on their present strange and irresponsible maxims; for *manuscript* instruments of communication between different parts of Hindustan, though uniformly confined to topics of mere local interest, such as the proceedings at assemblies of castes, marriage and funeral ceremonies, nautches, consecration of idols,—in one word, what we call in England by that expressive phrase *parish-business*, —have certainly time out of mind existed in India. My readers will then be enabled to judge of the alarm and horror of the Anglo-Indian, when every arrival brings him copious extracts from these journals, in which whole columns are devoted to the discussion of the plans, counsels, even the embryo resolves, of the civil government, whilst the minutest subjects of domestic history pertaining to the European residents undergo the alembic (sometimes tolerably hot) of satire, sarcasm, and decla-

mation, and public and private transactions are exposed to the test of a sharp and microscopic investigation.

I found him the other morning, at our club-house, in St. James's Street, sitting darkling and melancholy in the corner near the window, which he usually occupies, and which by general courtesy has been long conceded to him. From the direction in which his eyes were fixedly gazing, a stranger might have imagined that he was amusing himself with the ceaseless succession of glittering equipages that were rolling along the street. No such thing. The Indian journals had arrived that very day, and they had awakened in his mind the same train of reflections to which I have referred already. "I told you," said he, somewhat more emphatically than usual, "what your native newspapers would do, as soon as they touched upon some real and substantial grievance; and they have found one with a vengeance. The *Chundrika* has lighted upon the foulest and most ulcerous spot in the whole system of our civil administration. The rogue has penetrated into the abuses of the Supreme Court with a perspicacity quite astonishing, considering how unintelligible the forms and jargon of English law and lawyers must be to any native, however shrewd and intelligent, and dilated upon them with great

force and feeling. Yet, powerful as it is, I am sorry to say, that his delineation falls infinitely short of this enormous engine of oppression. Sir, it deals out sorrow and wretchedness, instead of law or justice."

My friend was a great quoter of Milton, and, whilst he assured me that it was a tribunal that plundered widows, orphans, and children, without mercy, he ejaculated, as if to make his tirade the more impressive, that vehement declamation of the poet on the abuses of the Romish church,

> Besides what the grim wolf with *privy* paw
> Daily devours apace, and nothing said,
> But that two-handed engine at the door
> Stands ready to *smite once and smite no more.*

"For it does its work," he continued, "*quite clean.* It picks its suitors to the bone. The law, whether Hindu, Mahommedan, or English, as it is administered in this court, is nothing better than the Upas tree; nay, it is more baleful than the imagined one. Sir, I foresaw"—(my friend, in common with other persons endued with a large and varied experience, took some credit for predicting mischiefs long after they existed),—"I foresaw all this from the first. Why, there never was a worse job than the charter, which first inflicted it upon Calcutta; and I was always grieved that Lord North, who in the main

was a well-intentioned and upright statesman, should have condescended to it. But it is no easy matter to withstand the lure of patronage. In 1783, with a large majority of the inhabitants, native and European, I petitioned against it; although the evil that it worked then was comparatively small, for the settlement did not stretch far beyond the Mahratta ditch, and its whole population was not a fourth of its present amount. What do you think? The satirical dog (holding out the paragraph to me) has actually inserted the death of a person who had been a party to a suit in that court in his weekly obituary. 'Died last week, of a successful suit in the Supreme Court of Judicature, Ram Chund Roy. After years of litigation, in the case of a disputed will, he *recovered*, by a decree of the court, half a lac of rupees; and, after defraying the expenses of the lawyers, the residue, which amounted only to 100 rupees, was paid into his hands. He died of grief.'

"These native papers," my friend went on, "may hereafter loosen some of the fundamental holdings of our empire, if they have cases of this enormity to work upon. Thank heaven, however, in every other respect, our rule is essentially a blessing, and at present they seem convinced of its beneficence. But to return to the Supreme Court,

here is another native journal, in which the evil is delineated in colours still stronger, and with a comment still more pointed. 'The Supreme Court,' says the editor, 'has been established upwards of fifty-six years. During that long period, it has diffused poverty and want over our large city, and the majority, even of those who have succeeded in their suits, have been irretrievably ruined. That ruin results from the heavy costs incident to the cause in every stage of its progress. Moreover, the moral mischief exceeds infinitely the evil of mere loss of property. Those, who have once become parties to a suit, find time for no other occupation. All the operations of industry stop, and the wealth already acquired, instead of swelling by new augmentations, melts away, and leaves whole families desolate and famished.' He concludes his remarks —(they leave stings behind them that ought to pierce much more than skin-deep all those who have any influence over the British policy of India), with the most appalling illustration of them; and citing the case of one Baboo Nama Churn Mullik, who was considered, he says, the first man in Calcutta for wealth and wisdom.* It is shortly, said my friend, this:

"Baboo Nama, besides being an opulent mer-

* *Asiat. Journ.*, N.S. vol. iii. p. 187.

chant, was well acquainted with the practice of the Supreme Court, and lived much in the society of the pundits; and if any man was competent to a legal disposition of his property, it was Baboo Nama. He devised by will, with the exception of certain sums dedicated to the performance of certain religious acts, the whole of his estate to his eight sons, two of whom he constituted his executors, to superintend those religious acts, and to see that they were duly performed. This will was disputed in the Supreme Court by six of the brothers, who filed a bill against the two executors, contending that they had expended too much money on the ceremonies. At length, a decree was made, confirming all the provisions of the will; and you will immediately jump into the natural inference, that all further litigation would cease. Be not, I beseech you, so hasty. The suit of the Mulliks was delayed after this decree for *many years* in the Master's office. They, who are acquainted with the machinery of that office, must know that this officer is in fact the real judge in the cause; for it is on his decisions mainly that the fate of the suitors hangs. If he is indolent or dilatory, every movement of the cause is suspended; and it happens, unluckily, that his profits do not depend on the speed of his progress. After the decree, the master

had been ordered to send in his report without delay. But the six brothers, who disputed the sums laid out by the two executors, excepted to his report, but, after a long examination of witnesses, the same master reported against the executors. The two filed their exceptions, which were heard; the report was rejected, and the court ordered, that if proof could be given of the sums expended, they should be allowed. The disbursement of every rupee was actually proved before the master, but he clipped the whole down to a trifling amount. Exceptions were again made and heard, but the report was confirmed, although every pice of the sums disbursed had been proved pursuant to the directions of the court! ! ! Both parties appealed to England; but the documents and papers on one side did not arrive there.

"The native editor states some further proceedings which were had in the Supreme Court, and then exposes the delay and expense of the suit: facts that are worth volumes of declamation and invective against this abominable system of legal depredation. This suit of the Mulliks, he says, has been TWENTY-THREE YEARS in the court, and is not yet settled. The expenses cannot have been less than eighteen or nineteen lacs of rupees (£238,000) ! !

"And now," said the Anglo-Indian (looking earnestly at me), "what think you is the concluding comment of the editor upon this atrocious case?" Here I observed, that of course it was virulent and angry. "Virulent and angry," said he: "is that all? Could you expect any thing short of the utterance of the deepest indignation that can heave the bosom of man; the tempestuous agitations of the soul under the acutest sense of insulted nature and violated right?"—"Certainly," I replied. "It is a most aggravated case of legal injustice." "Why then," said my friend, "unfortunately, all that he permits himself to say is contained in this question—'what advantage is there in all this?'" "Unfortunately!" I returned, "I am glad to observe so cool and measured an animadversion,"—"Do not, I beseech you," said he, "judge so lightly from appearances. From the very coolness and temperance of the remonstrance, I draw a most fearful omen. The heart is overloaded, though it vents not itself in idle bewailings; but the grievance rankles the deeper. Be assured, that it is placed to account; it forms an item in the aggregate mass of suffering, which, if the system is permitted to continue, may be too much even for the proverbial endurance of those on whom we inflict it.

"Whatever they may deem concerning our other institutions," continued my friend, "here is this branch of them, the most important of all, as it concerns our lives, our property, and the whole of our civil and social existence, which is perpetually at work in grinding down the wealth or competency of those who seek its relief; nominally erected for the dispensation of justice, but in reality dispensing injustice of the worst description: for even the rights which it pretends to establish become wrongs, when the decision is obtained at a cost so tremendous. Now, this is no ideal evil. They see around them the wretched monuments of that injustice. They cannot walk along the streets without meeting the impoverished victims of the master's office. Is it weak or visionary, then, to apprehend the natural transference of these feelings to the whole system of our ascendancy, how mildly and beneficently soever it has been hitherto exercised? In vain will you tell them, that the odious judicature under which they have groaned so long, is an excrescence quite foreign from the spirit, and at variance with the ends, of our administration. The question will immediately prompt itself—why then is it still suffered to continue? And how operose a business would it be to explain to those who reason

from what they feel (a logic which it is always difficult to refute), that the court was erected by an authority superior to, and distinct from, that which they have been accustomed exclusively to recognise; that the Company (the only organ of sovereignty which exists in the contemplation of the native) have not the power either to remove or modify the nuisance? A native reasoner, I say, can hardly be expected to make these discriminations, as to the origin of the grievance, or the causes of its duration. He feels the mischief; he has clearly demonstrated it; but he finds himself fast within the horns of a dilemma, from which he cannot extricate himself. Either the court is a part of the British government of India, or not. If extrinsic to it, why permit it to exist, to impoverish and ruin us, seeing that it stands in hideous contrast to the general wisdom and equity of your government. If a part of that government, it is a deformity, which you yourselves ought to be ashamed of, or at least endeavour to rectify into a becoming harmony and proportion with the rest of your institutions: and, rely on it, it is the Company that reaps all the disgrace of it."

Although the prejudices of my excellent friend against the Supreme Court were of long standing, and perhaps not a little strengthened by the una-

voidable jealousy of the civil service to an establishment in which immense fortunes are made in a few years, and the members of which are embarking homewards with overflowing pockets, long before the civilian has become so much as a senior merchant; and although I began to be convinced that he was carrying them to an undue extreme, when he could speak in commendation of the old Mayor's court, which it superseded; I could not forbear acquiescing in the general justice of his declamation.

But as I thought he had diverged from the subject of the *native newspapers*, I could not help reminding him of the point from which he had set out. "I am not at all inconsistent," said he. "The Supreme Court, and its evils, form an essential part of my reasoning on that very subject; for it is quite obvious that nothing is to be apprehended from the animadversions of these journals, although circulated from the snowy mountains to Cape Comorin, unless we find substantial provender for their discontent. It is probable also, that if the history of this suit, with all the commentaries that indignation, or scorn, or compassion might suggest, had appeared in any of the English journals at Calcutta, either the Government, at the instance of the Supreme Court, or the Supreme

Court by its own authority, which it is not over-scrupulous in exercising, would have visited the editor with marked displeasure. But a similar interference with a native journal would come with the worst grace imaginable, and, in all probability, have the worst effect; and how absurd is it to prohibit to an English journal what you are obliged to permit to a native one!" I could not refrain from observing, that fortunately, the Supreme Court did not extend over the native population beyond the limits of the Presidency.

"True," said he, "it is limited both for good and evil to the jurisdiction of Calcutta; but consider how large a portion of the wealth and intelligence of Bengal that jurisdiction embraces; and even in respect of population, it is equal to many European sovereignties. Such, however, is the ubiquity of a printed journal, that the grievance inflicted at Calcutta vibrates to Benares, in the ruin and destitution perhaps of some member of a large family, or some partner of a mercantile concern, whose names are familiar in every part of India. The original discontent is thus propagated over Hindustan, and the confidence of a whole empire may be shaken in a government by which they may, erroneously indeed, but not unnaturally, suppose the obnoxious system to be upheld and che-

rished. Yet I perceive that, with regard to expense" (he seemed half-pleased as he made the observation), " the Supreme Court inflicts its justice with the same impartial measure upon its European as on its native suitors."

Here he pointed out a report, in the Calcutta *John Bull*, of the proceedings for a libel, instituted by Dr. Bryce against the proprietors of a Bengal journal. Nothing could have come more opportunely to the confirmation of his prejudices on this subject (if they deserve to be called prejudices), nothing more calculated to excite an additional quantity of his honest bile against the machinery of that tribunal. It was simply this:—an action had been brought by this gentleman (a clergyman) for damages as a compensation for the injury he had sustained from that libel. He obtained a verdict of 800 rupees damages. Such, however, and so operose, were the proceedings, such the pleas, the demurrers, the subsequent taxation of costs by the master, that the final decision of the court, which had awarded him those damages, inflicted upon him, the successful plaintiff, an amount of costs considerably outweighing the compensation that had been awarded him.

" Here," said my friend, as he put the report into my hands: " cast your eyes over the opinions

of the judges. The very hair of a lawyer, trained to the practice of Westminster Hall, would stand on end for the rest of his natural life after he had read them. It is an inexplicable enigma what it was they intended to say, and no Œdipus can resolve it. What they said borders on the extreme point of absurdity. It seems that one of the counsel was so forcibly struck with the incoherence and inconsistency of the Chief Justice, as to have thus expressed himself, in reply to one of his lordship's opinions: "My lord, on the 16th November 1829, your lordship said very differently." To this the Chief Justice replied, "I will not allow counsel to bring forward from newspapers, or from his own notes, statements that differ from what is in the recollection of the judge, and which do not appear in *his* notes." It is pretty clear, therefore, that on these terms he can never be convicted either of being inconsistent or absurd: for the inconsistency and absurdity must appear from his own notes!

"These enormous expenses, it is said, arose from a number of pleas pleaded by the defendant. That is no excuse, for the court ought to have struck them off the record. Well: to these pleas there were demurrers. The question of costs, however, was referred to the master, who thought the easiest

mode of solving the difficulty, was to transfer the items from the defendant's bill of costs to the plaintiff's. The reference itself was irregular as well as oppressive; the question ought to have been decided by the court. The costs of the reference, a thing never heard of after a *nisi prius* verdict, came out of the successful plaintiff's pocket, and those costs amounted to 10,000 rupees, when the damages recovered were only 800. Not to dilate superfluously on this singular procedure, he, the victorious plaintiff, the recompensed plaintiff, had to pay in sterling money £638 more than the defeated unsuccessful defendant. Most insane wert thou, O Reverend Dr. Bryce," exclaimed the Anglo-Indian, "not to have submitted in silence to the wounds inflicted on thy character. Thou mightest then have escaped the Master's office—that Serbonian bog, where so many suitors have sunk—that gulf of rupees and gold mohurs, from which the unhappy litigant is day after day bandied to the court, and again from the court to the master's office, 'dragging,' if I may so profane the words of the poet, 'at each remove, a lengthening chain' of expense and vexation."

He continued: "Yes; I have for years watched this Supreme Court, from its first establishment in 1781 to the day of my departure from India, and I

have traced the original sin that has entailed all this world of woe upon those who in an evil hour are induced to have recourse to it. The charter by which it sat was unhappily so framed, as to erect a judicature, especially on its equitable side, which should be as precise a fac-simile of the English courts, with all their technical complexities, as possible. Even then, the vices of the English Court of Chancery were of an adult growth, and they were transplanted in all their vigour and luxuriance to Calcutta. The table of costs was framed on the principle and practice of Westminster Hall, but in a tenfold proportion of expense. Hence bills, answers, exceptions, paper-books, the master's office, the examiner's office, enormous fees to counsel, an almost indefinite licence of plunder to the attornies, and the vast swarm of minor evils, which disturb the fountains of equity. This I consider the master-vice of the system—the introduction of the artificial rules of English law, and of the numberless fictions of that law, with all its disgusting verbosity, and the whole mass of its abuses, which, with us, has been the growth of ages, and are attributable, in a great measure, to the efforts made, from time to time, to force into a reluctant amalgamation the usages and maxims of rude periods with the modes of thinking that belong to more improved ones. For what can

equal the absurdity of introducing that obsolete worm-eaten practice into a new judicature, intended for a people who had never before heard the barbarous gabble of pleas, demurrers, replications, rejoinders, and rebutters, and who required only that cheap and prompt justice, which does not convert, like the Supreme Court, its suitors into its victims. However, when it was once determined to send out English law, English lawyers of course followed with it: and the pure streams of justice have thus been converted into a putrid ditch, in which alligators of the most voracious kind knot and engender."

Here I appealed to the candour of my Indian Mentor, and hoped to moderate the over-heated temperament of his strictures, by reminding him of the English judges who had, from time to time, adorned the Calcutta bench; but I found that I had again touched the wrong chord. "I am not disposed," he answered, "to join in your panegyric (generally speaking) of the men who have been selected for judges in India. Now and then, indeed, but *longo intervallo*, men of great accomplishments, and strongly disposed to resist the abuses and diminish the expenses of the court, have appeared there. But the rest—I allow of course large and liberal exceptions—the rest, who have they been?

Men for the most part trained to the narrow technicalities of the special pleader's desk, but proverbially ignorant both of the Hindu and the Mahommedan law, which they were sent out to administer, and therefore obliged to lean on the mercenary dicta of the court pundits, through the medium of a language, in which, with the brilliant exception of Sir William Jones, they were all equally uninstructed. Speaking, however, generally, they have been legal monks, who had never peeped at mankind but through the murky windows of their chambers in the Temple; or, on the other hand, men of indolent, gentlemanly habits, who took every thing very quietly, and thought the Supreme Court went on very well, so long as they could enjoy the guttural music of their hookahs, or play their rubber for gold mohurs in the evening."

I was unwilling to interrupt my worthy friend's diatribe, yet I thought that he overlooked some very distinguished exceptions. "No doubt," he replied, as if he saw what I was objecting to, "many of them were well-intentioned men, but either unwilling or unable to stem the torrent of its abuses, but in private life they were seldom gentlemen, and but little respected.

"Sir William Jones, indeed, Sir William Chambers, and, at a later period, Sir John Royds, were per-

fect English gentlemen, and universally beloved; and in the time of the former judge (Sir William Jones), the attornies and officers of the court were satisfied with a more moderate table of fees than have since sprung up; but Sir William lamented with great feeling the enormous expense incurred by the suitors, and its diminution was one of the amiable projects which were intercepted by his untimely death. I lived with him on terms of friendship. He was a good lawyer, but on a comprehensive scale; conversant only with the subtleties of law as far as they were auxiliary to a correct administration of justice, but despising them when they were employed to delay or defeat it. He had educated himself to his judicial duty by making himself familiar with the codes of civilized nations, and especially with civil law, the great fountain of European jurisprudence; nor was he unread in the sound constitutional law of his own country. He was, therefore, enabled to ascend to those principles of natural justice, which are anterior to all municipal law, and are always the safest interpreters when municipal law is silent or perplexed. It was through this course of study, that he had taught himself to discern the true genius and spirit of the Hindu law, which, rightly interpreted, he considered to abound in maxims of the most enlightened equity. Under

this conviction, he mastered the Sanscrit, and translated the laws of Menu into his own tongue; a work of unspeakable advantage to India.

"Of social life, he was the delight and the pride, though he had a few ridiculous eccentricities, which contributed sometimes to the good-natured amusement of the settlement. Among these was his ambition to be considered a remarkably fine dancer; and he thought it not inconsistent with his judicial dignity to figure now and then at a ball; on which occasions, he never failed telling his partner, that in his younger days he had been a favourite pupil of Gallini's, who, at that time, was esteemed the best teacher of that accomplishment in Europe.

"But with regard to many other judges (for their succession has been very rapid), the less," said my Anglo-Indian; "that is said of them the better. They are quite forgotten, and their memories are not worth reviving. You well know, however, how soon after the establishment of their court they exhibited those unseemly graspings after an extension of jurisdiction, which brought on so many conflicts with the government of Mr. Hastings, and heaped upon the head of that excellent man and upright statesman so much unmerited obloquy and persecution. Those who followed were not much better

Their knowledge of law was chiefly confined to English books of practice, and the evils of protracted delay and immense expense, under their hands, almost amounted, as it does at present, to a denial of justice.

"It is, however, only due to the name of Sir John Anstruther to say,—though he was by no means a great lawyer, * in the Westminster-Hall meaning of the phrase, and was rude and insolent in his bearing towards the bar and the attornies,—that he felt strongly the abuses of the court, and did all he could to restrain them. He was, however, but ill seconded by his coadjutors.

"Sir John Royds, who sat on the bench with him, and was a complete gentleman of the old school, had some weakness of character, which made him shrink back even from a duty, when it was of an invidious nature, and his other colleague was the mere special pleader—the *auceps formularum cantor*, who thought only of pleas, demurrers, and saving money: in this last respect, exhibiting a striking contrast to both the others, who were hos-

* The current epigram of Westminster Hall upon Sir John, shews at least in how little estimation he was held by his profession :

Why is Anstruther Necessity's brother?
Necessity has no law, no more has Anstruther

pitable and generous to an extreme. Anstruther became unpopular with the profession, because he used to hear causes which were not worth the expense of the Supreme Court, in a sort of private cutchery at his own house; but they were chiefly petty matters of litigation, which, if an attorney had got hold of, would have ruined both parties. Now, there were most scandalous practices in the Mayor's Court, which I am old enough to remember; yet, upon the whole, the suitors found substantial justice. The bench consisted of some very intelligent and upright magistrates, and, notwithstanding some suspicions were afloat as to their having been bribed in one or two cases involving a large amount of property, they were suspicions which fell only on one or two, and were, I am inclined to believe, quite groundless. The practitioners there were men of good common wholesome sense: no great lawyers, but for that reason not very adroit in the quirks and quibbles of the profession."

I must again protest against the conclusion likely to be drawn by some of my readers, that, in detailing these conversations, I am identifying the opinions of this excellent old gentleman with my own. On the contrary, I think that his pictures are frequently overcharged, too much shadowed

with the dark Rembrandt hue, in which he has accustomed himself to contemplate that which is bad, to exhibit with sufficient effect those streaks of good, which a more unprejudiced investigation would discover in every institution devised for a beneficial purpose. He was in all probability deeply impregnated with that exclusive corporation spirit, which in different proportions characterizes the civil service of India; for it is notorious that, from the first to the last, the little community appended to the Supreme Court has been considered an heterogeneous infusion into the English society of the presidencies. They never mixed cordially together. The sudden affluence of these legal adventurers, and their immense emoluments, have never been subjects of very complacent contemplation out of the professional circle; and I have often heard my friend vent his disgust at the wives and daughters of the lawyers, and tell amusing anecdotes of the whole settlement being set together by the ears, when those amiable creatures advanced their foolish pretensions to precedency. In short, it was an ancient grudge, and he had imbibed it in all its bitterness; for during his long residence in India, as he told me, he had made it the rule of his life, "to shun all Calcutta lawyers and their women," with one exception only.

I was of course anxious to know who it was that was honoured with such a reservation. "It was Bobus Smith," he said; the only barrister he ever recollected there, who was at once a man of genius, literature, and law. As for the rest, he could not call to mind a single individual of the bar, who had so much as common talent, unless a certain degree and kind of talent must be presumed from the great fortunes they carried home with them. Allowing, however, the weight which these prejudices must have had in his estimates, it would be irrational to deny the almost entire want of adaptation in the Supreme Court to the habits and usages of the native population. If it must remain, it is a luxury fitted only for the English. The technical complication of its procedure; the dilatoriness of its adjudications on the equity side, that part of its jurisdiction to which questions of stupendous magnitude respecting the disposition of property are always referred; the large sums extorted from the suitors in the shape of fees to the officers, and costs to the attornies, not to omit the extravagant remuneration of the counsel; are manifest evils, and would be hideous deformities in any system of judicature; but the evil becomes aggravated tenfold, and the deformity still more heightened, in a judicature intended for a people who have been

taught only to venerate law when it is simple in its forms and prompt in its decisions. The policy of that institution is on other grounds more than doubtful.

For surely the genius of confusion himself must have presided over the counsels of the statesmen, who projected the King's Supreme Court of Judicature for India. Two authorities co-existing and independent were thus erected, as if those notable projectors had made trial of their skill merely to frame a political problem to perplex and astonish. These two authorities, acting harmoniously together, proceeding in the same course towards the same beneficent end for which both were instituted, would have been a problem still more puzzling, by which reason would be set at nought and experience rendered ridiculous. The world has not yet seen, the world will never see, two elements so repugnant in their natures, assimilated in their operations. Strife is the law and condition of their mutual existence; collision is their necessary and inherent tendency, their sure and inevitable result. Was it long before the tendency and the result began to display themselves? Every body acquainted with the history of British India, has heard of the enormous strides of jurisdiction made by Sir Elijah Impey, and his passive and stupid colleagues, in 1782.

It was but the other day (not to mention innumerable intervening instances) that the King's court at Bombay made their very modest attempt to bring all the late Peishwa's territories within the ring-fence of its jurisdiction. The battle was as fairly fought out, as, with the evident odds in point of physical strength, it could be; but it was fought. The court demanded obedience to its writ; the government exacted obedience to its power. The "two authorities were up." What dissentions arose between the court at Madras and the local government, in the time of Lord Powis, respecting the immunity of the Nabob of Arcot from the King's process! Those bickerings have broken out in repeated subsequent fits.

But one of the collisions of the Supreme Court at Calcutta, though of a very recent date, has attracted little attention; yet it was one only of those innumerable cases in which that court have exercised their *summum jus*, so as to make it the *summa injuria* to the natives; and it involved a most indecent conflict with the Zillah court, a conflict which, in respect of principle, is a conflict with the government.

The house of M*** and Co., in Calcutta, had advanced considerable sums to a mercantile house established at Furruckabad, in the Western provin-

ces, under the name of Mercer and Co. These men, by means of the capital with which they were thus assisted, obtained an immense credit, and under the superintendence of different members of their firm, set up distinct branches of it at Allyghur and Calcutta. Their affairs went on well for some time. As to their real solidity, it was a fact that lay snugly in the conusance of those who had helped them to build up their credit. Such, however, was the general confidence reposed in them, that numbers of persons in the army, as well as in the civil service, and natives of all descriptions, had made them their bankers to a very large amount. In the midst of this confidence, when no one, however suspicious, so much as dreamt of any thing injurious to their commercial reputation, the partners retired to the Danish settlement of Serampore, and M*** and Co., who held a bond and judgment-security against them, entered up that judgment in the Supreme Court, and seized all their available property at Calcutta, under a writ of execution. Things of this kind attract but little attention at Calcutta, where they are by no means unfrequent.

But the scramble up the country was yet to commence. Thither therefore special bailiffs were despatched in all directions, to seize the property of the unfortunate firm wherever it was to be found.

Nothing can exceed the consternation of everybody, when the alarming intelligence of the failure arrived, with the still more alarming news that a single creditor at Calcutta, by virtue of a *fieri facias*, was helping himself to the whole of that property, which it was thought, according to the most obvious maxims of equity, ought to be divided amongst the general body of the sufferers. At Furruckabad, the principal merchants and soucars thronged about the office of the judge and magistrate of the district, imploring him to place the seal of his court, by way of protection, on the factories, indigo, and other property of the firm. Petitions alleging the fact of the debts, and the failure of the parties, were instantly given in, and orders were issued in consequence to place the seal of the court on the property, the magistrate making at the same time a report to government and to the Sudder Dewannee Adawlet of what had been done, and requesting their directions.

The bailiff in the mean time was not idle. He proceeded to the factory, and by virtue of the writ in his pocket, took possession of all he could find. But the seizure was in the teeth of all the forms of the Zillah court. No seals had been fixed —no security given for the revenue accruing from the demesne: a condition without which, according

to the Regulation, no possessory right can be acquired. Then came the struggle—*plusquam civilia bella*—between the judge and the bailiff; the judge avowing that the property should not be touched; the bailiff threatening him with attachments, and I know not what vengeance, from the court. Seeing the determination of the judge to be fixed, the bailiff betook himself to other districts, the magistrates of which were more obeisant to the Supreme Court, and every where but in Furruckabad the property fell into his hands.

The utmost exertions were made to obtain from the Sudder Adawlet an order directing the judge at Furruckabad to release all that he had attached, amongst which were several indigo-boats belonging to the firm. The Zillah court was in consequence ordered to abandon its process, and to give up every thing to M*** and Co. of Calcutta, on the alleged ground of the natives having only sent in petitions, instead of filing regular suits, which the time (it was Saturday, and no business is transacted by the Zillah court on Sundays) would not permit. Thus, by a mere piece of paper, sealed by the Supreme Court, a vast amount of property, at the distance of eight hundred miles from Calcutta, upon which, by the Regulations of the Company, the natives had a legal *lien*, and landed property

of considerable extent, which, by the express words of the same Regulations, no European could hold in any of the Company's districts, were transferred to the same house. The judge's office teemed with remonstrances, and the law he had sworn to administer seemed to him so imperative in favour of the remonstrants, and the general exasperation began to diffuse itself so widely, that he again proceeded to the factories, and having personally ascertained that the sheriff's seal had not been affixed on any part of the property, he again fixed his own.

Again, orders were issued to the judge by the Sudder Adawlet, no doubt from an unwillingness to bring matters into issue with the Supreme Court, requiring him to take off his second attachment, and *the government authorized the magistrate to apply for a military force from Cawnpore*, in order to put three merchants, who by law could not own a foot of land, in possession of some of the largest estates in those provinces, in direct opposition to the Regulations, to which the natives look for the secure enjoyment of their rights. What were the feelings of those poor people whilst these transactions were going on? Certainly not such as were likely to strengthen their allegiance, and confirm their confidence in the benevolence and equity of the British government. The credit of British

merchants through the country has received its death-blow, and the deepest curses on the Supreme Court are at this moment murmuring in every mouth and rankling in every bosom. "Justice is asleep," they exclaim, "when natives appeal to her. Her eyes are always open when she is addressed by Europeans."

I have before observed the inevitable tendency to collision with the government inherent in the Supreme Court. The only mode of avoiding that collision is by concession on one side or the other, or by mutual compromise. But are not these greater evils than the conflict? In that case, we all know the issue. Government must prevail; and if it has acted with a sound discretion, its measures will receive the sanction of the home authorities. But a compromise is a *mutual* dereliction of duty; and one concession only prepares the way for another, establishing a dangerous precedent, of which it will not be long before the party, to whom it has been made, will take a sinister advantage. In the affair of the mercantile house at Calcutta, the government had obviously nothing to do. The Zillah judge had been sworn to execute the law of the Zillah court—the judges of the Supreme Court to execute theirs; and the error of the interference was aggravated infinitely by calling in an armed

force to the aid of a civil process. What is the consequence? In the minds of the sufferers, the Company's government has ceased to be a protecting and paternal government. It is associated in their feelings with tyranny and unjust force, as having taken part with the wrong-doer, and being an accessary after the fact in the depredations committed upon them by European adventurers.

This may be, and undoubtedly is, a distorted and exaggerated perception of the grievance: but they are not likely to take a correcter estimate, whilst they are smarting under their losses, and feel that they are reduced to penury and despair by their confidence in the good faith of British merchants. It is therefore by far a worse case than that which furnished my worthy friend with so exuberant a theme of invective; for here the desolating influences of the Supreme Court were not limited within its assigned jurisdiction, but extended to remote provinces, and smote a number of their most peaceful and industrious inhabitants: for those who were thus made its victims had never invoked its aid, and perhaps would never have heard of its existence, but for this melancholy visitation.

As to the expediency of permitting the circulation of the native printed journals, which appear to have stirred up such "supernatural solicitings"

in the breast of our old Indian, they who meditate attentively the tenure of our Eastern dominions,—a tenure which, considered as the mere creation of power, is of light and gossamery contexture, but as it is seated in opinion and based in moral strength, mighty and adamantine,—it is a question that is not to be lightly examined, or hastily decided. Armed with cases like these, they could not fail of being dangerous. Such oppressions, without the help of rhetorical artifice, must, in their most naked and simple statement, goad the feelings of man, to whatever clime he belongs, into something much beyond the mere impatience of our yoke. It is impossible to say what maddening effects they might not produce, in the hyperbolical and passionate language of complaint peculiar to Oriental countries. Besides, the privilege of an unrestricted press presents a most striking contrast to the spirit and genius of our Indian constitution. It is grudgingly, and on hard conditions* only, accorded to our English subjects, to whom freedom

* If any one be disposed to doubt this proposition, let him cast his eye over the Madras journals, and he will see the extent to which the censor is every day carrying his abscissions. These are sometimes capriciously, and even absurdly made. Formerly the secretary of the government exercised that office. He happened to be a distant relation of the late Lord Melville. When the reports of his Lordship's impeachment arrived in the English

of discussion is almost as necessary as the food that sustains them; and no one can pretend that the government to which the natives of India are subjected, is the policy of a free state towards free citizens. And what an obvious absurdity it would be, to permit the natives a licence which you withhold from Europeans!

Yet I do not participate in all the alarms of my friend, who has suffered himself, by a strange process of his understanding, to suppose that such a political and social system as ours can remain for ever in the same position. In every colony, and our establishment in Hindustan partakes of the nature, though it is not designated by the name, of a colony, the manners and usages of the colonized people will insensibly glide into something like an imitation of those by whom they are colonized; and Tacitus tells us that it is the surest means by which a people can be retained under dominion. The inflexibility of Hindu customs in some degree weakens the force of the aphorism; but they are characteristically a gossiping nation, and, "What is the news?" (τί καινὸ) agitates their curiosity as

newspapers, they were of course copied into the Madras papers, but were all struck out by a stroke of the secretary's pen.

[It is proper to remark here, that the Censorship has been, since this was written, abolished at Madras.]

sensitively as it did that of the lively and inquisitive Athenians. Exercised within modest limits, I do not apprehend with him that the native press will turn India topsey-turvey; with this solemn premonition, however, that we do not by our wanton and impertinent interference with their religious ceremonies, shocking as they may be to our moral tastes or our religious opinions, fill the columns of their journals with vindications which we have no right to provoke, and prematurely call upon them to stand on the defensive in support of usages which their law has consecrated, by needlessly bringing them into controversy or contempt.

ENGLISH SOCIETY IN INDIA.

V.

MANNERS are too volatile to endure the chain of a definition. They are the worst portrait-sitters imaginable, and the unceasing restlessness of their attitudes, and the changeful hues in which they present themselves, would elude the efforts of the most patient limner.

If an exception to this sweeping generality is to be found any-where, it is in India. The English society in that country is, by the mere circumstance of local distance, beyond the reach of the new affectations which flutter with ephemeral life around us; and fresh infusions of folly from the parent-state are rarer, at least of tardier, occurrence, from the length of time necessarily interposed between each transmission. For this reason, there must be a tolerably luxuriant crop of peculiarities that are of home-growth exclusively—incident to the climate,—to the indulgences requisite to soften

its rigours,—to the mode of passing away the leisure hours, which in India, more than in any place in the world, are apt to deaden the springs of existence, unless they are kept in play by a constant succession of amusements;—to the singular position in which we are placed towards the natives;—to the gradations of rank and office, which are there the most marked distinctions betwixt man and man, that can exist in the social system;—to the strange and anomalous condition of our countrywomen, whose influences upon Anglo-Indian manners act by laws almost the inverse to those which regulate them amongst ourselves;—and to many other accidents less palpable or striking. These, however, are sufficient elements for a society *sui tantùm generis*—seeds that most germinate into habits strongly contrasted with our own, whilst they impart a specific character to the coteries of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, which, though not always an amusing study, may be a highly beneficial one to the observer of our common nature. He will at least be enabled to discern the peculiar force of local and incidental causes, in forming those striking features so generally visible in small communities: as mountain-rivers, pent up in narrow currents, leave behind them the deep ravines and hollows, which their stream channeled during its progress.

Yet our fopperies of manner, changeful as they are, do at length arrive amongst our Anglo-Indian brethren, as well as the fashions of our coats; and there is scarcely an arrival in which some whim of literature or science, some dogma that has run its round long enough to be exploded in England, is not unpacked, with some recent freak of millinery, a hat of new shape and dimensions, or some equally absurd *capriccio* fresh from Regent Street or St. James's. As the new fashions of a gown or bonnet, however, when they reach a country town at a day's distance from the metropolis, are sure to be most hideously travestied; in like manner our exported absurdities undergo similar exaggerations when they are adopted at our Indian presidencies. Hence it is, that affectation of every kind stands out there in stronger relief, and with a more obvious shew of its being extraneous and superinduced. Its birth and progress were silent and unperceived at home; it might have arisen, phœnix-like, out of the ashes of a superseded folly, preparing us in some sort for the appearance of the new one; but in India it arrives mature in growth, transplanted from the native soil which nurtured its seed and expanded its fibres, tc a distant one unprepared for its reception. Manners thus violently engrafted upon antecedent manners, give an air of caricature to the social cir-

cle, which it is painful to all but a professed satirist to contemplate. Second-hand clothes are made easy by having been worn; but second-hand affectations never fit the wearer, and render him grotesque and ridiculous into the bargain.

It is inconceivable how strongly these remarks would be illustrated to any one who, having witnessed the insect birth of a fashionable whim, and its almost immediate extinction in England, should accompany it on its voyage to India. Here its place would be filled up by its successor. There, however, it would be eagerly patronized by those who would have no notion that it had died away, because its substitute had not arrived amongst them. The folly, or the whim, or the paradox, or the bad taste, whatever it might be, would be secure of a reign of as many months as it had of days at home; for fashionable absurdity knows no interregnum. In the meanwhile, it is evident that these are adventitious patches to the system of manners, which, being modified by circumstances purely local, must remain unchanged, whilst the influencing causes are the same; and that Anglo-Indian society would present the most interesting materials for satirical or dramatic description, unmixed with those of European extraction. But, on the other hand, it is observable that the mimicry of home

follies is in itself a main ingredient in that very system which is to be described. *Abeunt studia in mores.* It is this readiness to patronize the cast-off fashions of thinking or conversing, this habit of puffing into new life and smoke the rush-light doctrines, whether of politics, ethics, or metaphysics, that have gone out amongst ourselves, that renders the "polite conversations" of our presidencies in India so much more heavy and intolerable, than those so ludicrously depictured by Dean Swift. Without these incongruities, the society of *Quy-hys* would be more pleasing, because it would be more natural, presenting only upon its chequered surface the shadows of those humours or oddities that had grown spontaneously amongst them, and beneath which the old Indians of former days, the Holwells, the Ormes, the Barwells, the Calls, the Hastings, found repose, and comfort, and recreation. It is astonishing how little has been gained by the pyebald mixture of old colonial habitudes with those that are let loose from the cuddy of an Indiaman with every new importation of dandies. What Anglo-Indian of that ancient date but would turn in his coffin, if he knew that the old standing dish of rice and curry had been shouldered aside, to make room for *blanquettes de veau avec sauce à la financière?*

In a community thus constituted, it is plain that there will be a few privileged by rank, which in India is every-thing, who on all subjects take the lead, that is, become egregious bores. Never shall we forget the prosy nonsense we were doomed to hear from one of these oracles of second-hand wisdom, when the doctrine of craniology found its way to India,—nor the Golgotha of skulls that presented themselves by turns to the sapient touch of his brawny fingers. As it is the characteristic of these discoveries to unfold themselves in a long thread of words, it was a natural error to conclude that the mastery he had acquired from an uninterrupted sufferance of his talk, over a certain number of vague terms, multiplied by the unmeaning echoes of an equal allowance of synonimes, was a sure guarantee for his comprehension of the subject. Gifford, in the admirable auto-biography prefixed to his translation of Juvenal, describes the village-schoolmaster from whom he received the first elements of his instruction, as having a custom of fixing to every word in common use the periphrasis by which it was explained in the dictionary; so that his victory was sure, for his opponents could never discover his meaning. This was the secret of O——'s eloquence. If a disputant ventured to take the field, O——, like Æneas, was sure to escape in a cloud.

It is this tyranny of bores that first strikes you on your initiation into Anglo-Indian circles. The Reviews, that furnish so many short cuts to intelligence, purvey both diction and opinions to those whose station entitles them to talk. All equality of discourse is effectually repressed by the deference paid to rank, and the *borearchy* becomes thus an unmitigated despotism, which bears down all resistance. Nor is escape always practicable. Your finished bore makes sure of a given number of listeners, for he looks them each in the face, and good-breeding will not permit you to fly in the midst of what seems addressed personally to yourself. He makes sure of his victim by a fascination of stare like that attributed to the rattle-snake. In English society, changed perpetually by new infusions, where privileges of this kind are neither assumed nor conceded, all this would be impracticable. But in India, the society remains for the most part the same, year after year. It is recruited, indeed, by new arrivals, but these consist only of the juniors in the service, who, by virtue of their recent standing, must be listeners; and sometimes the old bores drop off, but their next in rank succeed to the vacant *boredom*, which, without the help of the legal fiction that keeps the British throne constantly filled, is thus never in abeyance. The distant can-

tonments are, in this respect, only miniature presidencies. Society is formed of nearly the same elements throughout the whole of British India;—the smaller communities reflecting the same features, though with varied proportions.

Amongst the modifying causes that have given its peculiar semblance to English society in India, the strongest perhaps is rank. Unperceived in its operation, and affectedly disclaimed by those who are tenacious of its distinctions and those who are submissive to its influence, it is constantly at work. He who for the first time is introduced to it, particularly if he has had the advantage of a general *entrée* in England, is astonished at the formality and stateliness it imparts to every circle. At home, rank may be respected, but it inspires no awe. The entrance of a person of the highest station would not instantly suspend the conversation or hush it into silence. Frequently, in the same Anglo-Indian party, you may observe an ascending series of men in station. Each receives his quota of deference, accurately adjusted by the amount of his monthly income. Upon the female part of the circle, it produces an effect like enchantment. A flirtation with a person of inferior rank is suspended, at its most interesting crisis, if a civilian of higher rank fires across them. The consequence of this is, that a

great number of individuals, capable of infusing vivacity into the conversation, are thrown out. For this reason, at all large dinner-tables, you will perceive a cluster of young people grouped together, and doing penance for their low standing in the service, by being excluded from all participation in what is going on, except in eating and drinking, which in India is no unimportant part of the business of life. But the effect of this is, that the conversation consists of the most solemn inanities imaginable, the most ridiculous common-places, propounded with the air and gravity of new discoveries. The women might, indeed, reform all this, for every society is in their keeping, and will receive the impulse they give it. They, however, have a more important business in hand. They must render themselves agreeable to the person who, according to his rank, has been appointed to hand her to table, and to sit next her:—a matter which is arranged by the master of the house before the announcement of dinner. The scarcity of topics also renders converse a painful duty rather than a pleasing amusement. In England, public subjects are perpetually floating on the social surface, supplying each day, almost each hour, with something new; whereas, in India, the public intelligence comes in large masses, and, having furnished themes of dis-

course for a few days, is forgotten. The ladies and gentlemen of India are, therefore, soon left to their own resources—and these are, criticisms upon each other's dress, manners, and figure, sometimes expressed with an unpolished strength of phrase, which would not be tolerated in England.

Much might be said of the relative influence of the sex upon Anglo-Indian life—and, indeed, in what sketch of life or manners can they be passed over? They shed innumerable graces over our existence every-where but in India. The fairy-land of love, the paradise of the youthful affections, is not to be found in that country. The bosoms, which in our English admiration of the fairer moiety of the species, we revere as the sainted cells from which the unholy passions of gain or ambition are excluded, are open to no other inhabitant. Women are educated for India as they would be to millinery or mantua-making, or any other female vocation. They are stuffed with acquirements by means of every forcing process, substituted by modern ingenuity for the gradual development of the mind and its faculties, which it was the sober practice of our ancestors to pursue through a course of wholesome instruction, directed to a few important objects. The girl destined to the Indian mart must run the gauntlet of at least

a dozen professors. Every thing must be learned at the same time. All exclusive tastes, though frequently the internal promptings of that strong predilection and native aptitude we call genius, are frowned down and discouraged. The same portion of time is dedicated to pursuits often at variance with each other; and the result is, certain fragments and scraps of all kinds of knowledge, a weak diluted tincture of accomplishments, that address solely the eye and ear of their admirers; a bouquet of gaudy but fading flowrets, that tire and disgust the sense. It is plain that this is a species of education which makes no real progress: it is like stationing all the relays for a long journey at the first stage.

Arrived in India, the fair pupil receives the last finish at the hands of the respectable matron, generally some distant relative, who undertakes the charge of establishing her in a suitable union. She is told whom she may encourage, and whom she must peremptorily reject. The *index expurgatorius* of the settlement is placed in her hands. She must love according to the strict letter of the red-book. Her affections must not, even in thought, stray beyond the civil service. If she is permitted to beam an indulgent smile on a military man, it must be only within the commissariat

department. It often happens, perhaps, that marriages in India, though the results of a passive choice or blind neutrality of feeling, turn out well. But can the chances be in favour of wedded happiness with a companion thus educated,—a mind constructed like a shewy pavilion, on whose portico and façade all the graces of architecture have been lavished—within, cold, comfortless, and dark?

Such are one or two of the chief distinctive characters of Anglo-Indian society; and they have remained, as to one portion of it, unchanged, and little if at all modified, for many years. Yet, within that period, a change has come over another part of it, of dark and ominous import. Time was, when the civil and military services, encouraged by the same hopes and indulging the same aspirations, homeward-bound and pointing to the day of return as the needle to the pole, and like the needle, trembling with that delightful expectation, were alike enabled to realize the visions which supported them through a life of toil and exile. Now, it is only one service that such a hope can visit. A dreary vista of despair lies before the officers of the Company's army, unpierced by one straggling ray of future comfort. Will this pass away as a summer's cloud, without warning those

to whom India and her destinies are entrusted, that the discontent, at present a dim and diminutive speck, may hereafter blacken the whole horizon? Great Britain, it is too true, having little or no elbow-room left, opens to a parent burthened with a large family the most discouraging prospects of establishing his sons respectably in life. But a cadetship! It is a gift he would do well to hesitate before he accepts. It is the present of Circe to Ulysses, without the propitious gales that sped him on his voyage—the mere bag—nothingness and vapour. Ensigns thrown back to cadets, starving on a hundred rupees a month;—lieutenants picking the dry bones of hopeless expectation; and hoary-headed captains, who have ten years before them to chew the cud of their bitter fancies ere the *next step* dawns upon their vision.

Twenty years ago, a young officer in the service of the Company occupied a certain space in the eyes of the community at large. He was invited to the best tables; he lifted up his head with a conscious equality in the best circles. It is no longer so. The poor cadet or ensign, if he summons sufficient courage to pay a morning visit to a civilian, meets with a reception so closely akin to repulse, that he is never likely to repeat the expe-

riment. It is better, however, to dismiss a topic so painful. But in an analysis of Anglo-Indian society, in which the junior officers of the Company's service, not many years since, formed by no means the least interesting class, it could not have been altogether omitted.

The peculiarities of English society in India, present, it is true, many tempting subjects of caricature. But they are essentially undramatic. A genteel comedy, consisting of Anglo-Indian dialogue, would be hissed from the stage. There can be no wit where the range of its excursions is so circumscribed; and the constant recurrence of the same faces, or nearly the same, in every party, stifles one of the strongest incentives to intellectual gladiatorship. It is the same thing, though on a smaller scale, at the cuddy-table. At the beginning of the voyage, perhaps for two or three days, the powers of each are taxed to the utmost, and lively things are said and reciprocated. But, after a few rounds, the ammunition is expended. Identity of countenance, day after day, is a wet blanket not to wit only, but to that humbler facetiousness which aspires merely to mirth. And nowhere is its deadening effect felt more than in the *salons* of India. Neither Congreve nor Sheridan could construct, out of the fashionable topics that float on the sur-

face of an Anglo-Indian conversation, any thing like the tierce-and-carte dialogues of *Love for Love*, or the *School for Scandal*. There is no scarcity of Mrs. Sullens and Mrs. Candours, Sir Benjamin Backbites, or Sneerwells. Calcutta and Madras have their "scandalous colleges," that confer diplomas to kill characters by wholesale; but Anglo-Indian tittle-tattle is deficient in that "delicacy of sarcasm, that mellowness of sneer," which distinguishes our London scandal; and probably for this reason: the satire, in so restricted a space, must be conversant not with classes, but individuals; whereas by delineating the class, and then thrusting the individual into it, he shares the imputation with a hundred others, and his own quota of it is trivial and insignificant. It is the difference between the Aristophanic comedy, where a single person is ridiculed or one reputation mangled, and the comedy of Plautus or Molière, where a certain description of men is held up to laughter or reproach, and the individual merely dramatizes the class amongst which he has been placed. Anglo-Indian societies, on the other hand, supplying no classes, the individual himself must be laid upon the dissecting-table, and unsparingly cut up by the operators. Hence it is that, instead of sarcasm, every dialogue teems with defamation—unvar-

nished abuse—which the good taste of English scandal would not endure. We recur, therefore, to our former aphorism, that the dialogue of an Indian coterie is essentially undramatic.

The author of the *East-India Sketch Book* has given us a specimen or two of conversations, having all the appearance of fac-similes, which seem strongly to illustrate, not only the aphorism, but the distinction we have pointed out between the polished satire, which ranges over varieties and classes, and the blunt cudgel-play of Anglo-Indian scandal, which batters specific individuals.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Parke are meditating a ball at an up-country station, and have determined to make " quite a general thing of it."

" ' Yes, on due reflection,' said the Colonel, ' it will be advisable to ask every-body. I *may* be removed, Anne, nobody can say how soon. And at my time of life, it is better to be on amicable terms with my officers; you understand, Mrs. Parke?—A word to the wise—humph!'

" ' It is a pity you did not come to that conclusion sooner,' said Mrs. Parke amiably; ' for every officer of *ours* has sent a refusal, *except Grampus, who goes any-where for a feed* gratis.'

"'I don't care,—so much the better,' returned Lieutenant-Colonel Parke, sulkily; 'my young men want a few courts-martial amongst them, and I'll see if I can't have two or three of them in arrest before long. I'll have them out to squad-drill, and see how they'll like it,—humph!'

"Mrs. Parke turned away, half in a pet with her model for all colonels, past, present, and to come, and half angry at the defiance implied by the *declining* of all the officers of their own regiment, except Mr. Grampus, who, as Mrs. Parke elegantly expressed it, went *any-where* for a feed *gratis*.

"She looked over her notes, with all the haste the difficulty she found in decyphering any autograph, that was less than the magnitude of round hand, permitted. Mrs. Parke had great disadvantages to contend with: some said, 'old Parke had picked her up at a charity-school at Calcutta;'—some hinted that her childhood had been spent under auspices much less unexceptionable. There were many and divers reports afloat; but one point of accordance existed amongst all—Mrs. Parke was originally *nobody*, had bad manners—most unforgivable awkwardness of address—unusually plain person, &c."

To illustrate still further the distinction we have

ventured, in the sketch entitled " a Tour of Visits," the visitor arrives in the midst of a morning-conversation, in which characters are dissected with the coarsest butchery.

" ' What upon earth placed that man at the head of a force? It is an enormity sufficient to afford matter of memorial to the Honourable Court. A frontier station on the borders of a foreign territory is a door worth keeping locked with strong springs, and to put such a warder over it!—a man who has neither head to direct, nor hand to execute.'

" ' Nor bull-headedness enough to compensate for his deficiency in mental vigour. *He is over-flexible to the touch of his native butler*,' said the Major.

" 'Ah! if it were permitted, " I could a tale unfold," of a man who, without common sense, truth, honour, or honesty, military skill, or—military courage, solely from his relationship to a man *in office*, is kept in an important position, in which he can only injure the government he serves, and ruin the officers who have the misfortune to serve under him.'

" ' You and the weather are getting warm, Mr. Mulgrave. Pull the punkah, you Bhoi,' said Mrs. Erskine, rather enjoying the bitterness of the young man.

"'Don't stop him,' said the major growlingly; 'he speaks only the truth, which, if not always safe, is always worth hearing. The *secret report* system is abominable. * * * An officer commanding a corps may be superseded, even before he suspect the possibility of it,—solely because *this wretch*, Colonel ——, thinks fit, from personal pique, to describe him as *incompetent*, he himself being no better a judge than I am of indigo. The army wants pruning—and —— should be sent to the invalids forthwith.'

"'Oh, for a free press!' said Mulgrave; 'that alone contains a cure for more than half the complaints of the body military.'"

The spirit and style of the military conversation we have quoted, may surely make prudent or thinking minds pause, when they ask themselves whether a free press would be so safe or efficient a remedy for military grievances as Lieutenant Mulgrave supposes? A newspaper, breathing the spirit of these grumblings, would not be so much the safety-valve, through which the discontents and heart-burnings of the community would evaporate, as the lion's mouth, into which each individual would drop the hoarded spleen of his own malice and disappointment. If colonels and commandants were to be roughly handled in the columns of a

public journal, as they are at the breakfast or tiffin-tables of the settlement, it is pretty obvious that the "tone of society," to use the author's favourite phrase, would be very far from being improved. But it is worth while to observe the sophism, under which he shelters himself, when he contends for the right of unrestricted animadversion upon official characters. The actions of public servants are public property, he says, and no man holds office exempt from this condition. The press, therefore, the organ of the public, has the right of stamping them with the brand of shame. What a world of exceptions and reservations is excluded from this inflexible generality—exceptions and reservations sufficient of themselves to constitute the rule from which they are shut out! It assumes that there is no other channel through which a complaint against official men can be transmitted; that military malversations are cognizable before no other tribunal, and that a free press may be made an efficient substitute for a court of inquiry or a court-martial. So delighted is the writer with his syllogism, that the mischief worked by mere accusation, without proof, where there is neither time nor opportunity for adducing evidence to contradict it; the intermediate torture inflicted upon families and connexions, upon all, in

short, who sympathize with the honour that is stained and the reputation that is wounded—to say nothing of the exasperated feelings of the party himself, and the modes of vindication to which they would goad him; all this gives him no concern whatever. It is, however, extravagant to say, that a press, exercising these unlimited powers, would soon become an intolerable despotism, from which even those who are at this moment anxious for its establishment, would be glad to escape? It would be the bull of Phalaris, and the inventors would be the first victims. Nor is it easy to compute the insecurities of private life, the uncertain tenures upon which private reputations would hang, and the gloomy distrust that would lour over social intercourse, were this system of bush-fighting, under the pretext of assailing *public men* through the columns of a journal, to be permitted. The writer, indeed, from his panegyric upon the state of the Calcutta press, seems to imply that the actions of public servants of that presidency are amenable to its jurisdiction. But though the censorship is removed, and wisely removed, the responsibility of editors is, for that very reason, augmented rather than lightened. A slight inspection of a file of Calcutta papers would convince any one that, with all the latitude recently indulged to them,

they deal sparingly in those official attacks which seem so much to the taste of our author. In truth, no civil or military duties could be discharged, beneath the terrors of such an inquisition.

Amongst the sketches contained in these volumes, there is a full-length one of an officer, shadowed under the name of Colonel Scovell. It is evidently taken from life, but deformed by the exaggerations with which all unpopular characters are usually delineated when they sit for their likeness to those who have been habituated, from some real or fancied grievance, to contemplate them with disgust. A *sealed press*, it is true, has sheltered many a Colonel Scovell; but how many, at the same time, has it sheltered, who have been most undeservedly disfigured by traits equally disgusting? Command of all kinds is an unenviable prerogative. It places a man upon an elevation, from which he is surveyed by those below through those false and refracting lights that distort and darken every lineament and magnify every mole or speck into deformity. Every glass that is pointed towards him, presents its object through a thick incrustation of prejudice, or wounded pride, or disappointed expectation. No doubt there are Colonel Scovells in India, and if it be true that the secret-report system exists to the extent described, such beings

will continue to plague and dishonour the army. It is a system that ought not to exist at all; for it is twice cursed;—cursing those who act upon it, and those whom it oppresses. But the encouragement of private reports from the native officers, of their European superiors, is not only a criminal violation of the regulations of the service, but the disruption of the strongest holdings of the Indian army. That subtle and mystic link, which unites the sepoy to his British commanders, would be soon snapt asunder, were the "*General Saib*" to encourage similar communications. A specific case, therefore, of these practices, if substantiated, as it might be, by an adequate weight of evidence, would bring down the severest penalties upon the head of the delinquent. The life of a military man, in India, is always beset with too many incommodities, and exposed to too many adversities, to expect of him the tolerance of so hateful an aggravation.

On the other hand, he is removed from the reach of many temptations. Rarely does it happen, that he can obtain the credit of a month's pay from the obsequious money-lenders who foster the extravagance of the civilian. At every step he learns a lesson of privation and hardship. Little courted by society, he is a stranger to its blandishments;

and the world leaves him "leisure to be good." The young civilian, in the meanwhile, from the moment he places his foot on Indian ground, finds himself in the receipt of a handsome income. His first appointment probably fixes him in the family of a superior, whose allowances equal the pay of a whole regiment. He becomes the inmate of a dwelling from which nothing that ministers to luxury and ease is excluded. It is here that he imbibes the first rudiments of that improvident profuseness which becomes in after-life the great torment of his existence. His income sinks under his growing love of dissipation. The native assistant watches his opportunity, and proffers the aid, at the moment when it will be received with the least scruple as to the conditions annexed to it. At length it becomes his habitual resource; till, year after year, his burdens increase in a fearful ratio, and the country, which industry and frugality would have rendered a mere thoroughfare to the enjoyment of wealth and its blessings at home, becomes his prison and his grave.

A few traits occur, now and then, in the same work, of the Eurasians, or half-castes;—"a class," the writer observes, "despised almost emulously by Europeans and natives; the peculiarities of their birth uniting them at once with both nations, whilst

they are separated by the strongest lines of demarcation from each." But he over-rates the numbers and the hardships of this race. For our own part, we conscientiously believe that they are not reduced to a state either of political degradation or of moral abasement. Great pains have been taken to convince them that they are treated with injustice, in their exclusion from civil and military appointments. It is the age for asserting rights; and as soon as they caught the spirit of the times, they bestirred themselves to call meetings and manufacture petitions. But in all countries, civil disabilities are entailed by birth, and it is a general theory, which has received the sanction of the oldest residents in India, that the intermixture of blood has limited both the corporeal and intellectual stature of the race, whom it is the fashion of the day to regard with commiseration.

Yet the female Eurasians constitute a large portion of the married women at up-country stations. Many of them are united to persons of respectable condition, in both services, at the presidencies; and, for the most part, they perform the part of wives with tolerable effect. They are wonderfully docile to the affectations and airs of the sex;—nothing can be more unmeaning than the eternal simper that plays on their lips, and their love of finery and

baubles is, we are persuaded from long observation, constitutional. We have seen them hanging almost in speechless rapture over a box of newly-imported millinery, and entranced, as in a celestial vision, amidst the folds of a fresh assortment of French silks. They are the first purchasers, on all occasions, when a new inventory of modes is offered for sale. But it would be cruel to visit them with an austere criticism, when we advert to the unhappy circumstances of their maternity and their country education; for it is the good fortune of a few only to be educated in England. Native women, it must be recollected, of the higher class, are never the mothers of children by Europeans. They are generally of the lowest; frequently menials of the most degraded description, ignorant of every moral obligation, and exercising the faint glimmering of the little reason that falls to their share, in acts of petty fraud and cunning. It is to the guardianship of these beings, that their unhappy children—the children, too, of European gentlemen—are left for the first ten or twelve years of their lives. They are then sent to an "establishment for young ladies, at Calcutta or Madras," where the little they learn is exactly that which every thinking man would wish his wife or daughter to unlearn as speedily as possible.

ENGLISH SOCIETY IN INDIA.

VI.

It is astonishing, amidst the astonishing portents of the times, how indifferent we become to changes, from which we should have started with horror had they been presented to us as matters of remote speculation only. We have supped full of them, however, as fully as Macbeth of the appalling horrors that beset him—they have long ceased to startle us. Every cry is deemed just and rational, that calls for innovation. To act upon old principles, or, in the phrase of Lord Bacon, *stare super antiquas vias*, is considered downright idiotcy. Men confine themselves no longer to their own appropriate departments. Experimental knowledge is not only at a deplorable discount, but absolutely scouted. Every one is the master of any business, save his own. Who, in these days of intellectual improvement, would consult a farmer upon an agricultural question? Lecturers and economists, who never

saw a green field, carry about them a box of theorems and axioms upon agriculture, that enable the haberdasher, whilst he is measuring a yard of tape, to prove that the farmer knows nothing about corn. Political economy, like the bull in a china-shop, has smashed all the established maxims and recognized laws of trade about our ears. Free trade is what Demosthenes attributed to action in oratory, the one thing needful. It is everything at this moment in Great Britain. It strides over a prostrate and impoverished world, and stalks in triumph amid the wide and wasted desert it has created.

Will they who have been carried onwards in this rapid tide of liberality, stop short, and exclude from the privilege of carrying their skill and talents to the market they have opened to the whole world, a class of men and women, upon whom the policy of the East-India Company has up to this day looked with an evil eye—a class who minister an innocent amusement to those who need amusement at home, but need it still more in India, where life requires to be occasionally lightened of its burthens, to enable it the better to sustain them? Are theatrical persons,—play-actors, as our ancestors called them,—to be prohibited in this new æra from pursuing their professional calling in a country now throwing its arms open to such promiscuous em-

braces? Probably, they who, in their tenderness for the Anglo-Indian morals, have sent out additional supplies of ecclesiastics, may be fearful of undoing their work, by transplanting from our shores a class of persons who have never been remarkable for delicacy of morals or circumspection and prudence of conduct. But it may be asked, what importation of vices is to be feared, that are not to be found existing there, in full rankness and luxuriance, already? The morals of actors have never been immaculate. Yet, after all, perhaps their vices are rather more glaring, or less dissembled, than those of other persons, more wicked. Be that as it may, by what axiom of free trade, by what rule of political economy (for the world is now governed by axioms and rules), are the doors to be shut upon actors?

It is then a matter of personal calculation, merely;—for, in accordance with the reasonings upon which the new order of things is founded, you cannot exclude them. And, considered as a matter of taste, what can be deemed better calculated to advance it, than a regular dramatic corps, either stationary at one presidency or migrating to others? Shakspeare must always live in the hearts of Englishmen, and his genius glow in their bosoms. How dreadful to see him mangled, broken on the

wheel, by what are called amateur performers. They, who have witnessed the few attempts at Calcutta or Madras to get up one of his plays, must for the time have wished that Shakspeare had never existed. I have seen a Madras audience convulsed with laughter in the most pathetic scenes of Lear and Othello;—the parting sorrows, the sweet confiding affections, of Juliet, travestied by a half-caste writer from one of the public offices;—the exquisite tenderness of Rowe turned into downright farce by the appearance of a black Portuguese clerk, as the Fair Penitent. It has been heretofore the well-considered policy of the Court of Directors to exclude professional actors from India;—and the reasons of that policy are too obvious to need explanation. But, in the new, or rather the inverted, state of things, the policy and the reasonings that upheld it have been swept away. India is open, under a few slight and unavailing restrictions, to all kinds of adventurers. Will some twenty or thirty actors and actresses endanger our empire, or loosen its radical holdings?

The inconvenience, if any, will be a social, not a political one. With us, a first-rate dramatic performer, his character and manners being unexceptionable, is not refused admittance into the best circles. Anglo-Indian society hangs together by

such nice and delicate fibres,—it is made up of such filmy, gossamery proprieties,—so many petty observances and etiquettes,—that it would be next to impossible to adjust the exact position of an actor or actress in the circles of the Presidency. To drive them back upon an inferior rank would destroy all the respectability arising from self-estimation, which rises and falls with the estimation of others. Tell persons of this class that they are not respectable,—they will no longer strive to be so. Drive into a secondary division of the settlement, individuals whose talents delight and charm those who move in the highest,—send them to taverns and punch-houses, instead of seating them at the tables of rank and fashion,—and they will delight and charm those only who frequent the same haunts of vulgar intemperance. Many of them would, perhaps, be more at their ease at such places, than in the *salons* of members of council or of judges of provincial courts. Kean was infinitely more comfortable at the Coal-Hole in the Strand, than at the splendid table of the West-India merchant, whose wife and daughters bored him to death, as he feelingly complained, by talking to him about Shakspeare.

On the other hand, what is to be done with the professional ladies amongst the ladies of the settle-

ment? A great artist, drawing nightly tears from a crowded auditory, or charming them into rapture with her song, or rousing them to extasies of comic mirth, will not be awed into humility by the rank of her hostess, nor chilled into obsequiousness by the cold dignity of her demeanour. It is a perplexing case, putting it hypothetically. Much, of course, depends upon the place her own manners and deportment would vindicate to her. Yet it is impossible not to foresee a whole Iliad of squabbles and controversies, where so many Helens are concerned. What a lengthened tissue of gossippings and chronicles, if the lady herself is not a miracle of reserve almost to sanctity—if she forgets one article in the catechism of feminine decorums—if she does not hit the precise line in her conversations with the men, between a starched repulsive stiffness and a frank and easy familiarity! What a pile of misconstructions and slanders might be raised upon a dim semblance of truth—what gallantries might be woven out of a few casual whisperings, or too close a *tête-à-tête!* The most petty incidents, by the heightenings of female rhetoric, might be distorted into grave offences, and the poor devil will lead a wretched life of it, merely because she is not an angel. I say nothing of the underlings; I am putting the case only of a person at the head of her

profession,—a perfect mistress of her art. It is impossible that, with such qualifications, she can be kept in the back-ground. They who love the art must respect the artist—and even they who have no taste for the drama, will endeavour to prove that they can understand and relish it by lavishing courtesies upon its professors. Mrs. Siddons or Miss Fanny Kemble, at Calcutta, would have been guests at the highest tables, and their society an object of eager competition. Suppose, however, an actress of equal powers and equal eminence to find her way there,—but with less of decorum in her habits—or holding the minute observances of female life in contempt; it is inconceivable what feuds, and jealousies, and disputes would be lighted up both for and against her: *plusquam civilia bella.*

With merely musical professors, there is not likely to be the same inconvenience. The experiment has been tried. In 1817, Signora Bianchi Lacy and her husband were permitted to go out to India. At Calcutta, they were praised, but starved. Their concerts were not well attended, though patronized by Lord Hastings, and their failure discouraged similar adventurers. A regularly-trained dramatic corps would go out under happier auspices, and, by alternately playing at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, might contrive to put as much

money into their pockets as by a trip to the United States, to which our theatrical professors are obliged to resort, to freshen up a fading reputation, when the English audiences begin to grow tired with them. This is mere conjecture, the experiment never having been tried. The project, however, has frequently been entertained. So far back as 1793, Lee Lewis, a comedian of considerable merit, actually got together a company, including performers of eminence in every department of stage-business. His memorial to the Court of Directors underwent considerable discussion; but it was rejected. The impolicy of throwing all practicable impediments in the way of colonization—the dread of the almost proverbial libertinism of theatrical persons, whose private lives, at that time, would not endure a severe scrutiny—and the calculation that, in the usual course of human affairs, many of the Juliets and Cordelias would require a temporary retirement from the stage,—the spirit of intrigue that a handsome actress might encourage amongst the younger part of the civil service, not forgetting that occasionally a grave judge or member of council might be found not sufficiently on his guard against similar lapses—these considerations prevailed over every thing urged in favour of the application. But colonization is now considered

as a mere chimæra,—and there is an end to the objection.

At present, the civil and military servants are the artificers of their own dramatic amusement, and I question whether much would be gained by having it sent out ready-made. What a delightful bustle, what a stir of preparation, in getting up an amateur play! What shifts and contrivances to supply defects! what laughable disputes for the chief characters! what perplexities in casting the female parts and drilling them to feminine postures, and what exquisite farce to hear them, in their half-caste accent, mimicking the affected minced lisp of a lady of fashion! The green-room anecdotes of the Madras theatre would make an entertaining volume. It was, perhaps, the happiest model of a summer-theatre that was ever constructed, and from the universality of its uses, probably (for I could never discover a more rational etymology),—being at one time an assembly-room, at another, a place for holding masonic lodges, and at others, for a general meeting for the settlement,—received the name of *Pantheon*. However, it was a handsome building, and capable of holding, pit, boxes, and gallery, nearly seven hundred persons. When there was a ball, a temporary flooring was thrown over the pit, and it served the purpose of a spacious ball-room.

The amusing periods of its history, like the amusing periods of every thing else in India, are now departed. The reductions of salary in both services, conjoined with other causes, have thrown a gloom over the innocent and cheerful diversions that, in my time, enlivened the place, and gave a life and spirit to those humble theatrical experiments, which will long live in my memory. Mark Rowarth, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the settlement, was the manager, with a liberal stipend, of the Madras theatre.

His company was recruited by young military men, by even a few civilians; and for female characters, he had a regular school of young Portuguese or European half-castes, whom he contrived to rouge and whiten into something of female semblance.

But Colonel Elisha Trapaud! Oh that, for one moment, I held the pen of Scarron, to paint the *Roman Comique* of which poor Trapaud,—usually termed in unkind derision Colonel *Crapaud*,—was the *Ragotin*. He had all the theatrical irritabilities of that entertaining personage, and, by coaxing his vanity, might be prevailed upon to undertake any part, however unsuited to his figure and person, which were almost caricatures of humanity. Reader, if you had that exquisite work of the most delightful of French authors on your table, I might

be spared the trouble of sketching this most exact counterpart of him. But imagine a figure, somewhat diminutive, yet protruding into all sorts of ungraceful angles, the whole outline being a kind of rhomboid:—imagine this figure, at the advanced age of fifty or fifty-five, surmounted with a youthful wig luxuriant with curls, and haunted with the happy consciousness of his personal perfections, and no very limited notions of his intellectual ones, for he was the *Admirable Crichton* of his own fancy. But, with all his conceit, he was a useful actor, and though it was the fashion to laugh at him the moment he appeared on the stage, he set it down as the effect of some comic hit, that pleased the audience, without dreaming that he himself was the subject of it. Upon one occasion, a wag, willing to amuse himself at his expense, actually persuaded him to write a comedy, and, unluckily, he set about it in good earnest. Being an efficient member of Mark Rowarth's dramatic corps, Mark could not refuse to act it, when it was completed. Such a farrago of dulness and absurdity was never exhibited before, but he was proud of it, and took great pains in getting it up. The performers, to do them justice, did all they could for it; for Trapaud's vanities and irritabilities were harmless and amusing, and there was no wish to give him offence. But,

as for persuading him that the piece would not do, it was out of the question. He would have seized by the throat any body, whoever he might be, that ventured to throw out the slightest criticism upon its faults.

To this comedy, which he called the *Merchant of Smyrna*, he wrote a prologue, and insisted upon Mark Rowarth's speaking it. The critic of the *Madras Gazette*, the next morning, observed of it, that "it abounded in undisputed truths and incontrovertible propositions:" a criticism (such is the omnivorous nature of vanity) which gave the colonel great satisfaction, for he was as proof against the shafts of ridicule or irony, as an alligator to a musket-ball. A line or two of it, I shall never forget. It began thus—and the house was in a roar, whilst Rowarth, with as much seriousness as he could force into his countenance, delivered or rather attempted to deliver it:

To-night, my gentle friends, we act a play—
Approve it or condemn it, as you may.
In Thespis' days, a waggon was the stage—
But larger theatres adorn our age.
In Drury's pile assembled hundreds sit,
Judges of taste and arbiters of wit.
But we ——————————

I forget how it went on, but it was a most egregious specimen of nonsense—and excited, of course,

thunders of mock applause. By dint, however, of cutting and slashing, this performer forgetting his part, and another substituting some equivalent non-sense of his own, it arrived at its termination; the poor author, all the while, swearing and stamping with rage at their spoiling his piece. But when it was over, there arose, by a preconcerted under-standing amongst persons in different parts of the theatre, a call of "Author! author!" and a crown wreathed with flowers was thrown on the stage. Old Trapaud, in reality delighted, was with ill-affected reluctance led on to be crowned between two of the performers. The crown, however, was too small to fit his head without taking off his wig, which his two supporters dashed unceremoniously on the floor. The joke, however, was too practical a one; for the crown had been made of leaves from a prickly hedge, and the thorny part scratched the bald part of his head, so that it streamed with blood, and he ran off the stage, swearing destruction to the contrivers of the insult.

Never shall I forget,—for these are not unpleas-ing reminiscences,—the getting up of *Macbeth*, and to say the truth, it was got up most respectably, and Matthew Locke's music was admirably per-formed, under the superintendence of Topping, who was an excellent musician. Lady Macbeth

was undertaken by Anstey, son of the celebrated author of the *Bath Guide*. Every body knows how rapidly the beard grows in a hot climate. Anstey's was of the blackest tint, and it being a warm season of the year, before the fourth act it had grown so long, as to render it actually necessary for Lady Macbeth to shave before she appeared in the fifth. It was, however, so sultry behind the scenes, and there was so little air in the room appropriated to dressing, that Anstey ordered a table with a looking-glass and his shaving apparatus to be placed on the stage, where there was a stronger current. In malicious pleasantry, some one rang the prompter's bell, which was the constant signal for drawing up the curtain. It was most promptly obeyed, and, to the amazement of the whole assembled fashion of Madras, Tom Anstey was exhibited in the costume of Lady Macbeth, in that most unfeminine part of his toilette. The roar, the screams of surprise and merriment, that ensued, are beyond description.

THE BENCH AND BAR OF INDIA.

I.

The India-society writers have been most indefatigable in their descriptions of its peculiarities. After all, they give us only vague, shadowy, unembodied sketchings, much more to their own satisfaction than that of their readers. The silliness and affectation of English residents, whether at Calcutta and Madras, or Paris and Brussels, must always have as fatiguing a sameness in delineation as in real life. The scene only is changed; the persons of the drama remain unaltered. Whether a numerous society of English men and women, whose utmost horizon extends not beyond their own circle,—whose little lives flutter in a narrow, circumscribed range of stupid visits, gaiety without mirth, ridicule without wit, finery without elegance,—be thrown together in Asia or in Europe, it is the same opaque, lifeless subject, alike uninteresting and uninstructive; a puppet-show of stiff, clumsy figures, playing at ladies and gentlemen.

In the mean while, of the natives of India, confessedly the most interesting race under the sun, we know nothing. We act for their amusement, not they for ours. They are the spectators—we the performers. We are condescending enough to exhibit for their entertainment all our pride, all our littleness, all our folly,—and it must be added, not a few of our vices. On the other hand, we are quite ignorant of the natives of Hindustan. We see forms and configurations of beings, totally unlike ourselves, moving to and fro; but we see them only as shadows through a curtain. "We know nothing at all of them," said Sir John Shore, in 1792. "We neither converse, live, eat, or drink with them, and are in truth quite shut out from all knowledge of the Hindus," said Lord William Bentinck, in 1806. Have we penetrated further into the mystery by the aid of our new means and appliances? For, since that period, the nominal changes in our relations with them have been considerable. An affected equality, too affected to conceal the imposture, and such as, thirty years ago, was not dreamt of,—a troublesome, obtrusive disclaimer of old distinctions between native and European, but so awkwardly managed as to make the distinction more conspicuous and offensive than ever,—is played off in the present improved state

of things by the Anglo-Indians of each presidency. "Amongst the gentlemen who honoured the meeting," says the daily paragraph, "were the Lord Bishop, the Honourable Chief Justice, Rajah Budinauth, Baboo Cassinauth Mullick, &c. &c., and other distinguished persons."

It is of yesterday, this flummery, this part and parcel of the cant of the age. Nor does it soften the real subjection; on the contrary, it draws the natives' attention to it by the awkwardness of the attempt to disguise it. A deep thinker (it was Tacitus) observes how the loss of liberty was aggravated, under the emperors, by retaining the *nomina et vocabula* of a free state. The natives of India, indeed, have long since seen through the ragged policy of this affected and nominal equality, and they remain as unmixed and as immiscible as before. It is said that the Corinthian brass was an entire metal, though a fusion of every other. A real political amalgamation, such as ought to subsist in India, would resemble Corinthian brass. But this forced, unnatural assimilation is the hammering and tinkering together a piece of lead to iron: there is no unity of substance. To wield a despotic influence over a vast race of mankind; to deprive them of actual independence, and then to throw them the husks and shells of complimentary phrases,

cannot, when duly considered, fail to embitter the servitude.

What inconsistencies startle them on all sides! Turn to the reports of intelligent Europeans for the moral characteristics of the Hindus. Perjury, fraud, falsehood, bribery, are declared to be their inveterate complexional habits. These are axioms assumed for the basis of every plan of jurisprudence that has yet been devised for India, amongst the numerous experiments of that kind which have been proposed or attempted. It is the running-base of the celebrated Tenth Report of the House of Commons, in 1784. It is the burthen of Lord Teignmouth's canticle, in 1792. Upon this deep-laid foundation, this solid base of moral depression, assumed by every tyro of Indian policy as if it were another law of gravitation, our new schemes of Hindu legislation are fixed. The trial by jury, which supposes habits of truth and a love of justice in those serving as jurors, is at once imparted, without stint or restriction, to those, of whose vices collectors, magistrates, judges, have devoted half their time in furnishing inventories. What a leap! But with what growls of dissatisfaction was the gift imparted! Sir Charles Grey, the Calcutta chief justice, was frightened, in 1829, lest native juries should take it into their heads to determine the law

as well as the fact with regard to the stamp regulation. Yet the determination of the mixed question, law and fact, was vindicated to British juries by Mr. Fox's bill, in 1792. "What would you think," exclaims the astounded chief justice,* "of being made amenable in capital cases to a native jury, which should have the power of determining both law and fact?"

Yet, begging the judge's pardon, may we be permitted to ask, what the jury have to determine in a capital case but the law and the fact, or how the two questions can be separated? By saying that a man is guilty of murder, the jury decide both law and fact. A man cannot be found *guilty* of killing, for killing may be lawful. The killing is the fact, the murder the legal inference. To say that native juries are not to draw legal inferences, is saying that they are not to be juries at all. But how complimentary a gift to the natives,—in the same breath to give them the privilege, and deny their fitness to exercise it! But the chief justice went further. "If we look to the extension of the trial by jury to the natives, and if it is to carry with it a right of *determining the law*, it is not saying too much to say, that no man's life and

* Sir Charles Grey's charge to the grand jury at Calcutta, as reported in the Calcutta *Government Gazette*, 25th August 1829.

property would be safe." He then charges them in the lump with habits of corruption, that would render them unfit for any civil function whatever. "My mind," says he, "will not bear to contemplate that there is any lapse of centuries within which *English* jurors could be brought to this stage of depravity."

But, in the short interval of four years, what a moral revolution! We give them the right, and force on them the duty, of sitting on juries. Sir Charles Grey's seat on the bench had not grown cool, before credit is given them for elevation of mind and character, which the lapse of centuries could scarcely have imparted to a race so long accustomed to breathe the atmosphere of fraud and falsehood. Under such auguries, the natives of India have had the right of sitting on juries conferred on them; a gift poisoned with something more than a suspicion that they are unworthy to receive it. With this strong current of opinion against them,—the perfect conviction of the whole British community, that they are sure to administer their judicial functions corruptly,—we have made them the arbiters of life and fortune. Men generally act up to the standard of what it is preconceived they will do. If native jurors act *down* to the preconceived standard of *their* integrity,

what is to be expected from their verdicts? Such are the inconsistencies into which the affectation of enlightened sentiments has hurried us. The trial by jury is for ever in our mouths;—we are bawling ourselves hoarse in praise of it the whole of our feverish interval between the cradle and the grave. We steal our way as traders, or fight our way as conquerors, amongst people that never heard of it; we cram it down their throats as a blessing, taking especial care, however, so to medicate it, as to make it hateful and loathsome as they taste it.

It is painful to predict gloomily; but it is not difficult to foresee, that this affectation, for it is nothing else, of promoting a nominal equality between the British and native subject,—an equality which the very existence of the British power in India disclaims,—is every day unravelling the *real* ascendancy on which that power rests. The few benefits we have yet communicated to India, presuppose a sense of inferiority in one party. Our institutions are received gratefully, because they are those of a superior. What is the hope, for instance, still cherished, of converting the Hindu people to Christianity? The conviction felt by the natives that it is the creed of a community infinitely in advance of themselves in philosophy and general intelligence. Persist, however, a few

years longer in that equal intercourse, that permits the names of the rajahs and the baboos to elbow those of the Lord Bishop and the Honourable Chief Justice, and then see whether the *argumentum ad verecundiam* in favour of Christianity will have the same weight? It is not in human nature to recognise instructors in equals.

It is a farce,—a game of hypocrisy, that we may play too long. By dint of being perpetually reminded of being native gentlemen, they may take it into their heads to shake off a few usages and institutions, that shew, on the part of those who imposed them, that they were not regarded as such. It must and will happen, that they will become convinced of that we are labouring to inculcate into them, and from their happy ignorance of which, thus far, they have submitted to nuisances dignified by high-sounding appellations, that are little more than a machinery skilfully contrived to fill the pockets of their European masters. In process of time, they may discover that a Supreme Court, with English judges talking to them out of Plowden and Sandford, Cro. Jac. and Cro. Car.—a court that in half a century has ground their estates to dust, broken up the ancient undivided*

* All the ancient tenures of India were held by undivided families. The origin of this patriarchal institution is lost in an-

tenures of India, and made the fortunes of the lawyers who have successively prowled in it for prey, is a cumbrous and expensive fallacy.

The error of sending out technical lawyers to India was not perceived at first. That the Mayor's Court was corruptly and ignorantly administered, was the cry of a considerably party at Calcutta; but it is remarkable that no flagrant instance of outrageous injustice or gross corruption was adduced against it. On the contrary, the natives found in it the redress and protection they wanted. When it was put down, they sent to England a strong petition in its favour. Two years after the establishment of the Supreme Court, they petitioned against it. It is not insinuated that the judges have wrongfully administered the law in that court; but the forced adaptation of English law to those who are not only not English, but placed by custom, institutions, religion, at the very antipodes of all that is English, constitutes the grievance. How often has the individual, who is now writing, smiled at an action of ejectment to recover possession of lands in Hindustan, and the ridiculous absurdities of a casual ejector, and the demise of

tiquity. Partition by law (that is, compulsory partition) is not known in Hindu jurisprudence. It is a creature of the Supreme Court, and has produced a frightful disruption in family estates.

John Doe—absurdities which had once a reason—and of which it is as natural that Westminster Hall should be the depository, as the Egyptian pyramids of their mummies! But the transplanting of such technicalities into a new jurisprudence, in a remote colony, was almost as foolish as an attempt to re-animate the decayed carcases of Egypt. Nor was it foreseen how soon the love of jurisdiction, the ruling passion of an English lawyer, would come into play. From the first, there was a fretful impatience of the limits assigned to the court, till, by one bold and memorable assumption, Sir Elijah Impey made himself, instead of a puisne justice administering law within the limits of the Mahratta ditch, the sole arbiter of life and property in India.

In its earliest judges, the Supreme Court was singularly fortunate. Sir William Chambers and Sir William Jones were gentlemen as well as lawyers. The oriental pursuits of the latter gave him a happy bias in favour of the Hindus, their ancient civilisation, their law, their enamelled poetry;—and tinctured the sternest of his duties with beneficence and mercy. The mild dignity and polished urbanity of these men raised the Supreme Court in the public estimation. From that estimation it fell irrecoverably when Nuncomar was judicially, not legally, murdered. But suitors had no choice;

there was no chapel of ease to the Supreme Court; and it was a populous district. It always furnished, therefore, a series of gainful suits to the profession, but with occasional cessations of business long enough to starve one advocate to death, banish another to Fort Marlborough, and send home a third to Scotland.

Talking of Anglo-Indian judges, it is remarkable that those seem to have been most loved and confided in by the natives, who were not over-active in their calling. A busy, meddling judge, fond of business, and straining the *summum jus* to its utmost extent by the strict letter of his books, was much less to their taste than a quiet, indolent man, like Sir John Royds, who sat nearly fifteen years on the bench, and was enamoured of ease and his garden-house. He was a polished gentleman of the old school—and almost adored by Europeans and natives. The greatest mistake which can be committed by those who dispose of the judicial patronage of India, is to send out a completely-rigged special-pleader. He is sure to puzzle the court, and the native suitor is dissatisfied with his judgment, because he cannot comprehend it. As a colleague, he is controversial and punctilious, and generally stands alone in his decision. According to their notions, justice is uniform in its essence—

why should it not be uniform in its language? Sir Henry R—— was of this description. He came out a deeply-read, well-exercised, black-letter lawyer. Black-letter lawyer!—the words create an inextricable confusion in the Hindu understanding. Sir William Jones, on the other hand, might be said to hit the natives of India between wind and water. No man was more fitted for the office of a colonial judge by the habitual course of his studies. Such were his powers of generalization, that he not only seized with the rapidity of lightning the analogies by which all the European systems of jurisprudence are assimilated, and recognised in Lord Coke the rules traced out in the Code of Justinian, but found the same artificial distinctions in the law-books of the Hindus which pervade those of the west. What can be a more artificial series of distinctions, for example, than those of the law * of deposits in the Hindu code? Yet they are substantially those laid down by Lord Mansfield in the case of "Forward *v.* Pittard," and vary slightly, if at all, from those insisted on by the old Roman lawyers. It was this faculty of perceiving legal analogies, that made equity an universal science to Sir William Jones, and whilst his brethren of the profession were groping their way by the dark-

* Essay on the Law of Bailments, by Sir Wm. Jones.

lanthorn of their own municipal law, without one effort to stretch their vision beyond the horizon of Westminster Hall, he had taught himself to discern the consent and harmony of the diversified codes of all nations, and the consentaneousness of each to the antecedent law of nature. Perhaps the selection of Sir William Jones to fill a high judicial office in India is one of the most precise adaptations of the individual to the function (and it is the more remarkable from its being merely an accidental appointment) that have happened in our day.

Sir John Anstruther had, in one respect only, the same advantage. He was not a pedantic English lawyer. The doggrel couplet of Westminster Hall makes him out to have been quite ignorant of his profession:—yet, as a judge, he was a great favourite with the natives. He saw that a narrow-minded, technical application of the rules of English law to a people contrasted by so many moral diversities to the inhabitants of Great Britain, would, in a great number of cases, operate the grossest injustice. He felt and acted so uniformly on this conviction, that he might be said to have created a new system of equity. This equity he administered at his own house, where he assumed the extra-judicial office of arbitrator in those petty controversies, which could not have

been adjudicated in the Supreme Court without irretrievably ruining the parties. The motive was laudable, but the practice, in this instance, was mischievous. It raised a considerable cry against him in the profession, whose profits it abridged. It had this inconvenience also. The suitors of Sir John Anstruther's cutcherry (so it was called) were not always pleased with his decisions. In those instances, the case sometimes found its way into the Supreme Court, and placed the chief justice in a whimsical situation. Anstruther was hasty and petulant towards the bar, amongst whom he had his favourites, who, of course, did as they liked with him. And here it may be remarked that, in India, a judge may contrive to make himself extremely offensive, if he is desirous of that distinction. The bar is not sufficiently numerous to keep him in order; nor is there always among them that high-minded sense of what is due to its honour and independence, to resent an affront offered to one of their own little body as an indignity to all. Anstruther's demeanour to Strettell, who had at one time the chief business of the Court, was a continued growl, occasionally breaking out into the most ungoverned rudeness. He had also something of an antipathy to the elder Lewin, and for no apparent reason, but that he was a sound

and well-read lawyer, which he considered as a reflection upon himself.

Since the time of Anstruther, there has been a somewhat rapid succession of chief-justices at Calcutta. Serjeant Blossett was an amiable man, but of the highest evangelical school. Whether in an office to which so powerful an influence belongs, considering the leanings and partialities towards those who are tinctured with the same sentiments, and the incompatibility of all leanings and partialities with the severity of the judicial duty, Blossett would have steered clear of the disputes and controversies which, in a small community, like that of Calcutta, might have rendered his situation irksome, cannot be decided—for he sunk prematurely under the cholera, having tried only one cause. Puller succeeded him,—an able lawyer and an excellent law-reporter. He fell a victim also to the same malady, not long after his arrival. From that time, a sort of panic seems to have prevailed in Westminster Hall, which deterred several eminent men from accepting seats on the Indian bench.

The Calcutta bar, for a long time, boasted of several distinguished and honourable men. In its earlier period, Shaw, a man educated originally to mercantile pursuits, contrived to obtain permission

to practise as a barrister, and for some time carried every thing before him. Before the Company created the specific office of Advocate-general, with its present high salary, their general retainer to a counsel, to act in all their suits, was highly lucrative,—and Shaw, for several years, held the post of their standing counsel. He was a man, it is said (for the traditions of that period are now beginning to be dim), of strong natural powers, and, in a short time, became a skilful practitioner. His income was, for some years, enormous. The natives, who were parties in great family causes involving immense sums, the accumulations probably of a century, were not restrained by a table of fees from giving way to certain impulses of hope or gratitude, which soon made the fortunes of their favourite pleaders. Shaw, unfortunately, though in the midst of a most prosperous career at the bar, could not get the better of his love of commercial adventure. He dabbled with various success in speculations, always hazardous, not always profitable; and these speculations at length so completely swallowed up his professional emoluments, as to drive him to the most ruinous expedients of raising money. After a continued series of losses, he began to suspect the good faith of his agents; and, finding it necessary to inspect their proceed-

ings more closely, embarked on board one of his own vessels bound to Batavia, and was no more heard of.

Strettell was a counsel of great note at Calcutta. He arrived there young, and was admitted into the Supreme Court before the right of practising as counsel there was limited to persons who had been called to the English bar. He had the confidence of the natives in an eminent degree, though without any of the superficial, noisy qualifications they sometimes look for in their lawyers. He had no eloquence, and pretended to none; but a steady, uniform, good sense led him onwards to advancement. Strettell never looked forward, as others did, to returning home, and enjoying the fruits of his industry in England. Calcutta was his home, and in truth he became at last so old a resident, that he would have been quite a stranger, and in the strongest sense of the word a stranger, anywhere else. He made up his mind, therefore, to a protracted stay in India,—and took the deeper root in its soil by reason of marrying a young Portuguese lady of considerable accomplishments: a circumstance that fettered him still more closely to the spot by the ties of family connexion. Mrs. Strettell was mistress of all the spoken dialects of Hindustan; and she is recorded as the only

European (or of European extraction) who ever interposed effectually (till of late years) to divert a suttee from the performance of her horrid vow. The female was about twenty-five, and obstinately tenacious of those rules of her faith which enjoined the sacrifice. Mrs. Strettell addressed her, while she was waiting calmly till the funeral pile was completed, and urged every argument to dissuade her from her resolve that her truly masculine good sense suggested. It was in vain. She was not, the widow said, young and ignorant of her religious obligations, which she had long studied. Such remonstrances might, she observed, shake a younger person from her purpose; but she had meditated upon it too long to be induced by any motive to forego it. Mrs. Strettell in some degree gave way to the poor woman's resolution, seeing that it was backed by so strong and deep-felt a conviction of its propriety, and reluctantly retired, until the ceremonies of washing with the Gunga water, and scattering the grains of consecrated rice in a direction contrary to the sun's course, were gone through. The last ceremonial, of walking three times round the pile, alone remained to be performed. With steps that began to falter, she had completed the circle once, when she looked anxiously towards the spot where Mrs.

Strettell stood, but who, unwilling to see the actual immolation, was preparing to enter her palanquin. Their eyes met. The widow looked imploringly. Mrs. Strettell returned to her. A short but earnest conference took place. The result was, the return of the woman with Mrs. Strettell to the house of the collector, in spite of the loud expressions of disapprobation uttered by the multitude.

To pursue what remains of the personal history of Strettell—it is only to be observed, that, finding age creeping rapidly upon him; after a long residence of thirty-eight years in India, he determined to return *home* for the residue of his life. He tried London—tried the country—ran the gauntlet of Cheltenham, Bath, and every other paradise of English idleness. All would not do. He had returned home,—but his home was homeless. He felt himself a stranger and sojourner in the land,—and returned to Calcutta, where he ended his days.

At this time, the Calcutta bar consisted of about nine; three or four only in first-rate business; the others picking up a mere subsistence by their share of the smaller things, such as motions of course, and filling occasionally some of the offices belonging to the Court, to which small salaries were annexed. The higher officers of that Court, such

as the Master of the Crown Office, the Prothonotary, the Master in Equity, in a few years, made rapid and large fortunes. But, at the period of which we are speaking, the counsel in the fullest business averaged £8,000 or £9,000 a-year. Robert Smith, who, in addition to the office of advocate-general, with a salary of £5,000 a-year, had the lead of the court, brought home in twelve years a very handsome competence. He was perhaps the most accomplished person, as a lawyer and a scholar,—of course conceding Sir William Jones's superiority in multifarious acquirement,—that Calcutta ever saw. He *made* Sir John Anstruther respect him; and compulsory respect was all the respect that Anstruther could feel for any one. Robert Smith's might be called the Augustan era of the Calcutta bar. His mode of reasoning, clear, condensed, and frequently oracular, was admirably adapted to that peculiar forum—an Anglo-Indian court of law. There was no jury to address. The swaggering, bullying style, therefore, and the endless prolixity of the English advocate, compelled to force his way into the comprehension of ignorant and uneducated juries, is there wholly out of place. It would not be endured. Three English judges, well-educated, exercised in legal and moral reasonings, require totally different

modes of appeal. Smith was most powerful in this sort of address. Perhaps he made it still more powerful by a sort of latent sarcasm, that ran through his argument. If it did not express downright contempt for the court, when they differed from him, it was at least something that seemed commiseration for their understandings. Several persons have since acquired both fame and money at the Calcutta bar:—but there are occasions when it is easier to say nothing than to say little.

The bar at the other presidencies never afforded so open a field as that of Calcutta. Neither Madras nor Bombay produced an abundant harvest to more than two. The Recorder's Court, which preceded the Supreme Court, had disposed of the *fat* causes —those involving great successions of family property, in which large sums were at issue, infinitely transcending those which are the subjects of Westminster-Hall litigation. It was frequently a question before the Court, in cases of disputed wills, whether lacs of rupees should be appropriated to the perpetual maintenance of brahmins and a tribe of dancing-girls. The money spent on lawyers was then too insignificant an item, compared with the bulk of the property, to be the subject of a moment's consideration. When the

Supreme Court was established, and the bar consisted of regularly-called English barristers (in the former courts, they acted in the joint capacities of attorney and counsel), there was a much greater restraint upon professional profits, which arose only from the ordinary every-day business of a court of law, in a large and populous jurisdiction.

The rise of Compton (the present chief justice of Bombay) was most extraordinary, but highly honourable to his integrity of character and unequalled vigour of mind. He had gone out in the military service of the Company, as a volunteer; but an opening having taken place in the office of Mr. Samuel, one of the leading practitioners of the Recorder's Court, Compton acted a short time as his assistant, during which he acquired, by the intuitive quickness of his faculties, sufficient knowledge of the business and practice of the Court to qualify him for acting as a principal. Perhaps there was never a more striking illustration of what may be effected, without the artificial aids of a technical education, by means of natural powers seconded by most unwearied industry. A short time after the arrival of Marsh, he returned to England, and was called to the bar;—a fortunate hit, for his elevation to the Bombay bench could not otherwise have taken place. Compton was a hard-headed man. Prolix,

ill-assorted, rambling as his argument was, it had its effect upon the judges. The acute skill of Anstruther at Madras, and the long-exercised ingenuity of Spankie at Calcutta (for Compton practised several years at the latter presidency), were often driven off the field by Compton. Sir Henry Gwillim used to say, in allusion to his hammering mode of pressing his case, by continually knocking upon the strongest point in it, that he argued like a Cyclops. There is no cause to apprehend that he will not do honour to his function, if he has sense and strength enough of understanding to "bear meekly" the singular good fortune, to which, in some degree, he owes his unexpected advancement.

But can we omit all mention of Bushby? His was a short and sad career, and it elucidates a most perplexing but interesting phenomenon in our intellectual structure. He had received the advantages of the high and generous education of Cambridge—carried off the medal of his year, of which he was the second wrangler, and was universally sought and caressed in the highest circles of fashion and letters. His reputation preceded him at Madras, and lost nothing by crossing the ocean. Indeed, the accession of such an advocate to the Supreme Court was looked forward to by the native

suitors and the profession as a new era in its history. Did a wealthy brahminy or moodeliar, an Iyah Pillay or Paupiah, for instance, meditate filing a bill or bringing an action in the court, which involved a considerable sum—his language was, "stop till new law gentleman come." He had scarcely quitted the masoolah-boat that landed him, before the attornies ran to meet him with retainers. Bushby's frame of mind was peculiarly sensitive. Hope and fear of any kind were stimulants that acted too powerfully upon his sensorium to leave his faculties, which were naturally prompt and excitable, their healthy and unclouded operation. All became in a moment a confused, chaotic darkness, succeeding to a quick transient illumination, like that of lightning. He saw the difficulty, grasped it, subdued it; but in an instant he perceived another;—another darted upon him, till he became appalled, or, to use a more applicable phrase, *cowed*, although, in fact, the difficulties were visions, as it were, of his own peculiar and morbid perspicacity. Cases of this kind, we have been told, by those who have studied the irregularities of the intellectual system, are by no means unfrequent.

The great case then pending in the court, and which had been suspended till Bushby's long-

expected arrival, was the suit originating in the will of Iyah Pillay's father. The amount of property involved in the issue was immense, compared to the pigmy sums that constitute the subjects of our Westminster-Hall litigations. The preliminary question was of the greatest importance—whether the disposition of property by testamentary donation was consonant to the Hindu law; and, after that, whether the Court would uphold the peculiar bequests of that will, by which a large portion of the family property was diverted to the maintenance of a regiment of lazy brahmins and their descendants for ever? Bushby was retained against the will. He had a full week given him; but there was such a mass of documents to be perused, and the attorney who prepared the brief had performed his task so indolently, that an older and cooler practitioner would have been sadly perplexed. However, it was set down for hearing on the first day of the term, and the whole settlement was in a bustle of expectation to hear a young lawyer, who had raised such transcendant expectation, in a cause which was also a matter of considerable interest, from the new and singular points involved in the decision. Bushby felt this. It redoubled his diligence to master the facts as well as the legal points; sudden elucidations shot across

him;—he congratulated himself on vanquishing the difficulties that met him;—but, as he advanced, new and still more embarrassing ones started up;—he endeavoured to wrestle with them; —he was overthrown in the struggle, and folded up his papers in despair. His apartments were in the Fort: he seems to have hung over his papers the greater part of the night preceding the day fixed for hearing the cause. At gun-fire, Captain Thompson, the town-major, called under his window on horseback, the horse-keeper leading another horse for Bushby, which Thompson had agreed to lend him for the morning's ride. Bushby heard the call, and told his friend out of the window that he would be ready in a few minutes. Captain Thompson waited more than twenty. The report of a pistol from Bushby's apartment startled him. He ran up, and found his unhappy friend weltering in blood.

Alexander Anstruther (afterwards the Recorder of Bombay) and Marsh divided the business of the Madras court between them. The former was an acute, persevering advocate, endued with a much more powerful faculty than that of verbal eloquence,—a sly insinuating mode of carrying the judge along with him;—an art which, in the long run, began to defeat itself, by putting the court on

its guard against being "*bamboozled*," as Sir Benjamin Sulivan expressed himself, into a decision. The great secret of the artifice was an apparent conviction, admirably counterfeited on the part of the counsel, of the justice and truth of his own case. Much of this was done by a sort of by-play, which had its effect:—shrugging his shoulders, or shaking his head, as he turned round to still the anxieties of his client; as much as saying—"that is all true—but what is to be done?—you see, the court is against us—I have urged everything as strongly as I could—if they can reconcile it to their consciences, there's no help." Yet he was an excellent lawyer, and made a considerable fortune. At this time, Sir Thomas Strange was the chief-justice; Sir Henry Gwillim and Sir Benjamin Sulivan were the puisnes. Strange was courteous and mild, with a strong predilection for the natives. He was the only judge in India (Sir William Jones is always an exception) who studied Hindu law with diligence. He adopted Sir John Anstruther's system of holding a private cutcherry to dispose of petty litigations, and consequently incurred the ill-will of some part of the profession. The better and liberal part did homage to the motives that influenced him.

It was rather an amusing incident, which hap-

pened in open court, after the judges had come to the determination of wearing wigs, in addition to the costume which, in every thing but the wig, was the ordinary judicial dress. " In Calcutta, where the climate is much hotter, each judge had his wig, and it was the duty of the court to preserve its dignity by the exterior observances of the Bench, of which the wig had always been deemed an essential part." The reasoning of the chief-justice was conclusive with his brethren. The wigs were ordered from England, and in due course arrived, all carefully packed in boxes. Unluckily, the cock-roaches had found their way into the wig-box of Sir Thomas Strange, and fed, much to their satisfaction, upon each side of it. Unfortunately, after the judges had seated themselves, each with his new wig, the holes gnawed by the voracious insects began to make way for Sir Thomas's ears, which, in a few minutes, were visible through them. The laughter that ran through the court having attracted his attention to the circumstance that afforded so much amusement—in a moment, off went the wig indignantly over the heads of the prothonotary and his clerks, upon the area of the court. The example of the chief-justice was instantly followed by the other judges, and, one by one, like a leash of partridges, the three wigs flew across and

lighted on the floor. This ludicrous circumstance so completely unhinged Sir Thomas, that he adjourned the court till the following day, for it was found impossible to hush the merriment it occasioned.*

To those who are desirous of practising at the Indian bar, which is now unrestrictedly open to all adventurers, a few hints and admonitions may be acceptable. In the first place, the great tree of litigation, which once put forth so many branches, laden with gold mohurs and rupees, is decayed to its trunk. The causes, in which questions of large property arose, have been disposed of, or settled by the ruin of one or other of the parties—not unfrequently of the successful one. Nor is it likely that that decayed trunk will ever put forth any more shoots. At Madras and Bombay, the profits of the bar may emphatically be said to be extinct. Yet there will be, for some time, a petty race of causes litigated, out of which fees will be extracted; but even these are dwindling every day into insignificance. Let him, therefore, who has come to the resolution of quitting home, and all the endearments

* This anecdote was treated by a correspondent as a mere fiction; but the writer (who was a barrister of the court where the incident occurred) asserted its accuracy, doubting merely whether the wig-less judge was Sir Thomas Strange or Sir Benjamin Sulivan.

and blessings that word implies, be admonished that he incurs those fearful sacrifices without anything approximating to the certainty, by any effort of talent or industry, of making a fortune. There will be another illustration of the precious free-trade system in the Supreme Courts. The bar of each presidency will be overstocked, for Westminster Hall will throw off her overflowings to the various colonial bars of Great Britain, and those who can pay their outfit, allured by the splendid accumulations that within the last fifteen years have dazzled and astonished us with the professional profits of India, will find their way thither—but, in a climate where nature has more wants, and requires more fondling and indulgence, than in any other, will exchange their dreams of affluence for privation and penury. If, however, these forebodings should not dissuade him from the adventure, he would do well to devote himself to that part of his professional studies, which will make him an expert, concise draughtsman in Equity. Rejecting all special-pleading niceties, let his labours be assiduously directed to that which special-pleading ought to be and essentially is, a system of law logic, or an analytical method of legal reasoning, whereby all controversies are brought to the quickest issue. He ought to study the law as a science, not as an art;

to be conversant with it in its primitive elements and its most general principles; and, above all, to place habitual restraints upon his temper. If the strings of this delicate instrument be liable to be put out of tune by every breath of wind, if he is nicely sensitive to affront and transmute fancied grievances into real ones,—let him stay at home.

THE BENCH AND BAR OF INDIA.

II.

Sir S—— T——, the most irritable of God's creatures, under some malicious influence of his horoscope, was appointed Advocate-general at Madras, from a snug obscure practice in the Court of Chancery. With too large a share of his own good opinion, he had been long laying up for himself a vast store of mortifications, that were for ever annoying him in after-life. The ship,—that epitome of all the persecutions by which vanity can be tormented,—the school where pride receives its most salutary lessons,—that nest in which broods of annoyances are engendered from hour to hour,—that Pandora's box without hope at its bottom,—nearly fretted him to dissolution. During the whole of the voyage, he was haunted by the furies of Orestes. The torments of Sisyphus, Ixion, and Tantalus seemed combined to plague him. He occupied a portion of the round-house—that enviable

part of the vessel under the poop, where the quacking of ducks and cackling of fowls murdered his sleep so barbarously, that it was as much as poor Lady T—— could do to prevent his running on deck naked. And then came the accursed Saturnalia of passing the Line. The fretful man might have been exempted from his share in the farce at the trifling expense of a little rum or tobacco. But he stood upon the *summum jus.* It seemed as if he had a constitutional point to defend—and he defended it most stoutly, till Neptune, seizing him in the midst of the argument, delivered him over without bail or mainprize to his myrmidons, who gave him a specimen of their *strigil* he did not soon forget.

It was most amusing to hear his squabbles with the captain on points of law—the skipper being one of that not uncommon marine race, who imagine that, to command a Company's ship, implies the possession of a cyclopædia of all human knowledge. The lawyer was no match for him even on points of law; and, to make the comedy complete, the passengers always concurred with the captain. In short, T——, with his irritable nerves, perpetually tortured by the ordinary noises of a ship, and frequently by the *extraordinary* ones, invented for the purpose of plaguing him, led a terrible life of it.

At Madras, something was for ever happening to disturb the knight's serenity. Precedence was a thorn in his side. Was a member of council's lady, untitled, to walk to the dining-room before his own, with a title? The question was sometimes warmly debated. "Pshaw!" said the civilian's lady, "what is a knighthood? My fishmonger received the distinction only a few days before I left England!" Such were the exasperations that fidgetted the poor Advocate-general from morn to dewy eve. In court it was still worse. He could not get his witnesses to come to the point, or the interpreter never gave correctly what they swore. If he fell into a passion, his clients fared the worse for it. The counsel opposed to him took advantage of his infirmity by some intentional offence to his vanity, ever on the watch for affronts;—and thus, with a cultivated mind, a thorough knowledge of his profession, and parts considerably above the average, he became almost useless to himself and others; and in that hot climate, where petty vexations are real torments, the "o'er-informed tenement of clay" proved too feeble for the wear and tear of the temper that inhabited it.

There is this important distinction between the English and the Anglo-Indian bars, that, in the one, the presence of a numerous professional body,—

where, to use Gray's more than classical description of Westminster Hall,

togatum
Æstuat agmen,—

is a perpetual check upon the intemperance of the judges; whereas, at the colonial bars, a restricted number of practitioners, and a most scanty attendance of auditors, suffer them to play their pranks with impunity. Nothing destroys the equilibrium of weak minds so much as judicial authority. In that office, insolence is sure to keep due pace with ignorance;—nor is there a moral axiom more certain, than that the two qualities are always found to be in equal quantities. What stupid squabbles with the local governments, about jurisdiction and its boundaries, have been bubbling and boiling in the supreme courts, from time to time, since their first institution! The case of Moro Ragonath, in the Bombay court, was a fac-simile of a quarrel in the Calcutta court in 1776. Sir Edward West bequeathed his share in the dissension to Sir John Grant, whose notions of the omnipotence of his court were to the full as inflated as those of his predecessor. Grant was removed from his office, after long discussions in the Privy Council.

But Sir Edward West was a thorn in the side of the Company's civil servants, with about a score of

whom he had contrived to quarrel,—four grand juries in succession, consisting of European residents as respectable as himself—the editors of all the newspapers,—and all the barristers of his own court. This person became Recorder in 1823. In his first charge, he flung out the most virulent censures upon his predecessors—arbitrarily dismissed from a high office in his court, an individual of the most unsullied integrity and splendid talents, the son-in-law of Sir James Mackintosh—and silenced the whole bar, the Company's Advocate-general included, for six months, because they presented a respectful memorial to him upon a case in which their own rights and the established practice of the court had been violated. He was a most indefatigable and accomplished scold, and richly deserved the *cucking-stool* awarded by the good old common-law of England to women of ungovernable tongues. The spiritless demeanour of the barristers on the occasion just mentioned was not very creditable to the profession, whose independence was wounded by that shameful abuse of authority.*

* This paragraph produced a warm defence of Sir Edward West, in the publication from whence these papers are taken, which provoked an assailant of the judge to vindicate the justice of the above description. The controversy is too long for insertion.

In England, a hot-headed judge of this kind would be soon brought down to a cooler temperature. Not only is there the salutary restraint of a numerous bar, tinctured with the same learning, and tremblingly alive to their common professional honour, but there is a public out of doors, sitting as a court of review upon the conduct and opinions of the judges. In India, there is no public. Some half-dozen voices, faintly querulous, like the chirping of grasshoppers in the fern, may be heard if any thing flagitious is done or attempted. But what is this to the roar of censure from the press, echoed from paper to paper, as thunder from hill to hill? It is this hourly cognizance of all that passes in our courts that keeps the judges to their good behaviour,—and the wigs of five hundred barristers would bristle with indignation at such antics as were played by Sir Edward West upon his little bar at Bombay. In India, a barrister must lead an indifferent life of it, if the bench make what is called a dead set at him. It is true that instances of this kind have happened in Westminster Hall, though very rarely. Lord Kenyon had conceived a strong antipathy to Law (afterwards Lord Ellenborough), and Law made a most happy application of a passage in Virgil to this circumstance. Replying to a smart speech of Erskine, he perceived

that Kenyon and the rest of the court manifested strong symptoms of being adverse to his client. "I fear not," he said, "the artful sophistries of my friend, Mr. Erskine." Then, turning first to the counsel, and next to the judges, he exclaimed, with great emphasis,

Non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta, ferox; Dî me terrent, et (looking at Kenyon) JUPITER *hostis.*

It is incalculable what mischief an insolent judge may do to an advocate in India. It matters little, in Westminster Hall, whether a man in full business be a favourite with the court or not. For many years, the whole court of King's Bench set their faces against Marryat, and treated him almost with personal contumely; yet he accumulated a vast fortune, and is supposed to have died the richest lawyer that England has known. Now, a hundredth part of the same systematic illiberality towards a member of the bar in India, would be death to him. The natives have a remarkably keen scent in these matters, and would not confide in him. They would act in conformity to a brief syllogism:—"Judge not give master sugar-words; judge give sugar-words to court-lawyer on other side; therefore master will lose cause." And a more helpless being than an unemployed counsel in India cannot be imagined. Let this be duly weighed

by the English barrister before he pays his passage-money or bespeaks his outfit; for, if he sits with his hands before him, at Calcutta or Madras, with nothing to do but to gaze with listless vacancy on the figures of the lion and unicorn in the king's arms that hang over the bench, there is no other department into which he can thrust himself. In the mean time, he *must* live,—though many would readily answer him, as Cardinal Richelieu answered the poet that satirized him, *je ne vois pas la necessité*; —and in that country, a mere subsistence absorbs what would be deemed a tolerable income at home. What then is to be done?

Interea pereunt res et vadimonia fiunt.

He must run over head and ears in debt; and, in that climate, the anxieties of being in debt will bring him to the grave sooner than if the whole tribe of European maladies had beset him. Death has not prompter ministers in India than grief and despondency. It is no uncommon thing, and physiologists may explain it, for an individual there to sink under a twenty-four hours' fit of vexation.

Ponder this well, you that, stung with disappointment or sick with protracted hope, give from the back bench of the court, to the daily-recurring question of the chief justice, "Any thing to move

sir?" the daily-recurring reply, "Nothing, my lord," and then return with a chilled heart and briefless pocket to your homeless chambers. Dream not of flying from the malice of fortune to the bar of India. No—hug your tattered gown to its last rag;—cobble and piece your shoes, worn to the very *slither** by your weary pilgrimage to a thankless shrine. There is no man that has not some snug corner in his mind, to which hope retires and dreams of the future. A sudden gleam may break through the murky cloud that blackens your horizon—a lucky *kite*† may fall unexpectedly into your lap; or probably you have under your lee some kind friend to minister delicately and promptly to your need;—or a widow, with a comfortable jointure, may not be deaf to your vows. How absurd, then, to throw away all these smiling probabilities! To these may be added (taking it for granted you are a Whig, and have bawled loud for the Reform Bill), that there is a constant succession of commissions, graciously provided by a Whig government, as places of réfuge for destitute barristers,—and may not one of these fall to your

* Supplementary fragments of old leather inserted between the two soles of the shoe.

† A stray brief, when the counsel is absent for whom it was intended.

lot, and last you your life-time, if you and your colleagues, after the fashion of commissioners, will but proceed slowly and leisurely in your duties? How much better all this, than to be baked in a hot land-wind with much fewer chances,—and, instead of your fair and fat widow, with her appurtenances in the three per cents., to marry a lean, lisping, insipid creature, fitted out for the market with a ragged assortment of boarding-school accomplishments, and of linen from a ready-made shop, or turning up her thin nose at your pretensions, because you are not in the list of the *eligibles*.

Madras has, upon the whole, been better off for judges than Bombay; but once, at least, the Bombay bench was splendidly adorned. Sir James Mackintosh, a name dear to letters and philosophy, was no lawyer, in the narrow-minded sense of the word; he was more,—and, for a colonial judge, much better—for he was guided by the clear spirit of the law, which reflects a much brighter light than the twinkling taper of its letter. Mild and lenient almost to a defect in the administration of the criminal law (for there was but one instance of a capital punishment during his whole recordership), at *Nisi Prius* he was governed by those general principles of equity which always lead to a right conclusion. The *books* might be against him; but

the book of nature, and the code antecedent to and superseding all special-pleading subtleties, were for him. He was lamentably thrown away on such a society as that of Bombay. Accustomed to lead in the conversations of the conversation-men of the metropolis,—such as Sharpe, Rogers, Dumont,—he found himself transplanted amongst those who afforded a sad and bitter contrast. It was like Goëthe's oak-plant,* with its giant fibres, compressed within the dimensions of a flower-pot. On the third day after his arrival, most forcibly was he reminded of the contrast, when one of the members of the council, the conversation turning upon quadrupeds, turned to him and inquired, what was a quadruped? It was the same sagacious Solomon (the writer has often heard Mackintosh relate the anecdote), who asked him for the loan of some book, in which he could find a good account of Julius Cæsar. Mackintosh jocosely took down a volume of Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, in which mention is made of a Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls in the time of Charles the First. The wiseacre actually took the book home with him, and after some days brought it back to Sir James, remarking that he was disappointed on finding that the book referred to Julius Cæsar

* See his illustration of Shakespeare's Hamlet.

only as a lawyer, without the slightest mention of his military exploits!

No exile ever deplored his lot more feelingly than Sir James Mackintosh. In a letter I received from him, after breathing some complaints of his banishment, he says, "Turn to Cicero's Epistles. See how elaborately, and with what common-place topics, he consoles his friends, Trebatius, Sestius, Torranius, in their exiles. To another he says, *pro amore nostro, rogo atque oro, te colligas, virumque præbeas.* Yet, when it came to his own turn, see how effeminately he laments the loss of Rome, and the intercourses in which he lived there with the wise and accomplished ornaments of the state! My friends dole out the same consolations to me. Were they here, they would feel the insufficiency of all such topics to administer genuine consolation."

He was rendered for some time uncomfortable through his having given offence to the mercantile part of the Bombay community, by what they thought too rigid an interpretation of the orders in council then in force, having condemned a ship and cargo with costs; and their opinion of that adjudication was expressed without much delicacy or reserve. He was subject also to certain Parson Adams-like habits of forgetfulness of common

things and lesser proprieties;—and this brought down upon him no slight share of taunt and ridicule. It happened, on his arrival at Bombay, that there was no house ready for his reception, and it would be a fortnight before a residence in the Fort could be prepared for him. Mr. Jonathan Duncan, the governor of the presidency, therefore, with great kindness, offered his garden-house, called *Sans Pareil*, for the *temporary* accommodation of Sir James and his family. But months and months elapsed, till a twelvemonth had actually revolved; Mackintosh and his wife, during all this time, found themselves so comfortable in their quarters, that they forgot completely the limited tenure on which they held them, appearing by a singular illusion not to have the slightest suspicion of Mr. Duncan's proprietorship, notwithstanding some pretty intelligible hints on the subject from that gentleman, but communicated with his usual delicacy and politeness. At last, politeness and delicacy were out of the question, and the poor governor was driven to the necessity of taking forcible possession of his own property. This was partly indolence, partly absence of mind, on the part of Sir James. He was constitutionally averse to every sort of exertion, and especially that of quitting any place where he found himself com-

fortable. Before he went out to India, he made a trip into Scotland with his lady; and having taken up his abode for the night at an inn in Perthshire, not far from the beautiful park of the late Lord Melville, then Mr. Dundas, sent a request to Lady Jane Dundas (Mr. Dundas being absent) for permission to see the house and grounds, which was most civilly granted. Mr. Dundas being expected in the evening, her ladyship politely pressed them to stay to dinner, and to pass the night, their accommodations at the inn not being of the first description. Mr. Dundas returned the same day, and, though their politics were as adverse as possible, was so charmed with the variety of Mackintosh's conversation, that he requested his guests to prolong their visit for two or three days. So liberal, however, was the interpretation they put upon the invitation, that the two or three days were protracted into as many months, during which every species of hint was most ineffectually given, till their hosts told them, with many polite apologies, that they expected visitors and a numerous retinue, and could therefore no longer accommodate Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh.

These eccentricities were specks upon a most brilliant and estimable character, and they are such as have frequently been seen in the man of genius

and letters. Nature is too thrifty in her gifts to heap all kinds of excellences in one shining mass, but, like a skilful artist, sobers her colours with shades and tints that soften without blackening the effect. Of these eccentricities, volumes might be collected;—but they are painful matters of remembrance to those who loved the kindness of his heart, and revered the depth of his knowledge. It is not, perhaps, generally known, that his *forte* was metaphysics. In societies, where he could be understood, he diffused himself over those perplexed subjects of inquiry, with an earnestness of expression and a warmth of eloquence, that shewed the delight he took in them. Such was his perspicuity and powers of illustration, that they no longer seemed perplexed, but flowed from his lips as luminous and beautiful truths. In the very teeth of Locke and Condillac, he deduced the great maxims of moral philosophy from the moral sense inseparably connected with the structure of mind, and our natural perceptions of good and ill. Never were metaphysical hypotheses more clearly illustrated by the laws of our moral nature, than in the treatise which he published in the supplementary volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* It will remain an enduring monument of perspicuity of argument and elegant discourse. Upon these sub-

jects he was not only more consistent in his deductions, but more compressed and energetic in reasoning, than Dugald Stewart.

Well does the writer remember his lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations, delivered in Lincoln's-Inn Hall, in 1803. The preliminary discourse (now out of print, but well worth re-publishing) is a complete survey, as a great extent of country is viewed from a commanding eminence, of a vast and various subject. The sketch of Grotius is a perfect model of that kind of writing. Every body admires it as a specimen of eloquence, but as a discriminating and ingenious apology for the pedantry which it has been the fashion to object to that great jurist, its merits have been overlooked. The perpetual appeals of Grotius to the poets, philosophers, and dramatic writings of the ancients, are wont to appear to superficial thinkers superfluous as illustrations, and useless as authorities. Yet this multifarious citation from dramatists and poets was in strict subservience to his design, which was that of shewing the *universal sense of mankind* as to the great principles of moral obligation. He appealed to the poets, because Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, whose province was general nature, could not stray into the paradoxes in which philosophers bewilder themselves, but

were tied down to the observance of those laws which govern the sympathies of mankind in all ages and countries I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the following passage :—

"So great is the uncertainty of posthumous reputation, and so liable is the fame, even of the greatest men, to be obscured by those new fashions of thinking and writing, which succeed each other so rapidly among polished nations, that Grotius, who filled so large a space in the eyes of his contemporaries, is now, perhaps, known to some of my readers only by name. Yet, if we fairly estimate both his endowments and his virtues, we may justly consider him as one of the most memorable men who have done honour to modern times. He combined the discharge of the most important duties of active and public life, with the attainment of that exact and various learning, which is generally the portion only of the recluse student. He was distinguished as an advocate and a magistrate, and he composed the most valuable works on the law of his own country; he was almost equally celebrated as an historian, a scholar, a poet, and a divine, a disinterested statesman, a philosophical lawyer, a patriot who united moderation with firmness, and a theologian who was taught candour by his learning. With singular merit and singular felicity, he

preserved a life so blameless, that in times of the most furious civil and religious faction, the sagacity of fierce and acute adversaries was vainly exerted to discover a stain in his character. It was his fate to be exposed to the severest tests of human virtue; but such was the happy temperature of his mind, that he was too firm to be subdued by adversity, and too mild and honest to be provoked to violence by injustice. Amidst all the hard trials and galling vexations of a turbulent political life, he never once deserted his friends when they were unfortunate, nor insulted his enemies when they were weak. Unmerited exile did not damp his patriotism; the bitterness of controversy did not extinguish his charity. He was just even to his persecutors, and faithful to his ungrateful country."

Mackintosh's lectures at Lincoln's-Inn Hall were well attended. Canning never missed one of them. Romilly, Scarlett, Fonblanque, Richard Sharpe, Butler, were attentive listeners. Old Hargrave admired them, though fast asleep during the greater part of them. It is remarkable, that he made profuse acknowledgments to a voluminous work, then little read, and reposing undisturbed on the shelves of the booksellers, the Light of Nature,*

* Published in 1776 in six volumes. It was re-published in 1808 by the late Sir Harry Mildmay, the author's brother-in-law.

by Search, a fictitious name assumed by Tucker. Of this book, the leading characteristic is its perpetual play of illustration from all subjects, high or low; the drawing-room and the kitchen, the parlour and the stable. The book rose instantly in price, and in a short time disappeared. But two or three of the most eloquent and impressive discourses were aimed at the refutation of Godwin's *Political Justice*,—a work abounding in moral paradoxes of the most revolting kind. I shall never forget the effect produced on his auditors, in spite of the most inharmonious of all accents and the most ungraceful of all manners, when he animadverted on that part of Godwin's book, which decried the moral beauty and obligation of gratitude. In fact, Godwin had the merit, or the demerit, of founding the modern school of Utilitarianism;—and Mackintosh's reasonings might be applied as an unanswerable confutation of the Jeremy Benthamism of the present day. At this lecture, Godwin himself was present, and stood the fire with most unflinching fortitude.

During Sir James Mackintosh's Recordership, a singular incident occurred. Two Dutchmen having sued for debt two British officers, Lieutenants Macguire and Cauty, these officers resolved to waylay and assault them. This was rather a re-

solve made in a drunken excitement, than a deliberate purpose. Fortunately, the Dutchmen pursued a different route from that which they had intended, and they prosecuted the two officers for the offence of laying in wait with intent to murder. They were found guilty, and brought up for judgment. Previous to his pronouncing judgment, however, Sir James received an intimation that the prisoners had conceived the project of shooting him as he sat on the bench, and that one of them had for that purpose a loaded pistol in his writing-desk. It is remarkable, that the intimation did not induce him to take some precautions to prevent its execution,—at any rate, not to expose himself needlessly to assassination. On the contrary, the circumstance only suggested the following remarks: "I have been credibly informed, that you entertained the desperate project of destroying your own lives at that bar, after having previously destroyed the judge who now addresses you. If that murderous project had been executed, I should have been the first British judge who ever stained with his blood the seat of justice. But I can never die better than in the discharge of my duty." All this eloquence might have been spared. Macguire submitted to the judge's inspection of his writing-desk, and shewed him that, though it contained two pistols, neither

of them was charged. It is supposed to have been a hoax,—a highly mischievous one, indeed;—but the statement was *primâ facie* so improbable, that it was absurd to give it the slightest credence.*

It is well known, that Sir James Mackintosh had contemplated a history of England, beginning with the Revolution of 1688, down to the first events of the Revolution in France. Such a work, conceived by a philosophical mind, and executed after much patient research by so complete a master of rhetoric, would have been an invaluable accession to that department of our literature. He had made considerable preparations for the task, having consulted many rare books, and the correspondence in particular of the English and French courts, deposited in the King's library at Paris. From these manuscripts, though Fox had beaten the ground before him, he would undoubtedly have extracted more ample illustration of the intrigues (nick-named policy), that preceded and followed the memorable event, than Dalrymple and Macpherson appear to have done with equal opportunities. But he listened to the syren-song of indolence; that master-vice of great minds overpowered his resolves, and though a vast affluence of materials surrounded him, and the most splendid remunera-

* See Additional Note to this chapter.

tion was proposed to him by the Longmans, the diligent prosecution of it was deferred,*—and he accepted the Recordership of Bombay. In the latter period of his life, indeed, he supplied Dr. Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia* with three volumes of a History of England, of which the first only seems to have received the deliberate touches of his hand. But that volume alone is by far the best commentary extant on the early constitution of England. As the work advances, it betrays instances of haste and inadvertence, which would probably have been avoided, had he written for fame rather than the exigency of the moment. If to what Sir James Mackintosh *did*, could be added what he *might have done*, he would deserve to be placed amongst the greatest men, who have done honour to polite letters. He was too fine and etherial a substance to work up into a lawyer,—certainly a working

* He executed, it is true, some portion of it, but not for the public eye. It began with James the Second, but broke off at the transfer of the Crown to the Prince of Orange. This has been published, with a continuation, resembling Sir James Mackintosh in manner and spirit, as much as Freinshemius did Livy or Tacitus, whose last books he attempted to supply. The continuator professes himself to be one of those who undervalue the great transactions of the Revolution. Peace be to such politicians! But it would have been as well, had he abstained from an attempt to continue a work, conceived by one who was avowedly and emphatically a Whig of the Revolution.

lawyer. It was quite amusing to see him conducting a *nisi-prius* cause, and addressing a common jury, on the Norfolk circuit. There was so innate a habit of generalization in his mode of considering every question propounded to him, that he sometimes overlooked the details themselves from which that generalization was deduced. He fired, therefore, over the heads of a jury, consisting chiefly of farmers, who, taking no cognizance of elevated and polished diction, were often at a loss to comprehend what he was talking about.

As I am admonished by the limits of this article, that the sketches I have already given may be deemed in some sort episodical, I return to Madras, and, Asmodeus-like, exhibit to the reader a character most dissimilar to that which has been just sketched. Sir F— M— succeeded to the vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court occasioned by the resignation of that amiable creature, Sir Benjamin Sulivan,—the most kind-hearted and hospitable of mankind. This Sir F— M— had acted as the Company's Advocate at Calcutta, but had little or no employment except in his official capacity. He was generously bestowed upon Madras during the Castlereagh administration, his brother having been an obsequious follower of that nobleman during his critical secre-

taryship in Ireland. Through this channel,—no other reason for the appointment has ever been suggested,—he found himself on the seat of justice. Most unhappily, he arrived just after the discontent of the coast army had been extinguished, and when the minds of the misguided but honourable men, whom the pertinacious, self-willed policy of Barlow had goaded into it, had begun to be composed, and the amnesty of Lord Minto had restored something like the former state of tranquillity. Still there was the tossing and swell of the waves, as after a storm. It was at this juncture that he delivered his first charge to the grand jury; and though Lord Minto's amnesty had expressly deprecated all retrospective animadversion, M— had the good taste and delicacy to call the gallant and high-minded officers, many of whom have since attained the highest honours of the service, *traitors and rebels*, not without a half-suppressed regret that they had not been convicted and punished for treason. What a specimen of judicial prudence! The charge did infinite mischief in the settlement. It unchained the animosities of party, and set families and individuals together by the ears,—undoing in effect all that had been done by a course of conciliatory and healing measures, wisely though too tardily adopted. Again friendships cooled,—

divisions and factions intersected the whole surface of society, and the judge succeeded to the utmost extent of his wishes in making private life bitter.

Yet Sir F— M— was afterwards removed to the Calcutta bench, having kept the settlement in hot water for several months, by getting up addresses to Barlow after his recall, and proposing invidious toasts at public dinners, wantonly awakening the memory of past grievances, that were as yet imperfectly healed.

About this time, Sir Edmond Stanley arrived, as a puisne judge. Oh! for the pen of Fielding to trace the native humour, the genuine simplicity, the quaintness and oddity, of this excellent and amiable being! But as the mention of this well-read lawyer, but at the same time a man the most credulous and ludicrously unversed in the affairs of common life, unfolds a series of anecdotes, and as much still remains to be said of the Anglo-Indian bar, which will be found, I trust, neither unamusing nor devoid of instruction, I reserve it as fitting matter for another chapter.

ADDITIONAL NOTE TO CHAP. II.

Some time after the appearance of this paper, a communication was sent to, and published in, the *Asiatic Journal*, from one of these gentlemen, Mr. Cauty, now Captain and Adjutant in the Demerara Militia, and Advocate and Proctor at George Town, British Guiana, wherein he gives the following as the real circumstances of the case:—

"The two Dutch gentlemen did not sue the two English officers; but they had instituted a civil suit, in the Recorder's Court, against Lieut. Col. Malcome Grant (who recently died, in London, a major-general), for damages, for the false imprisonment of their father, at Cochin, when Col. Grant commanded the provinces of Malabar and Canara, and which provinces were then under martial-law. The two officers in question, Macguire and self, were with our regiments, and I was summoned from Poonah, for the purpose of giving evidence on the trial, as having been one of the subs at Cochin at the time; Maguire being, at the period when the circumstance occurred, at Surat, with his corps, and was accidentally at Bombay on duty when I arrived there. These two Dutch gentlemen passed my tent, on the esplanade, one evening, a few minutes before dinner, when I had a few friends, of whom Macguire was one, to dinner. During the course of the evening, the matter became a subject of conversation, in which I lamented being brought out

of the field, from active service, put upon garrison allowance, obliged to keep up my field establishment, not knowing but I might be ordered off at a moment's notice, or kept perhaps many months inactive in garrison. In the heat of the moment, when the wine had circulated freely (and it generally did, too much so, in those days), it was merely remarked, that if we met the two Dutch gentlemen at the tavern, where we had all proposed to adjourn to supper, we might pick a quarrel with them at the billiard-table, and give them a good horse-whipping; which was assented to by all, as a most excellent idea. Hours after this conversation had dropped and was forgotten, we went to the tavern, supped, but did not meet them, nor were their names ever mentioned by any one of the party, from the moment the conversation ceased.

"Some few days subsequently, one of my guests, without the slightest intention of doing injury or creating mischief, mentioned what had passed at my table to the Vandersloots; they consulted their lawyer, and we were not a little surprised to find ourselves (Macguire and self) called upon to give bail to appear at the sessions, to answer a bill of indictment for a conspiracy to assault (not to murder, as stated by your correspondent in his article); the rest of my guests, six or eight in number, were all summoned as witnesses. We did appear; we did not retain counsel, considering the whole matter as absolutely ridiculous;

we pleaded *not guilty,* but we acknowledged the conversation, which was also proven by the witnesses; and Sir James certainly did exert himself to persuade the jury to give a verdict against us; and a day was named on which we were to appear to hear sentence. On this occasion, our surprise and distress were great at hearing the assertion of Sir James, which is pretty correctly stated in your article. But there was no writing-desk in court, no pistol, and no inspection by the judge or any one else. But, while waiting in court for the judge to take his seat, he sent for an officer, and directed him to call us apart, and ask us if we had any arms, which that gentleman ascertained we had not. As the information was only known to Sir James, I believe the surprise was equally great to all, more especially the mayor, Mr. James Law, and other magistrates then on the bench; that it, neither at the moment, or subsequently, ever gained credence with a single individual, I do most sincerely believe; but it has more than once been made the subject of an attempted annoyance to myself.

"So forcibly was it impressed on that truly honourable man, Mr. Law, that the whole was a fabrication,—and although we had not the honour of the slightest acquaintance with that gentleman, and, as he has since observed, if true, the disgrace was indelible; but, if false and left uninvestigated, the injury to us attached for life, with inevitable ruin, as well as being a bar to

every future attempt at an advancement in the world, —that, with these feelings of generosity and honour, and without our knowledge, Mr. Law asked from Sir James, and obtained leave, to institute inquiry: the result will be found in the paper marked A.; and, at this public recantation, we were, by special permission of the judge, present in court. But the fatal poison had been spread far and wide before the antidote could be applied; nor would the papers and the periodicals in which the first speech was inserted, any one of them, have the honour and candour to insert the second. Thus it is that, except in the far distant papers of Bombay, the recantation of Sir James does not appear in print."

An extract supplement to the *Bombay Courier*, Jan. 17th 1807, the paper A. referred to by Captain Cauty, is as follows:—"Sessions of Oyer and Terminer. On Monday last, the court having assembled, pursuant to adjournment, the Honourable the Recorder prefaced the proceedings by observing, that in giving judgment on Bryan Macguire, at a former sessions, he had adverted to information which had been communicated of atrocious designs intended to be executed by that person on the day that he received sentence. At the request of the parties most concerned, that subject had been very lately investigated, in a private and unofficial, but satisfactory, manner, by Mr. Law, a magistrate of the court, and a man on whose sense and

honour the Recorder placed perfect reliance. He was now most happy that the result of that inquiry enabled him to say, that he utterly disbelieved the information which he had received, and he was anxious, as far as his suffrage could extend, to deliver the parties from all imputation or suspicion of such horrible projects. Whether his original informers were themselves deceived, or intended to deceive him, was a question at present neither easy nor necessary, nor perhaps fit, to be determined. It was sufficient that the information appeared now to be false."

THE BENCH AND BAR OF INDIA.

III.

"I WISH," says Sir Thomas Browne, "that I could assent to Plato's doctrine of remembrances, and were convinced that all knowledge was but reminiscential evocation." Be that as it may, this is certain, that, to him who has lived the greater part of a century, the most valuable sort of knowledge is but the new stamp of his former impressions,—the freshening of pale and faded colours. Judging from the perpetual *reminiscences*, with which our periodical works is at this moment overrun, one might be led to imagine that "evocations" of this kind were the most interesting and instructive branch of our modern literature. It has at least this advantage, that no counterfeit will pass current. Reminiscences of eminent persons carry on their face the surest guarantees of their authenticity. No artifice of fiction can secure spurious conversations or fabricated anecdotes from instant detection.

Boswell, had his genius been of the most exalted class, could not have forged his memorabilia of Johnson: we feel in a moment that the whole is pure, unadulterated Johnsonianism. On the other hand, we perceive, by an instinct equally rapid and unerring, that Lord Byron could never have said a ninth part of what Lady Blessington has so kindly put into his mouth. Why? Because, had he actually prosed in that remorseless manner, her ladyship would never have listened to him, or remembered a word of his vapid tattle. It is the same with regard to anecdotes. An uncharacteristic anecdote is rejected with loathing. We see, in an instant, that it might be applied with equal aptitude to a dozen other persons, like a coat in a wholesale clothes-shop, made for no specific wearer.

Sir Edmond Stanley was introduced in my last sketch, and a hint or two was given of his extraordinary simplicity of character in the every-day matters of life. Yet he was an admirable lawyer, and in considerable business for many years at the Irish bar, where he attained the rank of prime serjeant. In 1790, he was retained as counsel for Fighting Fitzgerald, who was convicted, with three accomplices, of the murder of one Brecknock, an attorney, and executed at Castlebar. Stanley conducted his defence with great skill. Fitzgerald

was indicted as an accessory before the fact, the others being hired specially for the assassination; and as the rule of English law, that in murder all were principals, had not been recognised in Ireland, and the actual murderers not being convicted, Stanley urged the absurdity of indicting a man for being accessory to a murder, of which the supposed perpetrators, who had not been tried, might be afterwards acquitted. The judge was taken aback, and was about to direct a verdict of acquittal; but, having consulted the judge then occupied in the Nisi Prius Court, he was reminded by his learned associate, that there was an unrepealed statute of Henry VIII., which declared all murders committed in Ireland to be high treason, and there being no accessories in high treason, all being principals, Fitzgerald was convicted, and received sentence of death. The ruling passion influenced this person to the last. Having made a particular request with regard to being taken to the place of execution in his own carriage, which was for some reason refused, probably from the fear of a rescue, Fitzgerald, from the mere force of habit it should seem, actually wrote the sheriff a challenge, which he requested a friend to convey to him.*

* This anecdote produced a communication from a writer evidently well acquainted with the facts, containing a full statement

Stanley went out originally to India as the recorder of Prince of Wales' Island. It was a court without suitors—a mere barren jurisdiction, one of the memorable jobs of Henry Dundas, who erected a government without subjects, with a council who had nothing to consult upon,—a sort of Barataria for Scotch cousins, who were turned out to graze there, and in a short time overran the island. Sir Edmond was too conscientious a functionary not to feel the vacuity of his function. He was fond of relating the mock dignity of opening a session, with the regular accompaniments of a registrar and prothonotary, and charging a grand jury who had nothing to inquire into,—comparing it to Dean Swift's solitary congregation, comprised in himself and his dearly-beloved Roger. Through the interest, however, of Lady Stanley's family, which was highly connected, he was appointed, in 1814, to the chief-justiceship of Madras. Upon his arrival, he was magnificently *fêted* by Gilbert Ricketts, the registrar. The profusion of plate, with the general style and quality of the entertainment, which was most absurdly expensive, could not, as it struck Sir Edmond, but betoken considerable opulence. How was that opulence acquired, was

of the case of Fitzgerald, and of the objection made by Sir Edmond Stanley. See *Asiat. Journ.* vol. xvi. p. 195.

the next question; for the legitimate profits of the office would warrant no such expenditure. It followed, as a corollary from these suggestions, that some inquiry should be instituted into the state of the registrar's accounts, who, by the charter of the court, was the sole receiver of the assets of all persons dying intestate, through the whole extent of its jurisdiction, and of which the court were responsible as trustees to the next of kin. The inquiry eventually established, as it is well known, the astounding fact of an immense defalcation. It illustrated, moreover, that chapter of our weak nature, which shows how easily it is swayed by the skilful and well-directed flatteries of those who have the reputation of great affluence, and the blind confidence which is reposed in their integrity. The former judges, whose duty it was from time to time to have investigated the accounts of the registrar's office, were lulled into an apathetic assurance that all was right, because they were sumptuously feasted at his table; each of them delighted to think that the entertainment was got up specifically as a compliment to himself. For the cards of invitation generally concluded thus: "to meet the Honourable Sir Thomas Strange, or the Honourable Sir Benjamin Sulivan, &c. &c." Stanley was proof against these flatteries, by a sort of mother-wit that

seldom deserted him, though of all men living of the most credulous and infantine simplicity in the common affairs of life.

It would be a most intricate problem to solve,—for such is poor humanity, and so endless and multiform are its affectations,—whether this seeming estrangement from the ordinary business of life and almost incredible ignorance of little things, was natural or assumed. Certain it is, that Parson Adams or George Harvest seems to have been his exemplar, and every body knows that an abstraction from worldly matters has been frequently counterfeited, in subservience to some policy that lies lower than the surface, or because it is foolishly associated with great genius or extraordinary learning. But it were almost an abuse of credit claimed by every writer professing to deal in strict matters of fact, to enumerate the incidents in which Sir Edmond displayed utter inaptitude for the world and his ignorance of the beings that people it. It was a foolish joke, during his voyage, to cram him with all sorts of miraculous and absurd descriptions of India, which he swallowed without the slightest symptom of doubt or incredulity. He was gravely assured that, notwithstanding the abundance of poultry in that country, not an egg was to be had there; and nothing could exceed his stare of surprise, when he

observed eggs placed on the breakfast-table the day after his arrival. Every body stared on him with equal surprise, when he was overheard gravely inquiring of the lady of the house, whether she imported her eggs from Europe? The *éclaircissement* was still more ridiculous, as he remarked, with infinite *naïveté*, that he had been informed that fowls did not lay their eggs in so hot a climate. He landed with his mind stuffed with such wild misconceptions relative to the country he was about to reside in, that, on a carriage with a pair of horses drawing up to the door, he lifted up his hands with astonishment, inasmuch as he had understood that all carriages in India were drawn by elephants. It would be unjust to the memory of a worthy man and an excellent judge, to give any more specimens of the unsuspecting innocence with which he believed, or pretended to believe, the idle stories which his fellow-passengers made him swallow for their amusement. Nor would the characteristic have been noticed at all, but for the still more extraordinary property of human nature it elucidates:—for Stanley, in all matters of judicial evidence, was remarkable for the scrupulous nicety with which he balanced probabilities, and the accuracy of the inferences he deduced from the comparison. Had he carried to the

bench the dove-like simplicity which he exhibited in ordinary matters, he would have rendered himself a more suitable tenant of a lunatic asylum, than of that grave and dignified office. It would be no easy matter to account for this singular phenomenon in psychology; for this reason, it was the fashion in the settlement to attribute his apparent ignorance of the world to motives of refined policy, and so strongly were childish credulity and acute observation contrasted in his character, that every-body suspected that the one was dissembled to conceal the other.

Little has yet been said of the Anglo-Indian attorneys—a race of men holding a secondary estimation in the society of the presidency; associating rarely with its higher divisions, and, with one or two respectable exceptions, constituting among themselves a little platoon apart from the better class of European inhabitants. They have evidently a considerable advantage in this distinction. They are exempted from the heavy contributions of expense levied by fashion and gaiety upon those who look down upon them with pride or scornful condescension, and generally contrive to scrape together enough for an unambitious return to their native country in seven or eight years. Formerly, that is in the old Mayor's and Recorder's Courts, the two

branches of advocate and attorney were carried on by the same individuals,—and the expenses of the suitor were considerably abated by their union. At present, their duty is that of pioneers, to clear the way in complex native cases for the counsel;—to reduce into a compendious and intelligible form the confused statements of the client, and to lay before the counsel an abstract, cleared from the endless repetitions and interminable episodes into which his stories invariably branch out. This remark, however, is applicable to the later school of attorneys; for they made sad work of it formerly. What they facetiously called briefs, were long rambling narratives; copies of agreements half-translated; facts taken in a sort of Hindu-Portuguese-English from the mouths of the witnesses—the whole confusion worse confounded, darkening rather than elucidating the subject-matter to a degree that rendered the task of the advocate deplorably perplexed and toilsome. It was this that overwhelmed poor Bushby, who might be said to have been suffocated under the chaotic mass of papers that were laid before him. He found himself unable to grope his way through the ante-chambers and passages leading to nothing of his brief. All this arose from the ignorance and carelessness of those who were formerly admitted to practise as attorneys. Of late,

however, the evil has been reformed, and the whole machinery of a suit, from the commencement to the end, is put in motion with the correctness and regularity of a solicitor's office in England.

But it was many years before the old class disappeared. Fownes Disney!—what a human riddle in the form of an Irish Madras attorney! How complete a combination of ignorance, buffoonery, and cunning! He was a fabulist of the first magnitude, and Fernando Mendez Pinto was scarcely a type of him. But he lied ingenuously—for he made no pretences to the truth; he violated it not after the fashion of vulgar liars. Indeed, there was some excuse for him;—for, if he accidentally spoke truth, it was with such a semblance of falsehood, that it never served his turn, as nobody believed him. But there was sometimes a daring grandeur in his falsehoods, that raised them to the dignity of truth. In short, he lied like a great master,—more in the manner of a Machiavel than a Scapin. To be sure, he recreated himself occasionally with passing a smaller coin of fiction. For instance, if any thing occurred out of the usual course of things—a sudden death—a murder or suicide—a carriage overturned—a boat swamped—on each of such occasions, he was an eye-witness. It happened, ludicrously enough, that, on the faith

of these random statements, he was once or twice summoned as a witness upon the coroner's inquest. He contrived, however, to back out by means of a tense, which was to be found in no grammar but his own—a sort of *paulo-post-præsentem*—he arrived at the spot *a minute or two after*.

He was one of the batch of attorneys that crept deviously into the Recorder's Court; chance made him an attorney, as it might have made him any thing else:—

Incertus scamnum faceretne Priapum.

He had no natural aptitudes for the profession, beyond those which instinctively teach a man to grasp at whatever comes within his reach. Cunning, therefore, was the talent in which he was most exercised. Whether his bulls were the genuine effusions of the national *naïveté* to which we usually attribute that peculiar species of blundering, or elaborately constructed for the purpose of diverting the attention of those he conversed with from the less ingenuous side of his character,—simplicity being one of the most useful tools with which cunning effects its purposes,—many of them were current in the settlement under his name, and many unjustly fathered upon him. His rebuke to a young civilian, who was complaining of the heat of

the climate and its injurious effects upon an European constitution, I believe to be genuine: "You *ate* and drink—and drink and *ate*, from morning to night, and then you die, and write home to your friends, that it is the climate that killed you!"

To the English barrister, who, in the present adversity of Westminster Hall, may turn his thoughts to the bar of India, I have already given a hint or two, that may have the salutary effect of correcting the insanity that prevails, as to the certainty of bringing home in a few years a large harvest of professional emolument. It may, probably, with minds of a sound temperament, induce them to pause before they make so fearful an experiment. For a complete change has taken place at all the bars of India.

Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo,

was the metamorphosis of Ovid's mulberry-tree; it is the same with what, in familiar parlance, is called, in India, the rupee-tree. That tree has been plucked almost to sterility. The fees, indeed, are nominally high; but the enormous scale of expenditure in that country renders them in fact lower than the fees of Westminster Hall. For instance; a gold mohur at Calcutta, or five pagodas at Madras,

or fifteen rupees at Bombay, for a motion of course, or for a counsel's signature, or for a rule *nisi*, and double that sum to make the rule absolute, sounds magnificently;—it being *primâ facie* the proportion of two and four pounds to half a guinea and a guinea. The cost of living, however, will soon detect the fallacy. In like manner, the ordinary fee marked upon a brief is at Calcutta and the other presidencies what in Indian money is equivalent to ten or fifteen pounds; rising, indeed, with the increased labour required of the advocate, or the complication and magnitude of the cause; and if not intercepted altogether, or considerably abridged, in its passage through the attorney's office, frequently augmented by the gratitude of the native client for the success of past efforts, or his hopes of still more strenuous ones in future. A favourite counsel, indeed, who turns the odds in his favour, will be always well paid; but, of a bar of sixteen or twenty, all cannot be favourites, and the small prizes will scarcely be adequate to the decent maintenance of one. If he is a family man, his domestic expenditure *must* be considerable. Economy and good management may effect something towards its reduction, but not much. The shifts and contrivances, the clippings here, the parings there, the nice balancings of the excess of this month against

the reductions of another,—all these expedients, so familiar to English housekeepers, are unknown in India; indeed, they are impracticable. The wants of each day resemble those of the day that preceded it. Fashion, luxury, the common necessities of life, flow in an unvaried equable current, and their demands never rise above or sink below an almost fixed and immutable standard.

It is, therefore, the easiest matter of calculation to see what it will cost you to live in the rank that belongs to you. Not *less* than £3,000 of our money *must* be expended, if you are a married man, before you can lay by a single pice,—and this without conceding any thing to whim or ostentation, or a frivolous taste for expenditure. It is a toll that must be paid, or you cannot proceed a yard farther. A bachelor, indeed, may live at a rate something easier; but he must now and then give an entertainment. The general hospitality of the place, however, is (or used to be) unbounded, and a man of cultivated mind and good manners is scarcely ever called upon to make his pot boil; whereas, in married life, you must visit and be visited; dinners are reciprocated with the utmost precision—being matters of debtor and *per-contra* creditor, booked and entered with consummate regularity. I have often been amused with the awkward attempts of a

lady recently married to carry into practice her English system of domestic management, and her natural consternation on finding that, of the hecatombs that furnished the table of to-day, no use could be made on the morrow. What a revulsion in her accustomed train of thinking, taught by the daily lessons and example of mamma, to discover that nothing can be metamorphosed into a new dish for the next day, and that, amongst the innumerable *refaccimentos* of English house-keeping, nothing of the kind is practicable in India!—and how mortifying, that, of the twenty or thirty dishes that made the table groan, not five were consumed, or so much as touched! The topic brings to my recollection the arrival of Sir William N——n, as king's adjutant-general, with his lady. Her rank, of course, rendered it requisite, in the routine of Madras society, for her to give occasional dinners. But she had been shocked by the waste, and, as she thought, endless profusion, of the Madras dinners, and was determined to "reform it altogether." She began her experiment at a small dinner to a few select persons. "You see," said her ladyship to George Arbuthnot, "you see your dinner." And, indeed, it was a set-out that required no extended powers of vision. "You see, I am determined to set an example of having a *few*

dishes only, instead of the inelegant profusion of our Madras dinners." "Ye are parfectly right, Lady N——," returned George, in his peculiar Scotch accent; "there are quite deeshes eneugh. A seengle deesh more wad destroy the *ecoonomy* of your ladyship's table."

But, as Rabelais says, *à nos moutons*. We were in the Supreme Court at Madras. From some defective constitution of all the courts, there has been a strong tendency to conflict between those courts and the local governments. It was a sort of original sin kneaded into their constitution. Sir John Grant's contention and stubborn quarrel for a few hundred miles more of jurisdiction, with a governor equally obstinate, but who might easily have been conciliated,—for all vain men are easily conciliated,—lowered the dignity of both in the eyes of the natives, by no means unobservant of our ridiculous and idle squabbles. Every instance of the kind is put down to our account, to swell the sum-total of contempt, which at no distant period of time will read us a pretty severe lesson upon the mode in which we have played our game of sovereignty. Madras has not been free from similar collisions. In Lord Clive's time, attempts were made to subject the nabob and his little demesne of Chepauk to the Supreme Court. The

firmness of the Government and the good sense of Sir Thomas Strange defeated the machinations of the junta, who, under the pretence of being the nabob's creditors, were intent upon despoiling his revenues. When Sir Henry Gwillim, during the temporary absence of the chief justice, through some unfortunate misconception, permitted himself, in a charge to the grand jury, to throw out some severe personal animadversions on the conduct and character of Lord William Bentinck (a most wanton and indecent procedure), the breach might have been easily healed—for Lord William is the mildest of beings, and Gwillim, though an irritable, was by no means an obstinate man, when kindly admonished of being wrong,—but for the advocate-general, who, in the expectation that the judge would indulge in some severe strictures upon the Government, took down his words as he delivered them. It was this —the fact of a counsel at the bar, at his own suggestion, taking down his words for the information of Government,—that goaded him to a still more bitter strain of remark, and, but for the officious and unprofessional demeanour of Anstruther,—Lord William, who made every allowance for the constitutional irritability of the judge, being too high-minded to take any further notice of it,—the whole matter would have died away, and one of

the most upright of magistrates and the best-hearted of human kind might have remained many years on the bench. But it was reported with aggravations, and the governor, yielding too implicitly to the suggestions of the advocate-general, who mortally hated poor Gwillim, sent home a formal complaint to the Court of Directors. As a matter of course, they referred it to the Board of Control, and the result was, the recall of the judge with a diminished pension. Sir Henry Gwillim's loss was severely felt in the court. He preserved, on all occasions, the purity of its practice, and Anstruther had, on this score, fallen under his reprehension. He kept the attorneys in the state of professional subordination, which he thought most conducive to the correct discharge of their duties. Having observed a habit prevailing amongst them, of addressing their notices and summons to each other with the designation of "esquire," he observed to them,—"Gentlemen attorneys, I observe that you are fond of calling each other 'esquire.' Your legal description is that of *gentlemen*, and I wish your conduct may always merit the appellation the law assigns you." The hint was not thrown away upon them.

It was a great misfortune to the Supreme Court at Madras, that Sir Henry Gwillim's recall took

place before the memorable trial of Reddy Row for the forgery of Carnatic bonds. An authentic narrative of the transactions of that period is still wanting. If ever there was an approximation to romance in human affairs, it was exhibited in the course of that trial, which lasted eleven days, during which nearly two hundred witnesses, bearing directly opposite testimony to the same facts, were examined. It must be observed, that Reddy Row, having for a short time been in the confidential service of the nabob Wallajah, was supposed, from his constant access to the durbar, and habits of communication with the nabob, to be acquainted with his pecuniary transactions. When the bonds, therefore, were brought into the market, the attestation of Reddy Row to the genuineness of the instrument dissipated all suspicion, and they were eagerly bought up. It became, then, a gainful trade to forge them, and Reddy Row was not idle in profiting of the opportunities, which his former station at the durbar gave him, of finding a ready sale for the bonds he attested; and they overflowed the market in such shoals, that the actual creditors became alarmed at an amount of spurious claims, that threatened to absorb the whole fund set apart for liquidation of the just ones. They fixed upon one bond, that had been disposed of by Reddy

Row for a large sum, and he was indicted, with a man named Anundah Row, by whose hand the signatures were forged, for a conspiracy to defraud. The principal question of fact was, whether Reddy Row was in the actual employ of the nabob at the period of the transaction? Sixty witnesses swore positively that he was then the chief sheristadar at Chepauk. One hundred and thirty-five positively swore, on the contrary, that he was in the districts of Managoondy and Chillambrum, distressed in his circumstances, and absconding from the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. It was Sir Thomas Strange's misfortune to have the whole responsibility of this cause thrown singly on his shoulders, for Sir Benjamin Sulivan, being himself a Carnatic creditor, absented himself from the bench. Then ensued a series of follies, petty persecutions,—childish in their motives, cruel in their results,—such as never before outraged the feelings of man, or disgraced a government calling itself British. The commissioners selected for the adjudication of the claims, Bengal civil servants, could not move an inch without Reddy Row at their elbow,—the man who was more than suspected of being the fabricator of bonds to an immense amount, and a dealer in fraudulent instruments purporting to have the *ebgetnama* of the nabob by wholesale. They re-

presented to Barlow and his council, that the prosecutions impeded their investigation, requesting the Government to defend him by their own law-officers. But the grand jury found the bills, and the prosecutions proceeded. What followed? Individuals of the grand jury became victims of Barlow's narrow-minded persecution. Those who were civilians were removed from their places to subordinate stations of less profit. Mr. Thomas Parry, a merchant and creditor to a large amount, and therefore active in prosecuting to conviction the fabricator of the fictitious claims, was ordered home to England. The magistrate who committed the delinquent was removed from his office.

After a trial of eleven days, however, Reddy Row was found guilty, upon two several indictments. Yet, though convicted, he was permitted to be at large, and was allowed uninterrupted access to the dufters and books of the durbar. The chief justice, through the thick film of prejudice that clouded his understanding, saw only the innocence of the culprit, and recommended him as a fitting object of the King's pardon. Before the pardon arrived, another forgery was clearly traced to the same criminal, who put a voluntary end to a long life of unexampled and systematic fraud by self-destruction. To this day, the Supreme Court

has not recovered the taint of those proceedings. Their house of refuge from the arm of government seemed closed to the natives. The hand of civil power had broken into the sanctuary and profaned its sacred recesses. But what was the tumult of their feelings, when they learned (for such was the fact), that the law-officers, under whose advice Barlow sheltered himself, were themselves interested in the validity of Reddy Row's forgeries to a large amount, having made considerable purchases of those instruments before the trial, and amongst others, of the very bond which was the subject of the criminal procedure! Every civil suit in which the East-India Company was a party was instantly withdrawn. Terror and amazement prevailed through the native population of the settlement, when they perceived the verdicts of juries, to whom they had been wont to look up as an invaluable barrier against all arbitrary aggressions on their rights, set at nought, and the individuals composing the tribunal, to which they looked habitually for protection, selected as objects of penalty and proscription. Native creditors, to the amount of seventy lacs, Paupiah Braminy, for instance, and Singanah Chitty, saw their claims destroyed and their property extinguished. It would be well if starlings could be taught to repeat this sad and

violent period of Barlow's government to every successive Madras governor, and to every judge that ascends the bench of the Supreme Court.

The fees of advocates practising at Bombay are upon a diminished scale; but this is more than compensated by the cheapness of living at that settlement; I refer to bazaar expenses only, for European luxuries are exorbitantly dear. Thanks, however, to the free-trade principles, English commodities are not unfrequently sold at less than their invoice-prices. Yet Bombay is by no means the presidency at which a well-educated English barrister would wish to reside. It is like Bristol, "*differtum nautis atque cauponibus;*" and the spirit of trade is a heavy incubus upon the elegant intercourses of social life. Literary societies, with their usual machinery of presidents, vice-presidents, secretaries, and treasurers, dissertations by kind-hearted writers,

Sleepless themselves to give to others sleep,

have existed at Bombay for nearly the quarter of a century. Sir William Syer, Sir James Mackintosh, Colonel Vans Kennedy, have successively promoted and encouraged them. But the soil was by each in his turn pronounced to be unthankful. By a similar coincidence, the bar at Bombay has

been uniformly barren of remarkable talent. The Recorder's Court at that settlement was established somewhat later than that of Madras. The Court had a strong maritime infusion, if I may so speak, for the first practitioners were renegades from the quarter-deck of Indiamen and merchant-vessels. The stream was by degrees filtered, but it was some time before it ceased to be redolent of pitch and tar. Threipland, a Scottish advocate, and Dowdeswell had the principal business there. The third barrister, like the bodkin in a post-chaise, had an uncomfortable time of it. The former was a regular speechifier. His written opinions generally exceeded by two-thirds the length of the cases submitted to him. He was all talk and dissertation, and poor Sir William Syer had the gentlest of slumbers all the time Threipland was talking. But talk, with the greater part of mankind, implies talent, and he retired with a handsome fortune, about the year 1812. Dowdeswell, on the other hand, was a man of sound law and correct understanding: he was, therefore, deemed inferior to Threipland. It is the easiest syllogism in the world :—the conclusion is inevitable. Dowdeswell died prematurely, universally beloved and lamented. He was nephew of Dowdeswell, Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord North's administration.

Woodhouse, Morley, and Macklin succeeded. With Macklin returned the reign of talk. He out-prosed Threipland. His national (Irish) loquacity vibrated like the acutest torture on the polished and sensitive taste of Mackintosh, who, in letters to his friends, written when Macklin was in full talk and full business, and in the zenith of his fame and garrulity, lamented the hard condition of an English judge, compelled "to hear though he could not listen." His law-arguments, as they were by courtesy called, were so elaborately spun from their first elements, that Sir James was reminded of the advocate in Racine's comedy, who, beginning with the "creation of all things," was requested by the judge to pass over to the deluge. Mackintosh gave him this hint, in the elegant phraseology of Atticus, in the *De Legibus* of Tully: "*Dii immortales! quàm tu longe juris principia repetis!*" The hint was unavailing; probably it was unintelligible.

SELECTIONS.

Calcutta Society.—In Calcutta society, a man who who should start any part of Indian affairs, as a topic for conversation, would be considered a bore; almost all literature or information on Indian subjects is thrown aside, as dry and tasteless, nor is it possible that those, whose Indian career has been spent in Calcutta, should possess any sound or solid views thereupon. Of the majority of the Calcutta public, I believe it will scarcely be too severe to assert, that the arrival of a fresh cargo of prime Yorkshire hams, hermetically-sealed salmon, or raspberry jam; a squabble between two fiddlers of the theatre, and consequent postponement of an opera, would create a greater sensation among them, than the rebellion of half-a-dozen of the western provinces. I appeal to those who were in Calcutta in 1819, to testify whether or not this be exaggeration. At that period, the number of professional musicians was just sufficient, if all were *d'accord*, to get up a good concert; but the two principal performers quarrelled, as to a share of the profits, and refused to unite their forces; thus preventing any concerts being held. The Calcutta public, instead of

declining to patronize either until they should have agreed—by which means the musicians would have come to their senses in a week—actually formed two parties in favour of their respective heroes. Judges of the Supreme Court, judges of the Sudder, members of council, secretaries, and, indeed, almost the whole of the society, espoused the cause of either side; even the governess-general did not stand aloof: the petty animosities of the fiddlers' squabble seemed, as it were, to afford a vent for all the *mens irritabile* which the atmosphere of Calcutta is said so peculiarly to engender; and one could hardly enter a house without encountering the fury or spite of some partisan of the conflicting rivals. And yet, with all this eagerness and vivacity upon a point, in which mere amusement or pleasure is concerned, there is a cold, unsociable heartlessness in the society of Calcutta; a haughty pomposity, and a parvenu-grandee notion of splendour and dignity (particularly among the officials and their ladies), accompanied with a reluctance to exertion, even for their own interests, if the benefit be not immediate. It is with the greatest difficulty, for instance, that any public institutions can be established, or even preserved, under the apathy which exists among the English in Calcutta. Even English news is, in reality, little cared for: the attention of the greater number seems to be almost entirely devoted to their own little daily comforts, and they are only to be excited by a ball or a dinner.

The remarks of a celebrated writer on the state of society in Paris, before the revolution, will, with a slight variation, but too well apply to them. 'They danced and sung to the emperor, they danced and sung to King Louis, and they would have danced and sung to King Satan, if he would have given them a fête or a spectacle; so will the Calcuttaites flatter and feast in honour of Governor Bentinck, flatter and feast in honour of Govérnor Metcalfe, and they would flatter and feast in honour of Governor Satan, if he would only give them a dinner or a ball, and occasionally 'honour the theatre with his presence,' at seven o'clock precisely, so as not to keep the audience waiting.—*Writer in the Bengal Hurkaru, Dec.* 1835.

A Day in the Hot Winds.—Now, the thermometer is very little below " a hundred" in the house, and at a wofully elevated height in the sun. Now, crows sit with their beaks open, and adjutants gather in forlorn groupes on the roofs of barracks and houses. Now, old Indians take their early rides, and, though the air is still to suffocation, they salute each other with " what a refreshing morning !" judging by comparison, and thinking of the musquitoe-haunted bed-room, from which they have just escaped. Now, late breakfasts and iced beverages are generally patronised, while hookahs and even Mofussil newspapers, are eagerly hailed, as a means of passing a melting morning. Now, ladies

keep their reception-rooms half-dark with *couleur-de-rose* curtains, and fear they look "quite horrid," while the poor children are most patient, though not interesting, martyrs to "prickly heat" and musquitoe-bites. Now, is the time to enjoy that delicious thing called a *siesta*, and to appreciate a companion who loves to hear you read, or who reads well himself. Now, some ladies dispense with the milliner's aid, and lounge all day in Combermere chairs, indifferent to their husband's hints about *dowdyism*, while the said husbands leave off their stocks, and look neither useful nor ornamental. Now, cutcherries and public offices are *delightful* places, for those who are obliged to sit in them all day, and the interpreter to a Court of Requests, which is expected to last a week, is in a very pretty predicament. Now, old Indians yawn over army-lists, to see if there is any chance of their getting out of the country; a thing, as devoutly to be wished for—and as little to be hoped for,—as a shower of rain. Now, pianos get out of tune, and the fair owners' tempers get warped. Now, brides look in wonder, to see the change wrought in three months on a bridegroom in "mellow manhood." Now, wives of six and seven summers feel much too *ennuyée* to think about personal appearance, or indeed any appearance at all. Now, buffaloes lie down in every puddle of muddy water that they pass through; and teal, floating about in their pretty fanciful tealeries, are to

be envied. Now, a cadet making a morning call, on the *outside* of his pony, thinks sorrowfully of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now, the nobler part of God's creation, from pure *ennui,* drive about in buggies, to make themselves agreeable to their lady-friends, and commence each separate conversation, at each separate house, with "this heat is really overpowering." Now, four stout ladies, on a couch, at a concert, feel very *enragées,* if a fifth of Pharaoh's fat kine shows an inclination to pin them. Now, balls and burrakhanas are most numerously attended, and, upon the principle of "consistency," ladies waltz and quadrille themselves into fevers. Now, going to a crowded theatre in a full-dress coat, is a thing not to be thought of. Now, jellies are brought to table like bowls of liquid amber, and butter "is melted butter," without any culinary preparation. Now, chicks are let down, and tatties are put up, and therm-antidotes are the "only things,"—to those who can get them.—*Cal. Lit. Gaz. for* 1834.

A Portuguese wedding in Calcutta.—Marriage being one of the sacraments of the Romish Church, it is preceded by confession a day before, and that by ablution in the same manner. The ceremonies of this preliminary purification, like the mysteries of the Bona Dea, are not to be revealed to the other sex. The evening of the confession witnesses a *Bye ke nautch,* with *chà-*

pecnà, to a few particular friends. The following evening, the marriage is celebrated with all the pomp the circumstances of the parties will allow.

Previous to the important day, each party chooses a bridesmaid and a bridesman, denominated the *madreea* and *padreea*, who, in addition to the duties which bridesmaids perform among us, are charged with the superintendence and arrangement of the procession and entertainment. They often contribute something towards the marriage-feast, either a few dozens of wine, the wedding-dress of the bride, or the flowers which are used on the occasion. All the friends of the parties are expected to send some gifts, in the shape of trinkets or gilded betel-nuts and *kuth;* those who give nothing, lend their personal assistance: indeed, the following is an established formula, by which the old women acknowledge the little services rendered them by children:—"May I die! I promise to cook your wedding pillau!" Friends are invited by a notable woman, who goes about from house to house, repeating a set form of invitation. A large house is hired for three days, and fitted up, magnificently or otherwise, as the madreeas and padreeas have friends and influence. The gateway is adorned with an arch made of the trunks of plantain-trees and the leaves of the palmyra, &c., and a similar arch is thrown across the street, a short way from the house, along which the procession is to pass to and from church.

The important day having arrived, the friends who meet at the house proceed to the church. The bride is generally carried in a chair, called *bocha palkee.* She is covered with as much jewellery, chiefly gold, as her friends can muster. Her deportment throughout the day is a model of maiden reserve and modesty, according to the etiquette prescribed and handed down. Arrived at the church, the parson meets them at the entrance and ties the hands of the man and woman, in token of the bond of matrimony. The return of the procession is met by a party of native singers, who chaunt the immemorable strain "*shaddec mobaruck,*" or propitious union. At this moment, the mother of the bride is expected to lament bitterly her separation from her daughter; and at the nick of time, the voice of song is interrupted and drowned by her lamentations and outcries. Peace, however, being restored, the celebration of the marriage commences.

The bride sits in state, supported by her madreeas, under a canopy of bamboo sticks and gilded paper. The friends as they come in receive a nosegay and a garland, and are presented to the bride and bridegroom, the former of whom is tenderly kissed by all females. When a superior relative comes in, such as a godmother or an aunt, the bride kisses her hands and asks a blessing, which is bestowed by making the sign of the cross. All being seated, tea and sweetmeats are brought in and handed to each guest, while

the *byes* perform their evolutions and chaunt their melodies in a corner of the hall, until it is time for them to come forward. The byes then sing and dance before the bride, and receive from her a rupee or sikkee in recompense: in this manner they parade round the hall and receive similar gratuities, till the morning dawns and the company disperse.

Should the madreeas and padreeas so determine, the byes retire to another room, and preparations are made for a ball. The bride and bridegroom stand up at the head of the ball; it often happens that either one or both cannot dance, or the severity of one or other of the parties will not allow of the bride's accepting any other than the bridegroom for a partner; in such cases, the fiddles and clarionets sound a flourish; they commence, the bride curtsies and the bridegroom makes a bow, and both resume their seats, amid the plaudits of the whole company. The ball then proceeds. "When this old cap was new," reels and country dances were in vogue, to the tunes of "Drops of Brandy" and "Charlie over the Water;" a hornpipe was sometimes performed at midnight, and was deemed a special wonder. The times may have changed since then. While the young "trip it on the light fantastic toe," those who have no relish for such amusements regale themselves with the wines and liquors, which are served out in an adjoining room, smoke, and chat until supper is announced. The whole company sit

around tables arranged in one length, if there be room for the whole; if not, the men very gallantly stand and eat behind their female friends, off plates which they hold in their hands. The bride and bridegroom sit at opposite ends of the table, and at a proper season, the bridegroom drinks to the health of the bride across. Then some friend, who is deputed for the service and has courage and words at command, proposes the first and last toast—the health of the newly married pair. Dancing is again renewed, till the peep of dawn, or till some riot-loving souls get fuddled, kick and cuff each other, and so disperse the company. Before the one or the other takes place, no egress is allowed; the doors are double-locked, and every one is made happy in spite of himself. When departure is authorized by the superintending madreeas and padreeas, a search is commenced for hats and shawls; and many a beau, who had entered with a span-new Borradaile or Moore, returns *minus* a *chapeau*, or takes up the shabby concern which has generously been left as a substitute for his superfine beaver.—*Orient. Observer for February* 1834.

Treatment of Natives.—A native correspondent of the *Sumachar Durpun,* observing that the object of the British Government, to establish "English ways and principles," will never be realized so long as the judges and collectors of the old school continue in the

Mofussil, describes the mode in which natives are treated there.—"In the Mofussil, no one dares go to the house of a judge or collector with his shoes on; nor can he address those gentlemen without folded hands and the appellations *Jonabhuzoor*, *Jonabalee*, *Japuna*, and *Khodabund*. Many of those gentlemen style themselves *Huzoor*, with their own lips. Thus, when they speak to the officers in attendance, they will say, 'Bring the box of the *Huzoor*.' 'Attend at the house of the *Huzoor* to-morrow at 10 o'clock, otherwise the *Huzoor* will be angry with you.' It is a custom with some gentlemen, when any person looks in their face, to say, 'It is exceedingly improper for you constantly to look in the face of the *Huzoor* whilst you speak; you are not worthy to salute the *Huzoor*.' No one has permission to enter with a palanquin the compound of a gentleman's house; and how shall I describe their dignity when sitting in cutchery! No one must cough, although he has a cold; his presumption will be immediately punished. All, great and small, stand with their hands together. The shiristadars of the Sudder Dewannee, the Sudder Board, the Court of Appeal, and other chief cutcheries, in Calcutta, receive chairs to sit beside the sahebs. The shiristadars of the zillah judges and collectors stand like the bird Gurooru from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M., and attend to business; and if their loins or bodies bend, it is reckoned a sign of rudeness."

DIALOGUES BETWEEN A BRAHMIN AND AN EUROPEAN.

I.

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Eur. These doctrines of materialism and necessity, for which you contend, must be regarded as heretical in your own country. To me, indeed, they seem almost equivalent to atheism.

Br. So far are they in my mind from being of an atheistical tendency, that I cannot but regard them as the only tenable forms of pure theism.

Eur. You surprise me! And, but for the general seriousness of your previous conversation, I should imagine you were inclined to banter; for atheists in this country are generally materialists and necessarians.

Br. They are so, perhaps, in all countries. Yet it does not therefore follow, that materialists and necessarians are, by means of those doctrines, atheists.

Rather, I think I can make it appear to you that these doctrines are the legitimate consequences of a belief in an Omnipresent and All-powerful Spirit.

Eur. I am prepared to hear your proofs with attention; but I do not anticipate conviction.

Br. I will commence, then, with the doctrine which you call materialism. Your idea of man is, that he is composed of two parts, body and spirit; that the body is visible, organized, sensible, perishable; that the spirit is invisible, and though created, yet not composed of parts, or liable to decay. You have not the idea of spirit as being a mere breath, or vapour, or like what the ancient Greeks called ψυχὴ?

Eur. Certainly not, for all these notions contain something material, and I regard spirit and matter as containing scarcely any principles in common. Now I cannot conceive it possible that two material substances should at one and the same time occupy one and the same place; yet there is no impossibility that a spiritual and a material substance should occupy the same place at the same time.

Br. You are of opinion then that matter may exclude matter, but that matter cannot exclude spirit?

Eur. That is my opinion; and I believe it is the general opinion of those who hold the doctrine of

the spirituality of the human mind, or indeed of the existence of spirit at all.

BR. You speak of spirit and matter occupying the same place at the same time; have you an idea of two spirits occupying the same place at the same time?

EUR. I have never, indeed, thought it necessary to form such a speculation; for as spirit is so essentially different from matter, it is almost, if not altogether, impossible to conceive of it as existing and occupying any given space after the manner of a material substance.

BR. Clearly so; but you have admitted, and must admit, that matter and spirit may be in the same place at the same time; now if spirit be in the same place as matter, it must be in some place. The question is, not whether spirit occupies place, as matter does, but whether it exists in place. It certainly does not occupy place to the exclusion of matter, but if it be where matter is, it must be in some place.

EUR. By conceiving spirit to exist in any limited space, you give it shape, which is one of the attributes of matter: and the idea of shape seems quite inconsistent with my notion of spirit.

BR. So it does with mine. But I do not see how you can get rid of the notion of some shape connected with a finite and limited spirit. Here am I, convers-

ing with you in the city called London. Have I a spirit?

Eur. I think you have.

Br. And is that spirit anywhere or nowhere?

Eur. It is somewhere, no doubt.

Br. You do not think that it is in Calcutta, now that my body is in London?

Eur. I do not.

Br. You think, then, that there is a place where my spirit is, and that there is a place where it is not?

Eur. It is impossible to think otherwise.

Br. Will you not find it difficult to imagine a place where spirit is, and a place where it is not, without conceiving the possibility of drawing a line between the two?

Eur. It is difficult, if not impossible.

Br. Drawing a line then between the place where spirit is and the place where it is not, is clearly giving spirit a shape. For if my spirit be in London at this time and not in Calcutta, it is also in Middlesex and not in Essex; and if it be in Middlesex and not in Essex, it must either fill the whole of Middlesex or occupy some part of it only. If it fill the whole county, or only part of it, still there is a line to be drawn between where it is and where it is not.

EUR. You appear to be attempting to drive me into some absurdity concerning spirit, and yet you perplex your own notions of deity by proving that spirit must essentially have shape.

BR. By no means. Shape is as repugnant to my notions of spirit as it can be to yours. I am only endeavouring to shew you that shape is inseparable from the notion of finite spirit; for finite is bounded, limited, defined in its measure and dimensions, consequently shaped. But the infinite spirit, which I call God, has no shape, for we cannot say of it, that it is here and not there. Now your notion of the Divine Spirit differs not, I think, from mine.

EUR. We seem to have the same notions on that point. But how does all this tend to prove your point, that the doctrine of materialism is one of the foundations of pure theism?

BR. Is it not essential to pure theism that we regard the deity as a pure and perfect spirit, filling immensity with his presence? Do we not consider him to be always every-where?

EUR. Most undoubtedly.

BR. Now, can you imagine there can be two omnipresent spirits in the universe?

EUR. I cannot conceive it possible; for if there could be two, there could be two thousand. The one omnipresent spirit excludes any other omnipresent spirit.

BR. I think you have almost admitted, that finite spirits must have place, and having place must have shape.

EUR. Nay, nay, I can never admit that spirit, being invisible, has shape.

BR. Yes, but do you not admit, that though no two portions of matter can be, at one and the same time in the same place, yet that spirit may be in the same place that matter is, and can you imagine any substance occupying space and having no shape?

EUR. But we cannot reason concerning spirit as concerning matter.

BR. Clearly not: and that is the reason why I contend that your notion of finite spirit involves an absurdity, because it compels you to reason of spirit as of matter. But to return to what I was just now saying; you cannot admit of the existence of two omnipresent spirits?

EUR. Of course, I cannot.

BR. You would possibly think it absurd to say that, when immensity is filled by an omnipresent spirit, there is room for more?

EUR. It would be an absurdity to say so.

BR. And do you think that there would not be some degree of absurdity in saying that two finite spirits can, at one and the same time, occupy the same place?

Eur. You misunderstand me: when I speak about spirit occupying place, it does not occupy place as matter does.

Br. No, certainly not. It occupies place as spirit does. Well, then, shall we not say that matter occupies place, to the exclusion of matter, but not to the exclusion of spirit; and that spirit occupies place, to the exclusion of spirit, but not to the exclusion of matter?

Eur. I hardly know what to say to that; for I cannot apprehend how spirit occupies place.

Br. Yet you are sufficiently able to think of the omnipresent spirit occupying all immensity as to be aware that it would be an absurdity to imagine two or more omnipresent spirits occupying the same immensity.

Eur. Certainly, I can see there would be an absurdity in such a supposition; for if we supposed that there were two or more omnipresent spirits, we could not say of one of them that it filled immensity.

Br. Well, then, would it not be equally absurd to say that two or more finite and limited spirits could occupy the same finite and limited space?

Eur. So it does appear, certainly.

Br. You see, then, that, on the very ground which prevents you from considering it possible

that there should be two omnipresent spirits in the universe, you are led to conclude that no two finite spirits can at one and the same time occupy the same place.

EUR. I may be led to that conclusion; and what then?

BR. Then you are led to acknowledge, that where one spirit is, another cannot be.

EUR. I see it.

BR. If then, where one spirit is, another spirit cannot be, will it not follow that so much of space, be it greater or less, as is occupied by a finite spirit, cannot at the same time be occupied by the infinite spirit? And will it not, therefore, follow, that if you admit the existence of what you are pleased to call finite spirits, you either deny the omnipresence of the infinite spirit; or, admitting the omnipresence, you admit that two spirits may be in the same place at the same time, and thereby leave room for the admission of two or more omnipresent spirits? On this ground, therefore, do I maintain, that the denial of what is commonly called the doctrine of immateriality does not only not lead to atheism, but that it is the proper support of a true theism, seeing that it is the only theory of spirit which is perfectly compatible with the omnipresence of the Infinite Spirit.

EUR. I see the drift of your argument, as it concerns the doctrine of materialism; and without admitting that you have convinced me, will you be kind enough to proceed to the doctrine of necessity, as another theistical argument? Only let me request of you not to go over the old ground of the argument of necessity in general; but simply let me know how it is that you find in this theory an argument in favour of theism.

BR. I think I can do that in one word:—omnipotence.

EUR. Omnipotence!

BR. Yes. I speak of the omnipotence of the Deity, which, of course, you admit.

EUR. Of course, I admit the divine omnipotence; but I cannot see how the omnipotence of God should have any thing to do with the liberty of the human will, either one way or another.

BR. What is your idea of omnipotence?

EUR. My idea of omnipotence is expressed by the word itself, which signifies possessing almighty power.

BR. That is, power to do anything?

EUR. Exactly so;—power over all other power.

BR. But what do you mean by speaking of all other power, when you speak of one being as possessing all power? for that must be the meaning of

the word omnipotent. Can there be other power than all power?

EUR. There can be no other power than that which the Creator communicates.

BR. When you speak of communicating power, do you mean that the Creator parts with any power when he thus communicates it?

EUR. Certainly, he loses no power when he communicates power to any of his creatures.

BR. Does he create any new power?

EUR. By no means; he merely communicates power.

BR. You must excuse me, if my imperfect knowledge of the language in which we are now conversing compels me to say, that I do not understand what is meant by communicating power, when, on the one hand, the Creator parts with no power that he possesses, and, on the other, he creates no new power. Is the power, which the creature possesses, a power which existed before he possessed it, or is it not?

EUR. You are preparing a dilemma for me.

BR. I am preparing to make you comprehend your own idea of omnipotence; and to shew you that you attribute too much to omnipotence and too little to the Omnipotent.

EUR. You speak paradoxically. How can I

attribute too little to the Omnipotent when I attribute omnipotence to him?

Br. But do you attribute omnipotence to him? You attribute to him power, great power, the greatest power: but that is not all power. Do you not see, if there be any power in the universe besides the power of the Creator, that the Creator does not possess all power? You may represent him as supreme in power, but you do not attribute all power to him, if you represent any other being as possessing power.

Eur. Whatever power created beings possess, they have it in dependence on the Supreme Power.

Br. So far as man is dependent, he has not power.

Eur. Not supreme power.

Br. Not any power. I am dependent on the Creator for life; he gives me life, but not the power of life; that rests with him.

Eur. Then I suppose you will contend that the Creator gives you to will, but not a power over will?

Br. So I apprehend the matter.

Eur. And you hold that you are not the cause of your own actions?

Br. I hold that I am altogether an effect; and effects are not causes, though they may be the

means of the transmission of action. But I will not wander into the old discussion of liberty and necessity; it is enough for the purpose to shew you, that the doctrine of necessity, so far from being at all conducive to atheism, is in truth the only view of the subject which is consistent with the absolute omnipotence of the Creator. Will is a result; is it not?

EUR. Of course. But you are going now again into the ordinary discussion of the question of liberty and necessity.

BR. I will endeavour to avoid it. When I say that will is a result, I mean that, though will originates action, yet will itself is originated by the constitution of the mind and the position of circumstances, and you can no more form a philosophical conception of a thought or conception originated by man, than you can form a conception of a sixth sense. Man's being is altogether dependent, and is but a transmission of impulses; and, as we apprehend, through ignorance, that the beginning of our being is the beginning of time, so we apprehend, by a still deeper ignorance, that the development of choice is the spring of action.

EUR. Thus far you reason as the necessarians; and I have no objection to concede you that point, and to allow the doctrine of necessity to be philoso-

phically true. But how does that doctrine comport better with the existence of a deity than the doctrine of liberty?

Br. Simply for this reason, that necessity supposes God to have all power, and man to have none; while liberty, on the other hand, supposes man to have some power, though it supposes God to have greater: whereas the proper notion of God is omnipotence.

Eur. I see your argument in both points: you think that the omnipresence of the Divine Spirit excludes the existence or conception of finite spirits, and you conceive that the divine omnipotence excludes all other power. This is your meaning, I apprehend?

Br. It is so; but I do not suppose that it convinces you, or shakes your faith in your hereditary metaphysical notions.

Eur. I cannot say that it does; yet peradventure it may be as plausible as any other metaphysical arguments, which are for the most part talkings about that which man understands not and cannot comprehend.

Br. I agree with you.

DIALOGUES BETWEEN A BRAHMIN AND AN EUROPEAN.

II.

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Eur. I must confess that some of your metaphysical notions do appear to me altogether extravagant, and, without wishing to use the term disrespectfully, absolutely absurd.

Br. Will you be pleased to state some of those absurdities, and we will examine them together, and it may perhaps then appear that the absurdity is not so much in our admission of these notions as in your rejection of them.

Eur. I think I heard you say that you belonged to the Sanchya school?

Br. I said so.

Eur. That school, then, attributes to mind a power which it does not and cannot possess; of which we have no evidence either from our senses

or from history; which would be utterly useless to all the practical purposes of life.

Br. You are somewhat severe in your animadversions on the Sanchya philosophy. Now, as you are so positive as to what mind is incapable of doing, you can probably tell me what it is capable of, and what is its nature?

Eur. Very little can be known of mind, for mind itself is that which knows, and not that which is known.

Br. But mind has power, and can use that power, and may know its own power by the result of its own efforts. I am of Patanjali's school (the theistical), and I ask what are your notions of the attributes of the Great Spirit that supremely rules the universe?

Eur. I attribute to him infinite power, infinite knowledge and wisdom.

Br. Then you suppose the wisdom and the power of the Supreme equal?

Eur. I do.

Br. If, then, you admit that the wisdom and power of the Supreme are equal, have you any reason to suppose that the wisdom and power of created beings are unequal?

Eur. Do you mean by this question to imply that in man wisdom and power are equal, and that

according to our wisdom so is our power, and according to our power so is our wisdom?

Br. That certainly is my meaning, and that is my belief.

Eur. I see no reason why it should not be so.

Br. I see every reason why it should be so: for that which is all-powerful is all-wise, and that which has no power has no wisdom.

Eur. I will not gainsay it: for I wish not to quibble, but to inquire.

Br. Can the mind gain strength?

Eur. Of that I should think that there can be little doubt. The constant efforts of intellectual persons are directed to strengthening and enlarging the mind.

Br. That is to say, increasing its power?

Eur. Clearly so.

Br. You see and are convinced that power and knowledge are coincident in their increase?

Eur. I see it.

Br. Then I would ask you, can you set any assignable limits to the improvement and enlargement of the mind?

Eur. Most certainly I cannot; but at the same time I will not admit—

Br. Nay, nay, I beseech you not to perplex the subject by digressions. I only ask you to tell me

what you will admit, and not what you will not admit. You will admit that in man power and wisdom are respectively equal, and that one cannot be increased or diminished without a corresponding increase or diminution of the other?

EUR. But to what consequences will all this lead? I fear I have conceded too much. Surely, a man may have more knowledge than power.

BR. I thought it was a principle laid down by your great philosopher Bacon, and generally admitted by the people of England and France, that knowledge is power.

EUR. To a certain extent, perhaps, it may be so.

BR. If the extent be certain, perhaps you can state to what extent?

EUR. Ah, you are laughing at our conversational peculiarity, in using the word *certain* when the thing of which we speak is uncertain. But I will concede that knowledge certainly gives power.

BR. Well then, if a little knowledge gives a little power, a great deal of knowledge gives a great deal of power?

EUR. So it should seem, indeed.

BR. By what argument, then, will you shew, that if increase of knowledge be increase of power, the increase of power does not keep pace with the increase of knowledge?

Eur. I have, indeed, no argument for such purpose. But still, though as knowledge increases power may increase, it does not follow that they are absolutely equal.

Br. You may for your own purposes think so, but I cannot imagine how you can with your own principles prove it; for if you admit that where there is all knowledge there is all power, and where there is no knowledge there is no power, and that increase of knowledge is increase of power, you will be puzzled to shew how knowledge and power do not always bear the same proportion to each other. Permit me to illustrate. You can suppose gradations of power and knowledge between all and none?

Eur. I can so.

Br. You can also suppose a progression from none to all?

Eur. Most undoubtedly.

Br. Very good. Then if, in the course of this progression, increase of power keeps pace with increase of knowledge, and if at any period of the progress there should be more knowledge than power, how can the knowledge and the power ever both arrive at the infinite? Seeing that, let them progress as far as they may, the power must always, if ever, be inferior to the knowledge, and if know-

ledge merely produces a degree of power, then, when knowledge at its infinite height has produced a power that is not infinite, it can do no more. Do you not, therefore, see that, if power and knowledge are equal at their greatest height, and that they can increase by degrees, they must be equal in every step of their progress?

Eur I believe I must acknowledge it.

Br. Having then laid this foundation, we will now, if you please, proceed to consider any doctrines of the Sanchya school to which you may object: for, unless we be agreed on first principles, all our reasonings and arguments will be but as fighting with air.

Eur. I should premise that my knowledge of the metaphysical doctrines of your school is derived from the report of others; but still the reporters are in every way so competent, that I think I may regard them as undoubted authority. I have read the following statement of your doctrines, and to my mind they are all equally objectionable. "The Sanchya school consider that there is a transcendent power attainable by man, which is eightfold: 1, shrinking into a minute form; 2, enlarging to a gigantic body; 3, assuming levity; 4, possessing unlimited reach of organs (as touching the moon with the tip of the finger); 5, irresistible will; 6,

dominion over all things; 7, faculty of changing the course of nature; 8, ability to accomplish everything."

Br. Right; those are doctrines of our school: now, what objection can you have to any or all of them?

Eur. Excuse me, but really I can scarcely avoid smiling at the gravity with which you seem prepared to defend these extravagancies, and I may say impossibilities.

Br. Excuse me also, but it does not become you to call these doctrines impossibilities, after the concession which you have made of the possible unlimited enlargement of the mind.

Eur. Yes, the enlargement or improvement of the mind must be admitted; but you are speaking of the enlargement of the body, and of its as miraculous diminution.

Br. Certainly I am; and has not mind power over matter, and did not mind create the universe?

Eur. That may be very true:—but I will ask you one question, which may presently set the matter at rest. Have you ever seen, or heard any authentic account of, any philosopher of your sect thus actually enlarging or diminishing his body?

Br. An answer to that question by no means sets the matter at rest; for although I should say

that I had never been witness of such a fact, and had never seen one who had, that would not prove the thing impossible. Have you seen everything done which is possible to be done? Is it possible to leap from this window into the street?

Eur. Certainly it is.

Br. Have you ever done it, or have you ever seen any one do it?

Eur. No;—but by the universally admitted laws of nature, by one's own feelings, one must know the possibility of it.

Br. In like manner may I say, by the universally admitted principle that knowledge is power, by the acknowledged principle that the mind may go on progressively improving to an inconceivable and unlimited extent, and by one's own feelings of the power of mind over matter, one must know the possibility of this transcendent power, which the *Yôga-sástra* of Patanjali affirms to be attainable by man.

Eur. Still, if you could give us a little ocular demonstration of these things, it might tend more to our conviction than the most subtle reasonings. You say that it is possible to attain an unlimited reach of organs, so as to touch the moon with the tip of the finger;—now the moon is much higher than the ceiling of the room in which we are sitting,

and yet methinks you will never be able to touch the ceiling with the tip of your finger. If you could only show me now that you can reach to the top of of this room, you would go some little way to convince me of the verity of your pretensions.

Br. Ah, my good friend, and if you would only jump halfway out of this window into the street, you would convince me of the possibility of jumping the whole way.

Eur. Verily, I should convince myself too, and that with a vengeance. But now, to speak seriously, I beg that you would consider the difference;—that which you desire me to do is dangerous and inconvenient, and I have no wish to break my neck.

Br. And I have no wish to touch the ceiling of this room.

Eur. At this rate, you may affirm anything you will as being within the compass of human power, and then, when asked for a practical demonstration, you may decline it, as being not within the range of your wishes.

Br. Truly, it appears to me that you are of the Sanchya school yourself, and that you believe in transcendent power that is attainable by man; for you admit that knowledge is power, and that knowledge, and consequently power, may increase to an

inconceivable degree, or in other words, to a certain extent, which you afterwards acknowledge to be uncertain.

EUR. Yes, yes,—but there must be some limit, though I may not be able for a certainty to say what that limit is.

BR. To prove that there is a limit, you must show by reasoning the necessity of a limit, or you must adduce instances of those who have reached the limit.

EUR. Why reason and experience may suffice to make us pretty certain that no mortal being can ever touch the moon with the tip of his finger. I am aware that you include *affirmation* amongst your demonstrative evidence.

BR. I cannot tell what reason may do, but how can you say that experience may convince you? Have you ever known any individual so far exert the powers of his mind, as to endeavour to touch the moon.

EUR. No,—and if any one had ever made the attempt, I should have thought him mad, for aiming at an impossibility and a thing altogether useless and undesirable.

BR. As for the matter of impossibility, you cannot pronounce upon that, for nobody knows what he can do till he tries; and as to the un-

desirableness and inutility of the thing, you have furnished yourself with an answer to your own objection, when you asked me to touch the ceiling with the tip of my finger. There is a difference, you see, beeween what is undesirable and what is impossible. You people of Europe are so much taken up with material things, and with matters that concern the body, that you have no time to think, at least with the depth and refinement of the Hindus.

EUR. Indeed, you do us great injustice, and give a very unfair representation of European intellect. The English are emphatically called a most thinking people.

BR. Indeed! Do the English think as much as they possibly can?

EUR. I will not go so far as to say that, but I think I may venture to say that there are few if any people who think more deeply and profoundly than they do, for the most part; our mathematicians and metaphysicians have manifested striking proofs of deep thought.

BR. In this matter, I think you rather flatter the English people, for they have so many pursuits, of wealth, of ambition, of amusement, that they seem to have no habit of continuity of thought, but they fly from one topic to another, and never dwell on

any one thing long enough to have any single idea developed in their minds. They have too many books to read, so that, instead of being occupied with their own thoughts, they are altogether taken up with the thoughts of others, which perhaps after all are no thoughts, but merely words in the place of thoughts. I have never heard of any Englishman spending forty years absorbed with one topic of thought, and not diverting his mind from it for a single moment during the whole period. How then can you imagine that they can think profoundly, if they do not think continuously?

EUR. Ah, my good Sir, I can really see no benefit to be derived from this abstracted and dreamy kind of reverie, of which you now speak. It rather bewilders than strengthens the mind, and it leads to those strange vagaries, which you call the doctrines of the Sanchya school of philosophy, and such like extravagancies.

BR. Which extravagancies, let me remind you, you have not yet refuted.—But suppose now I should shew you that you have had a philosopher of the Sanchya school in England, and not merely one professing the doctrines o the school, but one who has practically exemplified them in his own person?

Eur. Indeed, if you should shew me that, you will shew me that which will astonish me as much as if I should now see you touch the ceiling of this room with the tip of your fingers. May I ask his name?

Br. His name was Lemuel Gulliver.

Eur. Pardon me, my good friend, but you are altogether in an error as to that matter. There never was any such person in existence as Lemuel Gulliver; and those travels which go by his name were mere political satires, written by an Irish clergyman, named Swift.

Br. How know you that?

Eur. Every body says so; there is no doubt about the matter.

Br. Then, if you were to live among the Sanchya philosophers, you would believe in their doctrines; you would say, "Every body says so; there is no doubt about the matter."—Now you must permit me to say, that you Europeans have a strange way of regulating your belief, by what everybody says—the fact is, you do not think for yourselves; you let other people think for you. How can you ever get at truth without thinking? Some of you, indeed, may talk with great readiness, but you do not think profoundly. I see that you really know nothing about Lemuel Gulliver;

so you may take my word for it he was a practical philosopher of the Sanchya school; so that he did at one time shrink into a minute form, and at another he enlarged himself into a gigantic body.

Eur. I must be permitted to say that it seems to me that you labour under a little error in this matter, even supposing and admitting the literal truth of Gulliver's travels; for he does not represent himself as undergoing any change as to his own body, but as visiting at one time people of very small dimensions, and at another time dwelling awhile amidst a race of giants.

Br. Very likely it may so seem to you, who are not accustomed to the Hindu philosophy, but I can see that Gulliver was a true philosopher, who took this mode of introducing the knowledge of the system to his own countrymen. He very strictly and carefully tells you in what part of the globe these islands are placed, in order to induce other people to visit them, so that, when they find the inhabitants to be of the usual dimensions, they may enquire into the cause of Lemuel Gulliver's mistake, and then be led to a knowledge of the transcendental doctrines of the Sanchya school.

Eur. Truly, your theory is more ingenious than convincing.

Br. Europeans cannot be convinced, for they do not think.

EUR. Nay, indeed, the more I think, the more I seem opposed to your philosophy. Your notion concerning Lemuel Gulliver is clearly an error, and is as fanciful as the rest of your opinions, and I could almost imagine that you design your whole argument as a piece of amusement, or an exercise of the wits. For do you really imagine that, if these things were in the power of men, we should not frequently, or at least occasionally, see instances of the exercise of that power? Should we not sometimes see people touching the moon with the tips of their fingers?

BR. You do not know what they may do when they are absent or asleep. But still, though it may never have happened, you do not know that it is therefore impossible. Perfection in our philosophy requires greater time and sacrifices than men are in general willing to bestow upon it. Do not you know that it requires much effort and patience, and many sacrifices, in moral affairs, to conquer evil habits and subdue the mind to obedience? You think this possible and even desirable, and yet how few people accomplish it! Now, though you might think it desirable for the extraordinariness and singularity of the thing, yet peradventure you might not think it so very desirable as to give up, for the sake of it, all your possessions, amusements, and human interests.

Eur. I will indeed acknowledge to you, that I do not think touching the moon with the tip of my finger to be so very desirable as to surrender every thing else for the sake of it.

Br. Well, perhaps not:—I also am of opinion that there are many things in life far more desirable than to be able to touch the moon with the tip of my finger; but we are not to imagine it therefore impossible, any more than we are to suppose it impossible for a man to conquer evil habits, because he finds it more pleasant to continue in them than to subdue them.

Eur. You have not convinced me yet. I must converse with you again on this topic.

Br. Most willingly, when it may suit your convenience.

DIALOGUES BETWEEN A BRAHMIN AND AN EUROPEAN.

III.

Eur. Since we last discussed the Sanchya philosophy, I have been thinking very closely on the subject of our conversation, and I—but what do you smile at?

Br. I smile, my good friend, at your notion of thinking. It is little more than three weeks since the conversation, to which you allude, took place, and in the course of that time you have been at five dinner-parties, you have made an excursion to Brighton, and you have read four new novels, to say nothing of newspapers and magazines; you have also, as I have heard, made several good bargains at the Royal Exchange. Now, what time can you possibly have had for thinking?

Eur. I have had abundance of time, notwithstanding all these occupations, to think so much of your theories as to be assured that they are totally without foundation.

Br. If they be so totally without foundation, why have you not overthrown them? or rather, why have they not fallen of themselves? You say you have thought, and the result of your thought is, that the Sanchya philosophy is without foundation;—permit me now to remind you, that you have yourself, in our former conversation, laid the foundation of it, even in your principle that knowledge is power, and that the mind may progress to a point of which you have no conception. Here is the foundation: now, do you retract what you then said? Do you think that the mind is incapable of all advance, or can you say positively, and for an unquestionable truth, how far it is capable of advancing?

Eur. I have no wish to retract anything I have formerly said, but I cannot see on what principle you can maintain that it is possible for a man to have or attain unto Irresistible will, Dominion over all things, Faculty of changing the course of nature, and Ability to accomplish every thing.

Br. I maintain these doctrines, I say again, on the principle which you yourself allow, namely, the power of the mind to improve and advance to an inconceivable and unlimited extent.

Eur. Yes; but when we speak of the power of the mind to improve and advance, we have reference

merely to the exercise of its faculties; to the strengthening of memory by practice; to the sharpening the discriminative faculty and brightening the imaginative. And it is easy enough to conceive of this as being very possible and rational; we have evidence of it, indeed, by actual experiment; but your notions are absolutely outrageous and extravagant.

Br. May not the Sanchya philosophy appear to you outrageous and extravagant merely for want of thought on your part? You have never used the means to attain to the glorious objects which it proposes.

Eur. What are the means, I pray you? for truly I should like to make the experiment, if I thought it possible that I could succeed, even in a degree. If I could make myself as tall as the monument, I should make my fortune by letting myself out for a shew.

Br. This is truly English; you are always meditating upon the means of making money. But it would cost you a fortune to build a house large enough to contain you.

Eur. Very true, and where should I find a tailor to make clothes for me?—I did not think of this.

Br. And yet you talked this minute of thinking very closely.—Now permit me to ask you a ques-

tion. If you have a desire to accomplish any object,—a real and earnest desire,—would you not naturally use the means for its accomplishment?

EUR. Certainly.

BR. Now, in our last conversation, perhaps you may recollect, you said that you did not think touching the moon with the tip of your finger to be so very desirable as to surrender every thing else for the sake of it!

EUR. That is still my feeling;—yet, to make myself as tall as the monument, is comparatively nothing to touching the moon with my hand.

BR. Ay, I see how it is; you are disposed to use our philosophy as you Christians are too much in the habit of using your religion; you will just take a little of it, so much as will not interfere very seriously with your worldly pursuits. You people of Europe are mightily calculating:—you have been computing that if to reach the moon would take your whole life and your whole thought, it would require a very short time and a very little thought to grow as tall as the monument.

EUR. I must confess, that is my feeling.

BR. And yet I fear that, even for so small a growth as to the height of the monument, you would scarcely have patience to use the means;—for all the attention and all the thoughts are required, and

the mind must not wander away to foreign objects. If you were to hear of the arrival of an India ship in the river, you would be interrupted in the most profound contemplation that you could possibly be engaged in, and I much question whether a card of invitation to dine at the Mansion House would not put to flight all your philosophy, as the firing of a gun disperses the crows from one of your corn-fields.

EUR. I think if I had an object to attain and a desire to attain it, I could patiently use the means.

BR. Do you really and truly think you could keep your eyes resolutely fixed on the top of your nose, when the *Times* newspaper is brought into your apartment? Would not your curiosity be prompted to take a peep at the price of stocks?

EUR. Now, indeed, you are only laughing at me. For what can the keeping my eyes fixed on the top of my nose have to do with the attaining of a transcendental power?

BR. It has very much indeed to do with the attaining of transcendental power. I beseech you to make trial.

EUR. For how long a time?

BR. Say for ten or fifteen years.

EUR. For ten or fifteen years! I should be weary of it in less than as many minutes.

Br. Or, if you prefer it, you may sit with your hands folded above your head for the same time.

Eur. I should lose the use of my arms.

Br. But you would recover their use by the time that you grew to the height of the monument.

Eur. And not before, I think. But are you quite sure that in ten or fifteen years I should be as tall as the monument?

Br. I am not quite sure; but if you should not find fifteen years long enough, you might try thirty.

Eur. Oh, most horrible! What a dreadful penance your philosophy imposes!

Br. Say, rather, what a glorious object it proposes.

Eur. An object not at all commensurate with the labour required to attain it.

Br. On the contrary, it seems to me that the object which it proposes is infinitely beyond the labour which it imposes; because it gives you all things for the sacrifice of some things.

Eur. But if it might take me thirty years to reach the height of the monument, how long would it take me to reach the moon?

Br. Concerning the time which it might take to accomplish such things, I may not speak positively; for modern writers doubt, considering the shortness of life, whether the end can be gained in the present

age. However, if you have any doubts, you may try.

EUR. Have you ever tried yourself?

BR. I have not, because I have no doubt. I am content with my present stature and my present powers, and as I do not question the dogmas of our philosophers, I make no efforts after greater powers or loftier stature.

EUR. And, I think, I may as well be content also.

BR. Yes, but your content arises only from doubt and scepticism. I know that, such is European ambition, you would undergo much in order to obtain dominion over all things.

EUR. I acknowledge that I do doubt,—or, I should speak more correctly if I said that I do not doubt, but rather I feel assured, that there is no verity whatever in your philosophy; that it is altogether a thing of the imagination—a wandering of the fancy. It is so essentially absurd—so totally out of nature.

BR. Excuse me, my good friend, excuse me—but I must say that you Europeans know nothing at all of what is in nature or out of nature. You are art all over; you give no time to contemplation; you spend all your time and thoughts merely and entirely on the surface of things; you give your

undivided attention to that which concerns the body only; your very minds are bodily, and what you call improving the mind is merely sticking the memory all over with a multitude of facts, which are too numerous to sink into the mind or produce any effect in it. You read so much that you can never think, and you are so absorbed in politics and merchandize, that absolutely you do not believe in the existence of mind or philosophy.

EUR. I confess there may be some truth in what you say.

BR. Ay, very great truth, and that in almost every individual, yourself not excepted. Your minds are of no use to you. You think only with your bodies, and all your thoughts are merely recollections of bodily sensations. You believe in nothing that may not be seen, heard, felt, smelled, or tasted. So far from making any endeavour to render yourselves more spiritual, to deliver yourselves from the body and rise to a glorious transcendentalism, you give all diligence to make your bodies more entirely the prisons and dungeons of your minds.

EUR. This is rather severe, though perhaps not entirely unjust. But may there not be an opposite error, in so far abstracting the mind from that which is visible and rational, as to fill it with all manner of

useless speculations and extravagant notions? And is it not as possible to be too negligent of the body as to be too negligent of the mind?

Br. Is this your mode of reasoning? Do you think, because a little stillness and abstraction produces truth, a great deal will generate falsehood?

Eur. I think that the continued application of the mind to one object may be the means of producing a certain degree of absorption more favourable to fancy than to truth. Intellect requires comparison, and comparison requires many objects to be presented to the mind.

Br. But the mind can know nothing of that which is hastily presented and as hastily withdrawn. You know too much to know anything. You say you know that there is no truth in our Sanchya philosophy; now let me as a friend implore you, as a lover of truth, to keep your eyes fixed upon your nose for ten years, just by way of experiment, and I feel convinced that, at the end of that period, you will entertain a different opinion of the Sanchya philosophy from what you do now.

Eur. Nay, nay, you are too unreasonable in your request. How would you like to do so yourself?

Br. In my search after the true philosophy, I might be willing; but, as I am a believer in it, I need not to make the experiment.

EUR. And I believe, if I were to make the experiment, it would fail for want of faith.

BR. Well then, now I see how it is; you are fully determined that you will not believe, and you will not use any means by which you may convince yourself; yet, with all this inveterate and obstinate prejudice, you plume yourself on being rational. Surely, I have never met with any people under the sun more prejudiced and narrow-minded than you people of Europe! And I dare say that you fancy yourself a bit of a philosopher, even for questioning the truth of our system, and for speaking of it sceptically and superficially. Now, I shall meet you again soon, and then I will have a little closer talk with you; and I must beg of you, that you will endeavour to be truly rational, and either to deny at once the existence of mind, or be prepared to allow its power.

EUR. I must beg that you will not call me prejudiced: I am open to conviction.

BR. Nay, you are not open to conviction, because you will not allow the consequences of your own premises, when they seem to lead to my conclusions. But we shall meet again.

DIALOGUES BETWEEN A BRAHMIN AND AN EUROPEAN.

IV.

Br. Have you been thinking any more on the topic of our conversation since we last met?

Eur. *I* think I have been thinking; but you will scarcely allow that Europeans think at all.

Br. Verily, in Europe, an Asiatic can hardly think. Your climate is too cold; and there is every where so much bustle and noise, that one cannot easily get the mind into the attitude of thought; and no sooner has a train of reasoning entered the mind, than it is put to flight and dispersed in all directions by some common-life movements, by which we are prevented from rising to anything of a transcendental eminence.

Eur. Pardon me, if there should be any want of respect in the suggestion, that you Hindus think too slowly :—in England, especially since the introduction of steam-engines and rail-roads, every thing is done with a most amazing rapidity; and as the

mind sympathises with the body, perhaps it may happen that, as we can travel ten miles while you are travelling one, we can also think ten times as quickly as you can.

Br. It may be so, it becomes not me to doubt because I cannot refute it. I dare say that you do think very rapidly, but as the rapidity of your locomotiveness produces accidents by explosions and oversets, to the great peril and manifest detriment of heads, necks, legs, and arms; so also your over-hastiness in thinking frequently terminates in a blow-up or a break-down of your theories. Your proverbs seem to indicate something of the kind; you say, "slow and sure;"—"the more haste the worse speed;" with many others of the same complexion, which proverbs would never have had any existence in your language but for your pernicious propensity to rapidity of movement. You may recollect how, in our first conversation, you presently admitted those principles on which I proved to you the Sanchya philosophy was founded; and yet when you saw that the tree of your philosophy would bear the Sanchya fruit, you immediately cut it down. This is a specimen of the rapidity of your thinking: no wonder then, that, when you wish to express any great quickness, you say "as quick as thought."

Eur. There are certainly some propositions which may be rejected as soon as they are stated; such for instance, as those which involve an absurdity or a contradiction in terms. You yourself would not require any long train of thought in order to deny the position that it is possible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time.

Br. Certainly, I should not take a long time to deny it, because I do not think that I should be disposed to deny it.

Eur. Nay, now you are really laughing at me, and endeavouring to make experiment of the power of sophistry in contradicting one's senses.

Br. Ah, there now, pardon me, but you must allow me to say that you English people are too sensible.

Eur. Too sensible! You now are disposed to flatter. How is it possible for any one to be too sensible?

Br. Very possible, indeed. You are too sensible to be rational.

Eur. Well again! That is the strangest assertion I have ever heard. Too sensible to be rational! I should think that a man only shews his sense by being rational, and that the most sensible would be the most rational man.

Br. I may mistake your language, but I should take it that *sensible* concerns the senses, and *rational* the reason.

Eur. We generally apply the word *sensible* to the understanding.

Br. You do? Then that is true which I have often heard told of you, that the English philosophers materialize spirit, and spiritualize matter. Instead of deriving knowledge from mind, you imprison mind in matter, and you measure the results of mind by the standard of the senses. Is not this manifestly wrong?

Eur. But surely it would be absurder still to suffer our minds to persuade us out of our senses.

Br. I see, I see how it is. You are, as I said, too sensible—you rest altogether in the bodily senses, and you take their report only; and you do not use the mind at all, or you use it only in subserviency to the senses. Your very application of the word *sensible* to the understanding, is a proof that your minds are animal.

Eur. But surely the understanding, as well as the senses, will tell you that it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time.

Br. I am afraid, however, that even in this matter you attribute more to the senses than to the understanding. Now, if the senses could tell us all things, where would be the need of mind or

understanding? Let me inquire, however, more particularly whether it be so really absurd, as you seem to imagine, to believe that it is possible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time. Do you think I can convince you?

Eur. I am almost sure you cannot.

Br. There now, you are arming yourself against conviction and closing your mind to reason. You know, I presume, that in a very great degree, the will influences the belief: now if you feel confident that I cannot convince you, you will not be convinced.

Eur. But I must be convinced if I cannot refute your arguments.

Br. Not so, indeed; for when you could not refute my arguments concerning knowledge and power, in our first conversation, you notwithstanding refused to admit my conclusions; and that simply because the theory did not fit your European prejudices.

Eur. Well, then, I will endeavour to be as open to conviction as I possibly can. Let me therefore hear your reasoning, which shall prove that it is possible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time.

Br. There is an obstacle in the way, which I must first remove, and that is your strong prepossession of the impossibility; for I take it for granted

that you can never believe a thing to be possible till you have ceased to believe it to be impossible.

EUR. Clearly.

BR. Now you affirm it impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time?

EUR. I do.

BR. In the sentence which expresses your position, you discern three several ideas, *viz.* being, not being, and time. Do you not?

EUR. I do.

BR. If your affirmation then includes three ideas, you must, if you understand your affirmation, understand the ideas included in it.

EUR. To all practical purposes I think that I understand these three ideas perfectly well.

BR. Ah! my good friend, we are not talking about practical purposes, but concerning philosophical verities and transcendental truths. Tell me, I pray you, what you mean by being?

EUR. I apprehend that you hardly need any information on that point; our ideas of being must be pretty much alike. Every thing that we can see, hear, feel, smell, or taste, has a being.

BR. And is there nothing else which has a being? What say you concerning spirit, which can neither be seen, heard, felt, smelt, or tasted?

EUR. It may be thought of.

Br. Good;—then being includes whatever can be seen, heard, felt, smelt, tasted, or thought of. What is not being?

Eur. The reverse of being.

Br. Not being includes, therefore, what can neither be seen, heard, felt, smelt, tasted, or thought of?

Eur. Stay—let me consider. May not that which is not, be thought of?

Br. You are afraid of conceding too much, or, in other words, you are afraid of being driven out of European theories.

Eur. Nay, I am only fearful lest I have given a false definition of being.

Br. By a false definition, you mean one that will establish my philosophy and overthrow yours. Let it, however, be for a moment conceded, that that which is not, may be the subject of thought.

Eur. And surely it may, for I can think of many things which are not.

Br. Be it so; I have no objection. But let me ask you, when you think, must not your thoughts have an object?

Eur. Certainly.

Br. When, therefore, you think of that which is not, that which is not is the subject of your thoughts.

EUR. Most undoubtedly.

BR. Then you acknowledge that that which is not, is.

EUR. How can you say that I make any such acknowledgment?

BR. Because you say that that which is not, is the subject of your thoughts; and in so doing, you not only affirm that that which is not, is, but you even go so far as to say what it is, *viz.* the subject of your thoughts.

EUR. Then I had need find another definition of being, which I fear is not easy.

BR. Would you find it convenient to affirm that that which is not, is not the subject of thought?

EUR. That would answer but little purpose, and I also fear would lead me into greater perplexities.

BR. So I fear. Or would you find any extrication from your difficulty by saying that nothing is not?

EUR. You bewilder me so, that I shall presently be scarcely able to distinguish between being and not being.

BR. I must acknowledge that you seem somewhat at a loss. Yet it is not by any means philosophical for you to affirm so positively that it isi mpossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time, when you find that you do not know

what is being and what is not being. If then you will not affirm that nothing is not, will you affirm that something is not? You must, I think, grant either that nothing is not, or that something is not.

EUR. Surely I may safely affirm that something is not.

BR. And will you not also allow that something is?

EUR. Of course.

BR. And do you know every thing that is?

EUR. I do not.

BR. Do you know every thing which is not?

EUR. I do not.

BR. If you do not know every thing that is, and every thing that is not, how can you know that there may not be something that is, and at the same time is not?

EUR. Because I cannot conceive how any thing can be and not be—it is a contradiction in terms.

BR. Can you conceive how that which is, is?

EUR. I must acknowledge that I cannot.

BR. Neither, I suppose, can you conceive how that which is not, is not?

EUR. Certainly, I cannot.

BR. And you do not deny that something is, and something is not; and why, therefore, should you

affirm that it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time, because you cannot conceive how it can be? You seem to know neither being nor not being, yet you make a proposition in which both are involved, and you are positive as to the truth of your proposition.

Eur. You may confound and perplex me by sophistical questions, but I shall never be convinced that it is possible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time.

Br. Do you know what time is?

Eur. I might tell you that time is the measure of duration, and then you might ask me what is duration and what is a measure; so that at every step the difficulty would increase instead of diminishing. The profoundest philosophers have found themselves at a loss to define time, yet the plainest and most uneducated minds have a sufficient apprehension of what it is.

Br. Therefore you should be the less positive in persevering in your position, seeing that it includes three terms, not one of which, according to your own statement, you understand. For how can you state positively that it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time, when you know not what being is, nor what not being is, nor what time is?

Eur. I verily believe that, were you disposed to assert that whatever is is not, you would find no lack of argument. We may now, however, change a little the topic of discourse; for as you cannot get out of my mind the impression, that it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time, you of course will not be able to convince me of its possibility. I would now fain ask you how it is that you reckon affirmation among the species of evidence by which men arrive at demonstration and certainty?

Br. Our means of knowledge are threefold, and so are yours, and so must be the means of all imperfect beings: it is only for beings of a superior order to know by intuition. Our means are perception, induction, and affirmation. Perception and induction we have in ourselves, affirmation we have in others. Perception we have through the senses, induction by the mind, and affirmation is the result of the perception and induction of others.

Eur. But may you not be deceived by affirmation?

Br. May we not also be deceived by perception and induction? Do not our senses frequently deceive us? And as for induction, are we not as frequently liable to be deceived by that? Induction deceives you or me, seeing that it leads us to different conclusions. If it were not for affirmation, how little

should we know! All your very early knowledge comes to you by means of affirmation, which you receive as satisfactory testimony of the existence of things which you cannot learn by perception or induction.

Eur. All that is very true, nor have I anything to object to it; only methinks you should be very cautious how you receive affirmation, seeing that you may be very easily deceived by it.

Br. Are you quite sure that you receive affirmation cautiously yourself?

Eur. I think you may have perceived, in my conversation with you, that I am not apt to receive affirmation very hastily or implicitly, seeing that, notwithstanding you affirm to me that it is possible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time, together with many other matters, I do not receive them as verities.

Br. In your rejection of these doctrines, I do not see that you are cautious in receiving affirmation, but rather the reverse; because your mind has been pre-occupied by the affirmation of others, and you have received their affirmation so implicitly, that it is only by the evidence of that affirmation that you hold your opinions, seeing that you cannot corroborate them by induction. What but affirmation tells you that Gulliver was not a philosopher

of the Sanchya school? Were you to make true confession, you would readily enough own that affirmation, however you may affect to despise it as a source of knowledge, exercises a greater power over your mind than any other source whatever. You see that by induction you cannot prove that it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time, nor can you prove it by perception; therefore, your proof is only from affirmation, which in this instance exercises a stronger influence than any thing else over your mind. Now then you may clearly discern, unless your prejudices do absolutely blind you, that you not only receive affirmation as one of your sources of knowledge, but that you use it most copiously, and rely upon it most implicitly.

Eur. But still, generally speaking, we examine by our own understandings and perception, as far as we can, those things of which we are informed by affirmation.

Br. You may fancy that you do so, but your examination is more of form than of force; and if you were to look more closely into your minds, you would find that there are no principles of belief that lay a firmer hold upon you than those which you owe to affirmation.

Eur. There may be some truth in this.

Br. I am glad that you are so far enlightened as to acknowledge it. May I not hope in time to bring you to an acquiescence in the doctrines of the Sanchya philosophy?

Eur. Oh, no! you will never bring me to admit doctrines which contain a manifest absurdity on the very face of them.

Br. I perceive now, by the very smile upon your face as you speak, that one principal reason why you so positively and pertinaciously reject the Sanchya philosophy is, that in your country affirmation is against it.

Eur. And may I not also say that one reason why you receive the Sanchya philosophy is, that in your country affirmation is in favour of it?

Br. But I can also support it by reasoning, and by reasoning too from the consequences of your own admitted axioms.

Eur. We certainly do admit that knowledge is power, and that knowledge may increase, and that, with knowledge, power also may increase; but we cannot possibly admit that either the knowledge or the power of finite beings can increase to an infinite extent; and indeed, even on the supposition that there was plausibility in your theory, and that by any continued effort of the mind, power and knowledge might increase to a vast degree, yet there would not be time enough, in the short space of

human life, for any one to reach to that perfection of which you speak.

Br. Of that fact I am well aware, and I believe that most modern philosophers of the Sanchya school admit that the present life is not sufficient for the purpose of arriving at a transcendental perfection: therefore, you perceive that a wider field is opened for the operation of the principle, and therefore you will probably be somewhat more ready, or at least less reluctant, to receive the Sanchya theory.

Eur. Nay, indeed, I must freely and fairly tell you, that I can never be brought to an acquiescence in such extravagances, which do violence to all feeling and reason.

Br. Exactly so; you acknowledge that your prejudices against the Sanchya philosophy are insuperable even by reasoning, and that therefore the force of affirmation, on which your own philosophy rests, is the most convincing proof to you of that which you believe. Now, permit me to ask you, do you not admit that the future state of being is endless in duration?

Eur. I do admit it.

Br. And do you not also admit that improvement in wisdom and power may be continually progressing in that state?

Eur. I see no reason to deny it.

Br. Furthermore, do you regard infinite power and wisdom as stationary or progressive?

Eur. Clearly, it must be admitted that they are stationary, for it would be a contradiction in terms to say that infinity could receive addition or accession.

Br. If then the mind is continually making progress in wisdom and power, must it not be approaching nearer and nearer to infinite wisdom and infinite power, that is, to what you call omniscience and omnipotence?

Eur. The mind may make approaches, and may be susceptible of vast improvements, but still it may fall far short of omniscience and omnipotence.

Br. But if the mind is making progress towards infinitude of wisdom and power, and yet never reaches or never can reach that point, this inability must arise from some impediment to its progress. You say, that the mind may make continued progress in wisdom and power—you say, that it may make this progress in a state of being which has no end; now, how can it fail of arriving at infinitude in an infinity of duration, unless some stop be put to its progress? And what is it that makes the interruption? And at what period does improvement cease?

Eur. We cannot speak positively of a future state.

Br. You have spoken so positively as to affirm of it that its duration is infinite, and that it is a state of progressive improvement. I wish you then only to say, what prevents the mind from arriving at omniscience and omnipotence, if it be continually making progress thereunto.

Eur. If I were to admit that the mind of a created being could ever attain unto infinite power and wisdom, I should make a concession that it was possible for man to become god, and so I should virtually uphold a system of atheism.

Br. You are not the first that has affirmed that the Sanchya doctrines are essentially atheistic; but I can assure you that there are many who hold those doctrines who are very far from atheism: indeed, I will say that your views of philosophy are far more atheistic than mine; for though you admit the existence of a deity having infinite wisdom and power, yet your notions of infinite wisdom and power seem to be very limited and imperfect.

Eur. My notions are, that omniscience and omnipotence belong only to one supreme being, and that they are unattainable by any created being.

Br. But notwithstanding that you deny the attainableness of omniscience and omnipotence, you acknowledge the existence of those principles on which they are manifestly attainable. There is

somewhat in this that is inconsistent, and that is quite as perplexing as the affirmation that it is possible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time. Either the mind goes on increasing in wisdom and power, or it does not. If it goes on increasing to all eternity, it must arrive at infinity of power and wisdom; but if it does not arrive at omnipotence and omniscience, how, when, and where, is its progress interrupted?

Eur. Truly, I must say that to answer you in this matter is not in my power. I cannot suppose that the created should ever attain unto the power of the uncreated. And now, after all that we have said on this topic and on others connected with the Sanchya philosophy, I am of opinion that the discussion has not produced any, even the slightest, assimilation of sentiment between us. We leave off nearly, if not quite, as we began. I must, however, be permitted one remark, and that is, that I do not know any one system of philosophy, or, if I may so speak, of antiphilosophy, which may not be pushed into absurdity by an ingenious arrangement of questions. And I think that when we quit sense, we talk nonsense.

Br. So do I.

PAUPIAH BRAHMINY, THE DUBASH OF MADRAS.

THERE may be an appearance of pedantry in the phrase, but it is not the less true as a proposition, that there are two histories of India, an esoteric and an exoteric history. By the latter, is meant only the general course of political and civil events, in our relations with the people, whom Providence has placed under our rule; the mere outline, in which great changes and momentous transactions are, as it were, mapped and delineated;—by the other, the interminglings of our respective domestic histories, and which, though never formally recorded, are still valuable, inasmuch as they lift up the curtain to features of character peculiar to each, and are perhaps the more valuable, because, being beneath the dignity of regular history, they are chiefly oral traditions, which in a few years are forgotten, and sometimes impossible to be recovered with tolerable exactness. Yet, as moral pictures

and moral lessons, they are full of instruction, and most assuredly not devoid of amusement.

The *Dubash* system is peculiar to the southern peninsula; but it has principally flourished at Madras. The dubashes are a class of persons who act as stewards, bankers, and general agents to those emphatically called the *gentlemen*, a generic appellation of the civil and high military servants of the Company. Nor is it quite ancient history, when they had an influence, sometimes slight, sometimes powerful, and at times overbearing, upon men high in office at that presidency—and occasionally acted as go-betweens the government and the Arcot nabobs, at whose diwans they often held responsible situations of considerable importance. This may be traced, amongst other causes, to the pecuniary resources they were enabled to command beyond any other class of Hindûs, and to the immense accumulations which, from small beginnings, rapidly swelled them into immense and bloated capitalists. It is not true, that native usages are impassive to change and untouched by time. Slowly, indeed, and almost imperceptibly, they undergo those silent modifications which, in a long cycle of years, make the contrast between *was* and *is*,—and probably there is no stronger proof of the fact, than the altered character of that class

within the last forty years. They are now, for the most part, needy adventurers, on the watch for the arrival of ships from Europe, which at certain intervals import, as if for their special advantage, some raw inexperienced lads, to whom, on their first landing, every thing is new, and captains and mates of ships, to whom they render very important services in the disposal of their investments, and by the advance of money upon the goods themselves at a devouring interest.

Some authentic sketches of this peculiar vein of character, and a genuine occurrence elucidatory of that almost extinct genus, may probably be worthy the attention even of the students of regular Oriental history.

Amongst the principal members of this memorable body of natives, at the time we are speaking of, was Avadanum Paupiah Brahminy, a character which, from the vehement contrasts embodied in it, would require the colours of Rembrandt to depicture. Supple, submissive, patient of affront and even injury—but with the love of revenge—the *odium in longum jacens*—deeply lurking in the recesses of a mind capacious of every project that hate can devise or meditate. But the domineering passion was litigiousness. To the lawyers, as they were then called by courtesy, he was a

treasure;—a Peter Peebles, though not reduced to indigence (for his resources were ample), whose name for years alternately figured in the Mayor's Court, as plaintiff and defendant. He was almost a fixture in his lawyer's chamber; squatting down on a mat in some dark corner of the room, patiently waiting till his *papers* could be attended to. At Mr. Samuel's, he might be seen sitting, except during the short interval of a brief meal, which, consisting of nothing more than a handful of rice, he would "with haste despatch and come again;" occasionally ejaculating, as the attorney turned over the bundles of his other clients,—"*My papers, master!* Paupiah Brahminy, plaintiff, *versus* Vencatachellum Chitty." On one occasion, his lawyer fell into a short slumber; but, when he awoke, could not help smiling to find that the papers before him had been silently removed, and those indorsed "Paupiah Brahminy" placed directly under his nose. But not a murmur of complaint or dissatisfaction escaped his lips on account of any real or imagined delay. When a new lawyer, whose reputation preceded him, arrived at the settlement, Paupiah was sure to retain him, generally with a large fee, seldom less than a thousand pagodas (£400), the foundation, he would hint, and it frequently proved so, of *master's fortune.*

This was not always a sheer profit to the lawyer; for it was understood to convey to the sole use of the said Paupiah the fee-simple of all his future labours, and the exclusive benefit of all his faculties, his occasional fees seldom amounting to the ordinary remuneration of professional services.

But Paupiah, in the high and palmy days of Madras corruption, when Lord Hobart, writing to the Court of Directors, called the entire settlement "a hot-bed of intrigue," was an indispensable instrument in the commerce of bribery, then the lever by which all the affairs of state were moved. Where any thing that shunned the light was to be transacted, he was the most efficient and useful of negociators. Yet there were shades of character in the man, upon which it is pleasing to dwell. With hands dipped in the feculence of his time,—a mind never reposing from stratagem,—disdaining the tranquillity of virtue for the restlessness of intrigue, he was faithful where he conceived an attachment, beyond all example—passive and enduring in the cause he espoused even unto death. Where he was made a confidant to some defalcation, into which a young civilian, for instance, had been betrayed by indiscretion or extravagance, he not only supplied it out of his means—but no tortures could have wrung from him the guilty secret.

These instances were then not rare. By the Act of Parliament, regulating the amount of salaries and prohibiting presents of every kind, the service was raised to a state of purity never dreamt of in the philosophy of that day. It is seldom that a mere act of legislation brings about a complete moral revolution; but certain it is, that Astræa was restored by that Act of Parliament to Madras, from which she seemed to have taken her flight for ever. The biography of Paupiah, if it were brought to light, would be found to overflow in these romantic fits of benevolence—never, indeed, requited and seldom acknowledged. It was computed that the bond and other debts, for sums thus generously advanced, due to him from civilians and sometimes military men, but especially tottering houses of agency (the great pest and moral disease of the Eastern settlements), amounted to more than £50,000 sterling. But with money perpetually at his command, the sources from which it was extracted always remained a mystery.

At the durbars of the Nabobs Wallajah and the Omdut-ul-Omrah, he was a constant attendant, for he supplied them with large sums to meet the kists or tribute due to the Company, and that too often in critical periods of the public treasury. When the assumption of the Carnatic revenues cut off

the means of repayment, from those princes, of all the bonds adjudicated by the commissioners, his were of the most *bonâ fide* description. Yet the grossest injustice was systematically dealt out to him, except in those cases (the greater number were of that class) where the evidence to authenticate the claim was as clear as the sun at noon. Those adjudicators had, from a series of misconceptions, reposed unlimited confidence in Reddy Row, a Brahmin, a poor and needy adventurer, who had cunning enough to convince those gentlemen that he was thoroughly conversant in all the mysteries of the Durbar, and being the implacable enemy of Paupiah, induced them to beat down his demand to the utmost minimum of what in justice was due to him. This Reddy Row, when the nabob's bonds became marketable in consequence of the act passed for their consolidation, became a wholesale fabricator, not figuratively, but literally, of those instruments, of which he disposed of a large number on the faith of his being in the confidential employ of the nabob. His end may not be forgotten. Tried, convicted, pardoned, at the instance of a recent Madras governor, one bond of his manufactory was proved by such minute evidence to be a forgery, that he was deserted by those who had protected him through thick and thin, *per fas et*

nefas, and took himself off by a dose of poison. During this time, Paupiah was shamefully persecuted by those who knew nothing of his real transactions with the Durbar, and estimating his character by looking only at the wrong side of the tapestry, adjudicated him almost to ruin. But the *English* commissioners did him justice, and his claims were with few exceptions allowed. It was like much of the justice of this world; it came too late, and not till vexation and grief had removed him to take his chances at a better tribunal.

This same Paupiah was considered the natural prey for such vultures as Paul Benfield. Plucked to the last feather—cheated—laughed at—he was perpetually to be seen squatted and waiting with desperate expectation of redress in the verandahs and ante-chambers of those who had plundered him. Still it was not with one word of menace that he waited there, but as a suppliant, suing for his right of the *great gentlemen*, as they were then styled by the Madras natives—humbly and silently imploring their justice (it was a most sorry twig to catch at), but never quitting his hold—and seldom, indeed, but sometimes, darting his little green eyes piercingly in the face of those who had defrauded him, although he could discourse powerfully, in good English, had he been so minded. The respect

universally conceded to a Brahmin, secured him generally from personal outrage—but not uniformly. On one occasion, where he had been fraudulently treated, he was ignominiously thrust out from the garden-house of Mr. P—, and his turban torn in the scuffle. Apparently, he forgave the insult; but every tyro in Indian affairs knows, that no higher indignity can be sustained by a native of caste, than the pollution of this part of the Hindû habiliment. Then the feeling of revenge, though postponed for years, never dies. It burns like a lamp in a temple, constantly fed and trimmed. There is no statute of limitations to the unextinguished, unextinguishable thirst for retribution. It is sure finally to be exacted to the very letter.

Mr. P— was at the head of the Treasury department, then conducted conjointly with the collectorship of the Madras district. He had stood high in the estimation of several successive governments. Paupiah, whose nature it was to be heedlessly confident in the integrity of those whom he had been accustomed to look up to with respect, and whose bad qualities, whatever they were, had no affinity to the suspicious avarice of the natives in their money-transactions, had, a year or two before, undertaken, in virtue of a religious vow, a distant journey in the nature of a pilgrimage; and,

whether to secure Mr. P—'s favour by covertly lending him a sum of money without exacting interest, or whether it formed a part of the superstitious ordinance that enjoined the pilgrimage, that, during the year of its fulfilment, he was inhibited from taking interest upon sums deposited in contemplation of it—(both causes were strenuously insisted on by Paupiah's counsel)—but, before he set out, he deposited twelve thousand pagodas with Mr. P—, on no other condition than that of its safe custody till his return. He demanded and took no receipt or acknowledgment whatever. This procedure was not only in unison with the unsuspecting habits of Paupiah, from which the repeated frauds he had experienced had not yet weaned him, but it was an indirect compliment to the honour and uprightness of Mr. P—, whose interest and protection he was anxious to secure. Be that as it may, the deposit was made; but when Paupiah returned, the fact of the deposit was denied, and the restitution of the money refused. By the Hindû law, the rules regarding bailments of every class are as strict, and governed by the same principles, as in our own; so much so, that Sir William Jones, in his Essay on the Law of Bailments, traced the equitable maxims that regulate that species of contract in the practice

of Westminster Hall to the code of the Hindûs, of which it forms a large and comprehensive title.

But it was an unequal contest. On one side, was a civilian of the highest rank, fortified by that conventional reputation, which passes in the world for genuine virtue, fenced round by friends or by those persons who under that name swarm during the sunshine of a man's fortunes, secure of the support of the government, and especially that of its minions, who had a stealthy interest in its crooked and sinister practices; on the other, a native, unquestionably an artful intriguing individual, and convicted (right or wrong there are now no means of deciding) of repeated malversations in several confidential employments;—in short, on one side, power, influence, and outward character; on the other, two of the most powerless and unpatronized things on earth,—truth and justice. What unequal chances! It was as a feeble piece of artillery against the ramparts of a droog or hill-fort.

In a corner of the black town of Madraspatnam was a sort of huckster's shop, where law was served out in scales, not always as correct as the balance of the sanctuary. It was called the Mayor's Court, and in its constitution not unlike the bench of Quarter-Sessions magistrates in this country, right and wrong being put to the vote and determined

by the majority. In this court, Paupiah filed his bill (the process was of a mongrel kind, half equity, half *nisi-prius*) against P—, praying for a discovery and for the amount of the sum deposited. The answer denied *on oath* the plaintiff's allegations, and the cause came on to be heard. Paupiah's counsel or attorney was not wanting either in strength of lungs or of argument. He might have spared both. "Where is the receipt or acknowledgment?" said the opposing lawyer. "Is it probable that a native, endued with the astuteness of a systematic lender, would incautiously place so large a sum in the custody of another without the slightest token or recognition of having so placed it? and Mr. P—, too, is a civil servant holding the most confidential office in the settlement, having been raised to it through a long gradation of tried services and a life of inflexible integrity. And who is the plaintiff?" Here some insinuations not highly complimentary to poor Paupiah were thrown out. Vainly was the religious custom urged, and the natural anxiety of Paupiah to court the patronage and favour of Mr. P—, and, moreover, the well-known incautiousness of the plaintiff in money-transactions (there were upon that sacred seat of justice those who had beneficially experienced that peculiarity of his dis-

position), insisted on by his advocate. It mattered little. Justice, proverbially blind, had grown deaf in the Mayor's Court. She could feel sensitively certain touches, but her ears were those of the adder to the eloquence of truth. The balance was soon struck, and in favour of the supposed depositary. Paupiah retired, defeated and humbled. If, in the first agony of disappointment, he breathed at all—it was for the hope of retribution. That retribution at length came.

The singularity peculiar to the natives of India, in the South more especially, of continuing an unwearied and hopeless pursuit for what is due to them, has been remarked already. For months after his discomfiture in the Mayor's Court, Paupiah might be seen seated in the outward saloon of the collector's office, with a shawl thrown over his head in place of a turban, the only change of garb that denotes affliction among the higher castes of Hindûs. He said nothing, but his little green eyes darted now and then an expressive flash upon P—, as he passed into the interior apartment, which, though impossible to define, he knew and felt the meaning of. Some affected to pity the poor Braminy, from a secret misgiving, probably, that foul injustice had been done to him. There was no appeal. It was of no use to excite the sympathies

of the public. In India, there is no public. As for the authors of that injustice, the infamy was divided amongst too many to be felt by any one. The moral deformity was like the physical one of the Alps, where goitre keeps goitre in countenance. But there was a vow registered in the soul of the man who had been thus wronged. The vow was heard, and the bitter cup of revenge filled to overflowing, Yet how, by what agency (if by any, it must have been of the subtlest kind), it was gratified so usuriously, has never been substantiated by positive evidence, although no problem was ever canvassed by so many sharp and ingenious casuists.

The department over which P— presided necessarily placed the whole of the public money at his discretion. It was a serious charge. The cash chest, indeed, was under the immediate care of Arnachellum Chitty, a faithful servant, whose merits had been repeatedly acknowledged by the government; but still the entire responsibility rested on the shoulders of P—. So vigilantly were these duties performed by P— and Arnachellum, that the keys of the chest were never out of the personal custody of the treasurer himself. No native servant ever laid his hand upon them. Every evening, before he retired from the fort, Mr. P—, after examining Arnachellum's balance with a nicety

that left not the error of half a fanam unrectified, took the keys of the chest, which he unlocked with his own hands, and having reckoned the amount of the cash deposited in it, by weight or tale, according to the nature of the coin, and removed the loose money to the same place of security, took the keys home with him to his garden-house, situated near the Loll-baug, the site upon which Paul Benfield afterwards built his princely mansion. The keys were of a most complicated construction. The chest was massive, and nearly irremoveable. It was unlocked by four keys in succession. Both chest and keys were the master-piece of the most skilful artist in London,—the Bramah of his day. Mr. P— had recently returned from Europe, and as in all the money-departments of Madras immense abstractions had been committed by the native servants, he readily availed himself of a complicated invention that would so assuredly defeat them. The keys, as already said, were four in number; but the exquisite skill of the contrivance consisted in the process of using them. It was requisite that the *first* and *second* keys should be entirely at the discretion of the party in whose custody they were placed. These were changed each successive day, or as often as he who was master of the combination might think fit. But if the wrong keys were *begun*

with, a bar shot suddenly and irrevocably into a deep groove. It is plain, therefore, that, in the hands of a mere novice, the chances of hitting upon that which was the *open sesamé* of the chest, were as four to one—and if by accident the first should be the right one, they were three to one against the right selection of the *second* key.

Mr. P— was high in Lord Macartney's confidence, for nothing could be more religiously correct than the Treasury accounts whilst he administered them. His vigilant inspection, but above all, the newly-imported machinery of the chest, rendered native subductions, formerly matters of such frequent occurrence,—the head of the office relying on his confidential servants, and those servants sheltered from all responsibility but to their immediate employers,—next to impossible. All new brooms sweep clean. Lord Hobart came out to Madras impressed with the comfortable conviction that the entire settlement was a sink of corruption, and resolved to make an effectual sweep in every department: but happily there was one civilian untouched by the *scabies* of the flock,—an Abdiel faithful among the faithless. With what delight did P—'s ear drink in the commendations of the new governor, to whom, though recently from England, the invention of the chest was quite new!

Nor is this singular, for it was the last constructed by its inventor; and besides this, in each the mechanism was varied so as to enhance its value to every respective proprietor. It is supposed, also, that the invention died with the artist and the secret with him. There could, therefore, be no Exchequer better secured than that of Madras. To be sure, it was occasionally at a low ebb. It had, however, its flows; and, at the crisis we are speaking of, might be said to overflow, treasure having been collected from all quarters to meet the exigencies of a powerful confederacy then hatching amongst the native powers against us.

On the 13th of October 1795, owing to these and other causes, the chest, spacious as it was, was overgorged with coin and bullion. In the afternoon of that day, Mr. P—'s palanquin was at the lower door of his office, then situated on the beach, near the spot where the large room called the New Exchange has been since built. As usual, having gone through the financial process of the day, he took the keys with him into his palanquin, and, when he got home, placed them in an escrutoire, which was well secured, and, for more assured custody, was placed under his cot in his bed-room. Being a civilian of high rank, he had a small guard of sepoys regularly stationed in front of his house.

When he left the fort, it was past five by St. Mary's clock. Two sepoys, part of the usual Treasury guard, were on duty as usual at the foot of the staircase which descended into an arched lower story, where the palanquin-bearers remained, during the hours of business, as well as horse-keepers, with their horses picketted, belonging to the Europeans, English and Portuguese, attached to the office. The sepoys were relieved every five hours. In short, nothing irregular or out of the usual course was observable when Mr. P— quitted the fort. He discerned, indeed, Paupiah squatted, according to custom, in the outer room, and when the latter made his salaam, P— observed a singular twinkling in the small piercing eyes, which seemed on that occasion to have changed their mournful expression for something of a far different meaning. This, however, might be mere fancy, and so he considered it at the time; it did not become matter of comment by him till afterwards. As to the chest and its contents, human vigilance could not have been carried farther. Perhaps the error, if there was any, arose, as the lawyers say, *ex abundanti cautelâ*, or too overstrained a caution. On the same evening, Mr. P— and his family were at a ball given at the Government-gardens, whence they returned about two in the morning, It was for

this reason, probably, that he did not arrive at his office that morning till some time past his usual hour of attendance.

On his arrival, Paupiah sate in his usual niche—and with a complete change of habiliment. His finest muslin tunic and a handsome turban transformed him into another being, and his countenance beamed with an evident glow of satisfaction. Mr. P— found, at the same time, a government peon, who had been waiting for his arrival, with an order from the Governor in Council to despatch Arnachellum to the military paymaster with 50,000 star-pagodas in specie, and a receipt for the same. Mr. P—, with Arnachellum, proceeded forthwith to the chest, the former with the bunch of keys in his hand. Upon opening it, both started instantly back with consternation. But the visage of the European was pale and distorted with a thousand warring emotions,—that of the native remaining inflexible, and exhibiting a character as remote from the consciousness of crime as from the terror of its consequences. Indeed, Mr. P—, though his self-control gradually returned to him, might have been deemed, if looks could be interpreted into guilt, conusant of the theft: for a theft had been committed to an enormous amount from the chest, in mockery of the mystic keys that guarded it. It was computed that a lac and

a half of pagodas had been abstracted, and that, too, in a coin that was not only portable, but exchangeable at sight. Paupiah, on being told what had happened, uttered not a word, but remained unmoved in the same position. Not a muscle of his frame quivered, not a feature of his face changed. It was a serious calamity to P—. His prospects, his hopes, his reputation seemed cut off at one blow. The Governor in Council, as soon as the intelligence reached them, took charge of the Treasury; the chest and what little remained of its wealth were put under seal, and Mr. P— was suspended from his employments.

Adversity, whatever may have been the correctness of a man's life and conduct, will ever bring its critics and commentators. There were not wanting those who began to carp and cavil; but, as genuine materials for animadversion were not at hand, they were soon silent, and P— became the object of general commiseration. It was pretty evident that he must have been plundered; by whom or in what manner, amidst the confused conjectures of the hour, all equally plausible and irrational, remained an inscrutable mystery. That P— himself should have participated in the delinquency, was probable only on the supposition of his being actually a madman. The next day, how-

ever, strange rumours were afloat. It was at first whispered confidentially—afterwards unreservedly asserted,—that deposits to run at interest had been made in P—'s name at different houses of agency; amongst others, of a large amount of Porto Nuovo pagodas, which was chiefly the coin in which the nabob paid his kists;—besides this, of several thousands of star-pagodas placed in the Carnatic bank, an opulent establishment (since dissolved), which allowed a considerable rate of interest; and P— was called on to disprove these injurious insinuations. In the consciousness of innocence, the unfortunate man proceeded with two of his friends to Messrs. R— and Co., the house where the largest sum was stated to have been paid in on his account. The question was fearlessly put: "Have I placed any sum of money whatever with you? or, is there any money in your hands standing to my credit?" It was answered thus: "About nine o'clock on Saturday morning (the day after the robbery), two persons, apparently peons, and wearing what seemed to be an engraved plate on a belt of red cloth across their shoulders, but which we did not examine in the hurry of business, more especially as we took it for granted they had been sent by Mr. P—, placed to the credit of that gentleman the sum of —— star pagodas, which

they brought in bags, a large portion of which was in Porto Nuovo coin. They gave their names Rungapah and Verdapah, and enjoined great secrecy on the part of Mr. P—. We gave them the customary receipt, in the name of Mr. P—. It was a promissory note to pay on demand, with interest at eight per cent." Mr. P— was all amazement and perplexity; his friends were equally puzzled. The same inquiry was made at three other houses, and the result was the same. The aggregate, however, of these deposits, amounting to an immense sum, nearly corresponded to the deficiency of which the chest had been plundered; and as they had been deposited at the disposition of Mr. P—, there was no difficulty in repaying to Government the whole deficiency. Still, however, he was not restored either to character or office. The current imputation was that, in addition to his being a rogue, he was the weakest of idiots. More than a year elapsed before the Court of Directors, to whom his case had been referred, gave their decision. It was not a satisfactory acquittal, but a species of compromise, leaving the stain upon his character nearly as it was before, although it recommended him, in consideration of former services, to a subordinate situation at the presidency. It must be remarked, however, that, from this

time, Paupiah was no longer seen squatted at Mr. P—'s garden-house; for, it seems, he travelled to the southward after the affair had blown over. He was not heard of at Madras for many years.

Time, that brings all hidden things to light, seemed to have an unusual respect for this. The matter, indeed, was frequently discussed, and much ingenuity exercised about it. Many persons, whose opinions were of great weight, were inclined to make Paupiah the contriver, if not the actual artificer, of the whole. This theory was not very flattering to the integrity of Mr. P—, for if Paupiah was actuated by revenge, it was improbable that such a feeling should have gratuitously existed in his bosom. There must have been adequate reasons for it—and the denial of the deposit, a crime considered by the natives as the most inexpiable of social wrongs, embittered by the unjust decision in the Mayor's Court, sufficiently accounted for it. Was it credible that Paupiah should have fabricated the story, much more brought the question to trial, seeing how incapable of direct proof it was, and that none could be extracted but by means of P—'s answers upon oath? The truth is, they said, Paupiah had a high esteem for that gentleman, and imagined, notwithstanding his denial of the sum entrusted to his care, that his conscience,

would not stand the brunt of an oath. Nor was the conjecture of Paupiah's participation in the robbery wholly unconfirmed. Paupiah, having been put in possession of certain *teeps*, or assignments of the forthcoming crops of the districts of Chillambrum and Manargoody, in consideration of large advances to the nabob, had been for some time engaged in collecting them. It seems that, suspecting two natives of fraud and embezzlement, whom he had employed as agents, he had suddenly dismissed them from his service, and appointed two other persons to succeed them. One of the supposed defaulters, named Ramiah Chitty, appeared at the cutcherry of the collector of the Company's district, which bordered on Chillambrum, offering to substantiate some important facts relative to the robbery at the Treasury, stating also that, if a pardon was guaranteed to himself and three others, who had acted under Paupiah's direction, they would bring ample evidence to convict that person as the head and author of the conspiracy. He stated that those persons were now acting under Paupiah in the collection of the produce at Chillambrum, and if apprehended and confronted with him, would be soon brought to confess their share in the stratagem.

He deposed that, on the night of the robbery,

which was unusually dark, all three remained near he great tank, till they saw Mr. P—'s carriage on the Mount-road, proceeding to the Government-house. One of them, to whom Paupiah had given the most precise instructions as to all the local peculiarities of Mr. P—'s garden-house, went cautiously to the window of Mr. P—'s bed-room, which was open, having eluded the observation of the sepoys who were stationed in the verandah in front of the house, the two others remaining at some little distance to watch; that the escrutoire was easily opened by means of a small key, with which he had been furnished by Paupiah, and the large keys transferred to that person, whom they met at gun-fire the following morning at the south gate of the fort. The deponent left them together, his services being no longer required, and supposes that, as soon as the gate was opened, they all proceeded to the Treasury. His own personal knowledge went no farther—the two persons whom he before named, and Paupiah, were the only parties to the rest of the transaction; he acknowledged, however, having received two hundred rupees from Paupiah, as a reward for his share in the business. The substance of the man's deposition was forwarded to Madras, and the collector received instant orders to apply to the nabob for the apprehension

and immediate transmission to the presidency of those persons, as well as Paupiah himself. The orders were instantly obeyed, but neither Paupiah nor his confederates were to be found, after the most minute inquisition set on foot for that purpose.

Two years afterwards, indeed, Paupiah was apprehended at his house in Vepery, where he had arrived some days and lived without any concealment. When brought before the magistrate, his answers were cool and collected, and furnished no clue to the mysterious embezzlement. It is singular, also, that when Ramiah Chitty, who had been confined in the gaol during this long interval, was brought before the magistrate to be confronted with Paupiah, the former threw himself at his feet, imploring his forgiveness, and acknowledging the falsehood of the accusation, which he confessed he had fabricated from pure motives of revenge.

The secret history of the robbery has never been revealed. By what means Paupiah entered the office, or made himself master of the mysterious process of the keys, remains in impenetrable darkness. It is supposed that, by long observation, he had so studied every speck of rust upon the two which Mr. P— had separated from the others, as he proceeded every evening to the chest, leaving

the rest on the ring as it were unemployed, as to discern the two keys which it was requisite to employ first; it being probably a mere matter of accident that he hit upon them in their right order. That it was revenge for the indignity of the turban, there was no doubt. Had it been merely the pecuniary wrong, those who well knew the habits and character of that singular man, have often maintained that so elaborate a scheme of vengeance would never have entered his mind.

REFLECTIONS OF A RETURNED EXILE.

Φευγωμεν συν νηυσι φιλην ες πατριδα γαιαν.

ILIAD II. 140.

THERE are few books in the present day more deservedly popular than those of travels, and there are few departments of literature in which the scanty information of our ancestors forms a more striking contrast with the immense extent of modern knowledge. Three centuries ago, a traveller even to a neighbouring country was a sort of wonder, and a narrative of a journey formed a kind of era in literature; but now "my picked man of countries" is grown so common a character, that it is impossible to look over the advertising sheets that form the antecedent and consequent of a review or magazine, or to cast the eye over the first and last pages of a newspaper, without learning the names of a multitude of such performances to all parts both of the known and unknown world, by natives and foreigners, by soldiers and divines, by antiquaries and exquisites, by conservatives and utilitarians, by misses, mistresses, and ladies. Yet it is surprising that, among all this variety, no one has

thought of writing travels in one's own country by a long absentee. Scarcely any narrative would be more interesting than that of the contrast which such an individual experiences, between what he sees and what he remembers. Young, when near his death, put the affecting question, "At the age of eighty, where is the world into which we were born?" and so, in this age of change and improvement, may an absentee of twenty-five or thirty years exclaim, on returning, "Where is the country which I left in my youth?" What are the reflections that arise in the mind of such an individual on revisiting the scenes of early recollections? Much, undoubtedly, that is pleasurable, but also much that is melancholy—the dreamy recollection of what was, overpowered by the stronger perception of what is; the mixture in the mind of old and new; the violent disruption of ancient associations by present facts; the perpetual efforts to connect the one with the other, and to trace out whatever links in the chain may be broken or lost; the involuntary confession of improvement joined to the irresistible regret at change, and the consciousness that what we have long known is impressing us as new, and what is familiar is at the same time felt to be strange.

It is to give a few examples of this that I sit

down to make some memoranda of my feelings, on returning to Europe, after a residence in India of twenty-two unbroken years. That is, of the contrast experienced by one who left his country in the warlike times of the Prince Regent, to return in the peaceful reign of William the Fourth; who, on his passage out, was in a fleet convoyed by ships of war, saw the crew of his own vessel regularly exercised foraction, and, with the other passengers, was, on an alarm of suspicious sails in sight, stationed on the poop with a musket in his hand. On my passage home, there was not an enemy to be prepared for, nor a port in the civilized world to which we might not have gone with assurances of safety. My departure from Europe was in that memorable period, between the termination of Bonaparte's tremendous Russian expedition, and the deliverance of Europe at the great battle of Waterloo, the only battle of modern times fit to furnish a subject for an epic poem. At that time, the whole Continent was, as it were, hedged round with walls of brass; all entrance was denied, and Paris was as inaccessible as the magnetic pole. On my return, I find hardly one acquaintance who has not made half the circuit of the Continent, including both European and Asiatic Turkey. This immense contrast excites something like the feelings that must have

been experienced by the Seven Sleepers, in passing at once from the reign of Decius to that of Theodosius; and I may, perhaps, after due allowances and deductions, venture to quote, as a summary of my experience, the words of the great historian of the latter ages of the empire: "We imperceptibly advance from youth to age, without observing the gradual but incessant change of human affairs; and even in our larger experience of history, the imagination is accustomed, by a perpetual series of causes and effects, to unite the most distant revolutions; but if the interval between two memorable eras could be instantly annihilated; if it were possible, after a momentary slumber of 200 years, to display the new world to the eyes of a spectator who still retained a lively and recent impression of the old, his surprise and his reflections would furnish the pleasing subject of a philosophical romance."

Such, in a less degree, must be the case with an Indian absentee, returning after a long interval to the country of his youth; for, notwithstanding all the pains he may take, by correspondence and reading, to keep up his knowledge of European affairs, and to go along with their course, his ideas will be by far too faint to furnish any adequate preparation for the reality of the changes he will meet on his return.

To begin at the beginning, I shall say a little respecting the steam-passage from Calcutta to the ship at Saugor. The reader—if he be an European reader—may, perhaps, require to be told, that the all-changing power of steam has performed its metamorphoses in India as well as in Europe. Formerly, a ship, on arriving at the mouth of the Hoogly, had the choice either of continuing there, and sending up her passengers and goods to Calcutta by *Bujraus*, *Patailas*, *Ulauks*, *&c.*—that is, "in the dialect of men, interpreted" by pinnaces, lighters, and barges—or of coming up herself. It is difficult to say which of these methods was productive of most annoyance to all parties. The first involved a heavy expense in freight, insurance against loss, and a hundred other items, including the risk of ruining the health of the crew by remaining in the noxious exhalations of the alluvial shores of the mouths of the Ganges; the last required a voyage of sometimes fifteen or twenty days, before the ship could get up a distance of a hundred miles from Saugor to Calcutta. I well remember the disappointment we all experienced when, after five months without seeing land, we at last attained the sight of the low jungles of Saugor, and fondly thought we had nothing to do but to step on shore, and "take our

ease at our inn." How mortifying it was to find, we had either to travel three days in a wretched native boat, starving with hunger and broiling with heat, or stay three weeks more in our wearisome ship! All this is now changed; the moment a vessel arrives at Saugor, a notice by telegraph is made to Calcutta; a steamer proceeds down to take her in tow, and she is brought to her anchorage above Champaul Ghaut, in two or three days; so that, independently of the saving in trouble, expense, and risk, the voyage out and home is really shortened by a month or six weeks. In the same manner, in former times, when a ship departed from Calcutta, the passengers had no alternative but either to embark there, and have the tedious passage down to Saugor, or to allow the ship to get to Saugor, and follow as they best could, in native or European craft; all which, especially for invalids, was exceedingly annoying. The general plan now is, for the passengers to embark and establish themselves comfortably in their cabins before their vessel quits Calcutta. A steamer then takes the ship in tow, and in two days they are at the Sand-Heads. Sometimes, however, there is a prospect of the vessel being detained at the river's month. In this case, the passengers generally allow her to get down by herself;

they then club together to engage a steamer, which in one day carries the whole party to the ship, the expense being Rs. 25 or Rs. 30 (about £3.) a-head: much the same sum that the absentee will find himself charged from London to Edinburgh, a distance at least three times as great, and in a vessel of incomparable superiority in point of comfort and accommodation.

If such be the difference in the boat, how much more marked is that in the passengers! A curious speculator on life and manners might receive much both of instruction and amusement, from a contemplation of the variety of feelings by which they are affected. The first class he would probably note among them, consists of Europeans proceeding to revisit their native country; among these is easily to be distinguished the independent satisfaction of the man whose fortune is made, and who returns to India no more, and the careless indifference of those who are merely taking a three or five years' trip to Europe on business or pleasure, and are, after that, to resume duties in Bengal; these latter being, as it were, denizens of two hemispheres, and standing between both, are more indifferent to either. Another is the more sombre set, easily distinguished by their sallow cheeks and haggard features, of invalids seeking renovation to their

broken constitutions and harassed minds, by this visit to their own country. There are also generally to be found one or two widows, sometimes in the very bloom of youth, and whose dearest affections have been snapt asunder by the fatal climate of India; at others, tolerably reconciled to their privation by the possession of a reasonable share of Company's paper and claims upon Savings-funds.

In the minds of these returning emigrants, there is a strange struggle of contradictory feelings. On the one hand, there is the inexplicable satisfaction which every one, rich or poor, sick or well, fortunate or unfortunate, old or young, irresistibly feels at the idea of returning to their native land, and of mixing again in the scenes which were familiar to their youth; and, again, there is the equally irresistible and often most acute regret, at quitting the friends and connexions they may have formed in India.

India, it must be confessed, has many faults and many disadvantages, and there are innumerable sources of dissatisfaction in its climate and its exile; but still it has some redeeming properties; and among these, one, certainly by no means the least important, which makes up for many evils, and hides a multitude of sins, is the warm feelings

of friendship, which a residence there has a tendency to generate, and which frequently exists as strongly between what Europeans would consider mere common acquaintances, as here between nearest relations. It is Goldsmith, I believe, who observes that, were a Spaniard and a Swede to meet in China, they would feel themselves drawn to each other, as being both Europeans; and if a European and a Chinese were to meet in Jupiter, they would have the same feeling, as being both of the same planet; and were an inhabitant of Mercury and one of Herschel to meet in Sirius, they would think themselves Jaut Bhaces, as brothers of the same system. Something of this takes place with Europeans in the East. In that country, amidst a race of men with whom we have no intercommunity of language, of manners, or of ideas, we naturally cling to each other for support against the overwhelming influence of the immense population by which we are surrounded, and however distant may have been our birth-place in the British empire, we consider ourselves as natural friends. Nor are such feelings transitory; the friendships thus formed are generally firm and lasting, and so far from being dissolved by a return to Europe, are frequently strengthened and increased. For then principles exactly the reverse, but equally strong and favour-

able to kindly feelings, begin to operate. Old Indians, returning after a long absence, find themselves almost as much estranged, and as much a particular *caste* among their countrymen, as they were at first among the natives of India. They are, therefore, led to each other, and the circumstance of having been acquainted in a distant land, and having common topics of interest and intelligence, converts what may have been mere casual acquaintanceship into warm intimacy. Still, at the moment of quitting India, these feelings, if not overpowered, are at least counterbalanced, by the strange delight which is universally experienced at the idea of returning to our native land. The thought of once again treading British ground, gives an animation to the spirits, which for the time is irresistible.

And here it is difficult to avoid a question, which this universal feeling among the passengers tends to excite, and which, to use a favourite continental phrase, is a striking phenomenon in psychology. Whence, it may be asked, arises this mysterious affection of mind, which connects every child of Adam with one particular spot of earth? Whence is it that, throughout every nation, powerful or weak, civilized or barbarous, peaceful or warlike, this sentiment is universal; that, whatever may

have been our privations or poverty, in the residence of our youth, however harsh or uncongenial its climate, however ungracious its soil and scenery, however obscure and confined its situation, and with all this, whatever may have been our success in after-life, however delightful may be our after-abode, still, in spite of every advantage, our heart yearns after the scenes of youth with desire increasing the longer has been our separation; that, under every form of prosperity, we still feel an unsatisfactory banishment in being excluded from thence? There is, perhaps, no human being who does not propose, as the reward of his labours, the privilege of returning to terminate his existence where he earliest remembers it to have begun. There he can put up with privations and submit to inconveniences which elsewhere would provoke his loudest complaints, and can receive satisfaction from objects which elsewhere would excite his indifference, contempt, or disgust.

Such are the feelings which prevail through all nations, and through all ages; which appear to form an elementary part of human nature, and are attributed with equal propriety to the many-wiled Ulysses at the court of Antinous, and to the brave Sir Huon on the banks of the Euphrates.—

Ως ουδεν γλυκιον ης πατριδος ουδε τοκηων
Γινεται, ειπερ και τις αποπροθι πιονα οικον
Γαιη εν αλλοδαπη ναιει απανευθε τοκηων.

Odyss. ix. 34.

No sweeter lot than this our heart desires,
In our own land to dwell with our own sires;
In foreign soil from these exiled away,
No joy the palace and the feast convey.

Du kleiner Ort, wo ich das erste Licht gesogen,
Den ersten Schmerz, die erste Lust empfand,
Sey immerhin unscheinbar, unbekannt,
Mein Herz bleibt ewig doch vor allen dir gewogen,
Fühlt überall nach dir sich heimlich hingezogen,
Fühlt selbst im Paradies sich doch aus dir verbannt:
O möchte wenigstens mich nicht die Ahnungtrügen,
Bey meinen Vätern einst in deinem Schoos zu liegen!

Oberon, 4r Gesang.

Thou dear loved nook, where first Heaven's light I viewed,
Where my first joy, where my first grief I found,
Poor be thy soil, thy name unknown and rude,
My yearning heart to thee is ever bound;
Still longs the haunts of childhood to explore,
For these, in Eden banished, pants unblest;
Oh grant me, Heaven, when life's fond dream is o'er,
In native earth beside my sires to rest!

A speculator on the structure of mind, who holds the doctrine that nothing, either in the physical or moral world, is made in vain, might exercise his sagacity in discovering the final cause of this mysterious feeling; in determining what advantage the human race derives from this principle in their nature, and what would be the loss were it extir-

pated from the breast, and no predilection felt for the place of our birth beyond any other spot. To this, perhaps, it may be replied, that the feeling is intended as a provision for the equal population of the globe. Had mankind no attachment to the place of their nativity, it is not improbable that, on feeling its disadvantages, they might generally be induced to migrate to more propitious climates, and that the whole progeny of Adam might be again congregated in one crowded Shinaar, leaving other countries unpeopled. Such an event is effectually counteracted by the feelings of which we have been speaking: as it is, every one is unwilling to leave his birth-place, whatever may be its disadvantages, and, when compelled to do so, that place becomes a magnet to draw him perpetually back, like a body revolving round the centre of an ellipse, with a force increasing directly as the distance. Yet, universal as is this sentiment, it is, like the opposite principles of attraction and repulsion, wonderfully counterbalanced by an antagonist principle—the love of emigration. How powerfully this acts, is known to every tyro in ancient history, who has read of the swarms that

> the populous North
> Poured ever from her frozen loins, to pass
> Rhine or the Danube.

And the accounts of modern colonies equally demonstrate that there is in the human mind an inherent love of travel. These contradictions are rendered the more perplexing by the changes that seem occasionally to take place in national manners and character. Thus, were we to look through Europe for a nation more than ordinarily attached to its home, we should probably fix upon the Swiss, among whom the affection of *Nostalgia* is so strong and prevalent, that it is said whole regiments of their soldiers have, in foreign countries, been known to lay down their arms, that they might follow the irresistible desire of returning to their native mountains. Yet these are the very people who, in the time of Julius Cæsar, under the name of Helvetii, in a body, burned their homes and left their beloved birth-place to seek a more propitious dwelling in Gaul. How are we to reconcile such opposite affections in the human breast? Are we to conclude man to be so capricious a being, as to defy all speculations on his nature; or are we to adopt the old Aristotelian doctrine, that all things subsist by contraries?

The next class of passengers, that appear in a Calcutta and Saugor steamer, present a marked contrast to the preceding. They are friends and relatives, who are going down to accompany the

departing, as far as the limits of the pilot-boats will permit. Among these are many shades of difference. The first are common acquaintances, who look forward to follow in a year or two themselves. They go down the river on this occasion merely as a party of pleasure; their conversation rolls chiefly on a calculation of the time when they also may be setting out on their return homewards, and is enlivened by many a witty remark on the vile climate of Bengal, the delights of that of Europe, and the embarrassment which an old *Qua-hy* feels on being transferred from the one to the other. A good deal is said on the want of *Thikauna* in the English weather, on the new *Hickmuts* of steam-coaches and rail-roads, of the present *Shouq* for improvements, and the number of new *Bunaos* to be found in the London shops.

And here it may be necessary to explain the uncouth terms which I have introduced into this sample of Anglo-Indian phraseology. The European reader need not be surprised to learn that, among Anglo-Indians, as among every other set of people any how combined, there exists a sort of slang language, containing a variety of phrases, not, it must be owned, of much classical elegance, but yet such as it would be difficult to find substitutes for of equal force and expressiveness. If I be thought to

take too much pains in interpreting such of the vocables of this *lingua franca*, as must occasionally occur, I entreat my readers to observe that one of the difficulties which an Indian finds, on returning home, is that of making himself understood. His friends naturally crowd about him with questions regarding the manners, customs, mode of living, &c. in India, and he attempts his best to gratify their curiosity; but, before proceeding beyond the very threshold of his explanations, he finds he has employed a number of words so familiar to himself, that it never occurs they can be unknown to his hearers. This produces a demand for explanation; one explanation requires another, and the business goes on, wheel within wheel, from one degree of intricacy to another, till both speaker and hearer give up the discussion in despair, the former wondering at the dulness of his friends in being unable to comprehend what is so simple and notorious; the latter declaring that no Indian can ever give an account of India. In fact, a vocabulary of the most expressive Eastern words adopted into European conversation, would be a very interesting and entertaining piece, and would cast great light on Anglo-Indian manners and ideas. In the absence of such a work, and for the benefit of those critics and commentators who, in A.D. 2500, shall publish *Vari-*

orum editions of the *Bengal Annual* and *Calcutta Magazine*, I shall attempt an elucidation of a few naturalized phrases, which our Indian friends will readily recognise as old acquaintances.

I shall begin with *Jaut Bhaee*, a phrase for which we necessarily want an equivalent, as it implies a person of the same caste; it is derived from *Jaut*, 'a caste' (a derivative from the Sanscrit *Jun*, 'to be born'), and *Bhaee*, the Hindee word for 'brother.' It is used metaphorically by Anglo-Indians to express intimate friends—as brother-officers, or brothers of a Freemason lodge.

The next word is the well-known *Bunao*. The best elucidation of this term is Peter Pindar's celebrated tale of the *Razors*. It exactly signifies what is made, not to shave, but to sell. "This Joe Manton is a bit of a *bunao*," is a phrase often applied to the fowling-pieces sold at Monghyr, the place where, by tradition, the Hindoo Vulcan fixed his earthly abode, and where accordingly the majority of inhabitants are blacksmiths. Similarly, we may say, "this hookah-snake, this *palkee*, or palankeen, are *bunaos*;" and, by an easy mataphor, "that story of his is a complete *bunao*:" it would be difficult to find an English phrase in which to translate this word, in all these instances. To the profounder class of my readers, who may wish to

know its etymology, I will add that *Bunao* is the second person plural of the imperative, used as a substantive, of the Hindee verb *Bunauna*, 'to make,' and, perhaps, "a made-up affair" would be its nearest, though circumlocutory translation.

The next term we shall mention is *Hickmut*. This is a very noble word, being the infinitive of the Hebrew and Arabic verb *Hakama*, 'he judged,' or 'commanded' Our readers doubtless all know, that Sir Walter Scott, in his *Tales of the Crusaders*, makes Sultan Saladin (Salauh-ood-Deen) come to the Christian camp, as a *Hakim*, or physician. But this is a mistake; *Hakim*, or more properly *Haukim*, signifies 'a judge' or 'ruler.' It is a common title of God, and never would have been assumed as a title by the sultan on that occasion. The word Sir Walter intended is *Hukeem*, another derivative from the same root, and which is the usual title for a physician, perhaps from some anticipation of the modern discovery, that "knowledge is power." The infinitive *Hickmut* signifies 'wisdom,' or 'philosophy,' and in this sense is degraded by Anglo-Indians to a variety of uses, which, if they be philosophy, are philosophy in its every-day clothes. Thus, "I don't understand the *Hickmut* of this lock;" that is, "I don't understand how to open it." "What's the *Hickmut*

of this new bridle?" *i. e.* "Which is the way in which it must be put on the horse?" &c.

While upon this subject, I may as well stop a moment, to complain of the want of prosody which appears in the writings even of our best poets, when using Oriental names. If an error in the quantity of a Greek or Latin word be an inexcusable blunder, why should a similar error in an Arabic or a Sanscrit appellation be passed over uncensured? If it would be unpardonable to talk of Cicĕro or Alexănder, why should we persist in speaking of the Emĭr and Súltăn, instead of Emēēr and Sultāūn. These, however, are errors that, like the universal use of St. Helēna for St. Helĕna, are too deeply engrained in language to be now got rid of. Still I cannot help wishing, that our great poets had avoided mistakes that necessarily disturb all who know any thing of Oriental pronunciation; I cannot resist quoting two instances.

In his *Vision of Don Roderic*, Sir Walter Scott, in a passage that must be familiar to every person of taste, describes, in a blaze of the most animated poetry, the landing of the Moslems in Spain:

> They come! they come! I see the groaning land
> White with the turbans of each Arab horde;
> Swart Zahra joins her misbelieving bands,
> Allah and Mahomet their battle-word.

How much is it to be wished that this splendid effu-

sion had not been injured by the introduction of two lines that sin against all prosody!

> The *Técbîrs'* war-cry and the *Leiles'* yêll,
> The choice they yield, the *Kōrăn* or the sword.

In the first of these, *Lelie,* though a barbarous corruption of the Arabic profession, "There is no God but God," may be excused, as there is no other word that would express it. But *Tecbir* ought to be altered—

> *Túcbēērs'* fierce war-cry, *Lelies'* cruel yell.

The second line, could the rhyme allow it, would assume far greater magnificence by a very slight alteration:

> The choice they yield, the Sword or the *Kŏrán.*

Mahomet, a barbarism for *Mohammad,* may be allowed, as it is Don Roderic who speaks, and he may be supposed not well versed in the Oriental tongues.

The other instance I shall give is from Thomas Campbell, who, in that beautiful but sadly fanciful picture of the regeneration of India, which concludes the first part of his *Pleasures of Hope,* exclaims—

> The tenth *Avātar* comes!

This should be again corrected—

> Comes the tenth *Avătāur.*

Conversely, he has *Ganĕsa* for *Ganēsha*, and so on. Such mistakes, though unnoticed by Europeans, sound very disagreeably to Oriental readers. They might easily be avoided.

Another current Anglo-Indian phrase is *Thikauna*, a Hindee word, of which it is difficult to give the exact meaning. Its general signification is 'fixture,' 'certainty,' 'or trust-worthiness.' Thus, "there's no *thikauna* in the English weather; it may be fair and foul a dozen times a-day:" "there's no *thikauna* in that fellow; he may be your friend to-day and enemy to-morrow."

We shall mention but one more, and that is the much-used but utterly untranslateable word *Shouq*. The *ou* is here to be pronounced as in *shout*, *trout*. It is the infinitive of the Arabic verb *Shaaka*, 'he wished' or 'desired.' It is in some respects similar to our 'taste,' but not exactly so, as *shouq* can be used in a ludicrous or perverse meaning, which 'taste' cannot. Thus, "he has a great *shouq* for pictures," would hardly imply that he has a great *taste* for or in pictures, but that he has a great rage for buying and possessing them, whether he really be a judge of painting or not. 'Rage,' however, would scarcely answer for *shouq*, in all instances. Thus, "he has a great *shouq* for study," would be more properly, "he has a great *love* for study,"

and would give an idea of approbation, of which "rage," is incapable. "Horses and dogs were his *shouq* at one time, but there's no *thikauna* in him; he has given up all his old *shouqs*, and his only *shouq* now is for politics." "I have a *shouq* for all sorts of machines, but I don't understand the *hickmut* of this watch; I think it is rather a *bunao*, for there's no *thikauna* in its going, and I know that my *Sirkaur* and the *Ghurree Waula* (native watch-maker) are *jaut bhaees*." Such is the language that is often heard from old Bengalee residents; not classical, certainly, but yet not easy to be rendered with equal force into pure English.

Another class of passengers are of a sadder description than those of which we have yet given an account. They are the parents, generally the mothers, of children of from three to eight years old, whom the irremediable insalubrity of the Indian climate compels their parents to send to Europe. During this last day of their being together, the children may be seen running up and down the poop and deck of the vessel, enjoying the novelty and bustle, and talking incessantly to their *ayahs* and bearers about each *juhaus* (ships) and *naoo* (boat), as it passes by, while the parents, indifferent to all other objects, follow their little ones constantly with their eyes, endeavouring to arrest their atten-

tion, and to say or do something that may remain in their own and their children's remembrance as a memorial.

This is, indeed, the most painful part of Indian exile. The insalubrity and oppression of its climate may be guarded against and alleviated; intercourse with Europe may be kept up, by correspondence; subjects with a large development of the bump of politics may have sent out bales of the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*, according as the organs of conservativeness or destructiveness prevail; and they who, in addition to hearing the speculations of others, long to enlighten the world with their own, may at all times do so through the ever open columns of the Calcutta newspapers. Those again who wish to cultivate any particular department of science or literature have always opportunities of doing so, for there are few parts of the world where books are more easily procured than Calcutta. It is true that new English publications are unattainably expensive; but after the lapse of a few months, they are found selling in the bazaar, when the gloss of novelty is over, at a tenth part of their original cost. Besides this, cheap editions of all popular English and translations of French and German books are printed in America, and imported in large numbers into Calcutta, where

they sell at an equal or perhaps greater rate of reduction. The *savans* of France and the professors of Germany are fond of having their names included in the list of donors to the Asiatic Society, and almost universally present copies of their works to its library, which thus contains a vast store of valuable books, that (thanks to our wholesome laws against the importation of such a pernicious manufacture as foreign literature) are hardly procurable even in London; of these particularly are German and French periodicals; and lastly, there is the literature of Calcutta itself, Native, English, and Anglo-Indian, composing a mass of valuable information on all topics relative to India, and forming a vivid picture and genuine record of the opinions and manners of seventy millions of our fellow-subjects, from all knowledge of which the people of Britain (thanks to the operation of the same laws) are completely prohibited. "*Malheureusement*," says Baron de Sacy, speaking of Macan's edition of the *Shah Namah*, "*les éditions de l'Inde parviennent difficilement en Europe;*" and for some reason, best known to those at the head of affairs, the shores of Britain are girt as with a wall of iron against the admission of the literary products of our eastern dominions. The consequence is, that no intercommunity of literary feeling exists between

us; and that while we are perpetually complaining of the paucity of our information respecting Hindostan, we voluntarily deprive ourselves of that from which alone it can be obtained pure and unsophisticated, the statements of the inhabitants of India themselves, as they are to be found exhibited in every possible shape, by the innumerable newspapers, magazines, tracts and pamphlets, Native, English and Eurasian, that are perpetually issuing from the Indian press.

No country can possibly afford a richer field than India for the cultivation of the various branches of natural history, zoology, botany, geology, mineralogy, &c.; in short, the politician, the man of literature, and the man of science, will find abundant scope for the exercise of their respective powers, and were there no counterbalancing circumstances, each of these might live almost as happily in India as in Europe. But to the father of a family, all this can countervail nothing of what there may almost be called the eleventh commandment, *thou shalt separate from thy children.* For if there be any aphorism at all certain in Indian Hygiene, it is, that children of European parents cannot be reared in India, from birth to adult age, without destruction to their constitutions. No precautions in diet, clothing, lodging, exercise, or

exposure, can ward off the irresistible effects of climate. The general course of the young constitution is, that from birth till about the age of three, the child, passing over the usual ailments of dentition, appears tolerably healthy, in some cases even more so than its cotemporaries in Europe; but, after that period, it begins to droop, becomes emaciated, sallow and languid; loses strength, spirits and appetite, and is incapable of partaking in amusement or receiving education. Then it is that parents have to make the choice, between sending their children to Europe, and retaining them in India to see them daily wasting away before their eyes. A cruel alternative! when to the inevitable griefs of parting there is added, as is too often the case, the uncertainty of the treatment which the children are to receive at home, from friends whom perhaps the parents may not have seen or had communication with for many years; who may be utterly indifferent to their long absent relatives, and very little prepared either to receive the "living consignments" with affection, or to watch over them with care.

Such reflections do not, of course, occur to young men on their arrival in India, nor are they commonly awakened during the few first years of married life. While the children are young, parents

in general, too much occupied with the happiness of possessing them, willingly exclude from their minds all thoughts of parting, and give themselves up to a sort of dreamy persuasion, hardly amounting to belief, that, among the innumerable cases they see around them, *theirs* may be an exception, and that, though thousands of examples testify to the contrary, some additional care or precaution, or some latent good fortune in the constitution, may preserve *their* children unaffected by the fiery blasts of May and the steamy exhalations of October. But gradually time steals on, and the infant passes its fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh birthdays; the delusion begins to dissipate; languor, sallowness, loss of appetite and strength, unappeasable fretfulness and increasing emaciation, followed by more serious attacks of fever, and unconquerable derangement of bowels, arouse parents to the sad necessity of preparing for their children's departure.

When, after many a struggle between duty and affection, and many an excuse for delay, which the parents, even while making it, perceive to be fallacious, the transmission is finally determined upon and accomplished, it is not to be supposed that all the disadvantages of Indian exile terminate, or that the whole loss consists in a few years of absence. Far

more serious evils are often the result. The unnatural separation of parents and children necessarily breaks up the associations which result from youthful intercourse, and the gradual expansion of intellect, during the years of education, under the parent's eye. When all this interesting period is passed over as a dreary blank, and the parents meet again with their grown-up offspring, they find themselves estranged from each other; community of feeling is lost, and too frequently there remains but little of affection. Even brothers and sisters, who may have been sent home at distant intervals, rarely attain that warmth of mutual affection which can be produced only by a length of unbroken intercourse during the susceptible years of childhood.

Such are the disadvantages of sending children to Europe; but they are inevitable. Of those who, from any cause, are kept in India, great numbers perish between birth and the completion of childhood. Some, however, survive: they for the most part appear to recover themselves about the age of ten or twelve, and from thence continue to pass through the usual stages of existence, but with marked debility both of mental and bodily constitution. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain the average duration of life in this race of men, but there can be little doubt that it is short:

many of the females, particularly, fall victims to too early marriage.

A curious circumstance, connected with the infants, is that, where they are much affected by the climate, they absolutely appear to cease to grow, and at the age of from one to three years, will go on from month to month without the smallest increase of bulk: their little clothes never require to be enlarged. Yet on being put on board of ship, and sent to sea, they at once take a start, and shoot up to their proper size.

Many projects have been entertained, and sometimes carried into execution, of rearing European offspring in Simla and other northern parts of India, and such schemes are generally so far successful as to carry children over the dangerous period of infancy; but this imperfect improvement of climate is altogether insufficient as a substitution for that of Europe, and perhaps no parent has ever trusted to it without having cause to repent. So certain is all this, that it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find throughout India a single instance of a second generation of European blood existing without having had communication with their original country; I mean that the grandparents should be Europeans, and the children and the grandchildren should have been born and reared

in India without ever going to Europe. If instances of this are to be found, they certainly must be very rare. I have never known one.

These considerations fully demonstrate the fallacy of the idea, that colonization by Europeans could ever be carried to any extent in our eastern dominions, even were it permitted in the most unlimited manner. Nature herself has placed insurmountable obstacles in its way, and has evidently intended that the blood of Europe should never people the plains of India. Were a colony now established under the most favourable circumstances, and with every requisite for the foundation of a new community, it would, without the slightest external accident or misfortune, wither and perish in two generations. The truth is, that the aphorism, that man is an inhabitant of all climates, must be received with great limitation. If it be true with respect to man in general, it is certainly erroneous with respect to the various races into which mankind are divided. They appear to be almost as strictly confined to particular districts as the different species of animals, and we might as easily expect to people the jungles of Bengal with a race of white bears, as its fields with a race of Esquimaux, or even perhaps of the race, whatever be its name, which inhabits the White Islands of

the north-west. We can change our longitude but not our latitude. It was from the *east*, and not from the north or south, that the children of men travelled to the land of Shinaar.

CONFESSIONS OF AN EURASIAN

"I KNOW not whether the document, in which I have thus sought a temporary relief from the pangs of humbled pride and disappointed ambition, is destined to see the light. Neglected, solitary, forgotten, it has been a relief to me to register my follies, and to preserve a record of the hidden troubles that have now nearly fretted to decay the frail mansion they so long tenanted. How soothing to have breathed them, in the confidence of the social hour, to some familiar friend, and in return to have drunk the cordial drop of sympathy from his lips! But neither friendship nor its consolations have been mine. To me it is a barren name—a shadow —an image suggested only by books, of which my experience can supply no counterpart.

"I was born a member of that limited knot of persons, whom the improved nomenclature of the

day designates *Indo-Britons*, or *Eurasians*, and a sharer, as such, in the supposed sorrows and imagined proscription which have, of late, awakened the fashionable sympathies of those who take a lively interest in the affairs of others, with the simple proviso of not being out of pocket by their philanthropy. But years glided away before the light burst in upon me, that I belonged to an aggrieved and persecuted race. From infancy almost to manhood, that consoling truth never flashed its conviction upon me. A liberal allowance, the best instructions that India could supply, a horse, a palanquin, and the superintendence of a kind parent and indulgent guardians, wafted me along so smooth a current of existence, that I had no leisure to cherish that high-minded sense of wrong, without which, according to prevailing doctrines, a man is neither free nor deserves to be so. It is astonishing how apt an unbroken flow of ease and enjoyment is to blind a man to the miseries of his own condition, as well as to make him insensible to the miseries of others as well off as himself. It is an apathy highly culpable in an enlightened age.

"I am the fruit of a mixed union, the confluence of Western and Asiatic blood in the same veins; in other words, the child of a casual congress between a major in the Honourable Company's ser-

vice and a decent Pariah female, named Latchmy Ubby, one of those beauties that wear the darkest livery of a burning sun. The country languages came to me with a natural facility, for I rapidly acquired sufficient of their vernacular gabble to communicate my wish to have what I wanted—the primitive element of every language. My father, the worthy Major Middlerace, undertook the task of teaching me English; but, though my docility was great, and my apprehension somewhat lively, my proficiency in that difficult tongue did not probably respond to the pains he took with my instruction, particularly when he endeavoured to teach me his own Yorkshire *patois*, which, in phrase and accent, he considered the purest English that could be spoken.

"I made considerable progress in more miscellaneous studies; yet, from my boyhood upwards to maturity, I frequently encountered a strange inexplicable sensation, that came over me at those times when a proposition more complex than usual, or embracing several accessories or relatives, lay before me. It was a discouraging, deadening sensation, partaking of an external sense and an inward sentiment, probably compounded of both. It seemed as if, from the beginning, a mysterious decree had gone forth, by which an impassable

boundary had been prescribed to my thinking faculties. I despair adequately to describe it, unless to those whom the same predicament of birth may have rendered accessible to its influence. Yet, possibly, those of our little community who have felt its tyranny, have preserved too inaccurate a notice of its operation to undertake the analysis. For myself, I can explain it only by metaphor and analogy.

"Have you noted the strange phenomena of your sleeping hours? You will easily call to mind those disturbed dreams, in which, having been pursued by a bull, or by a human assassin still more ferocious, you have betaken yourself to an alley or narrow street, you vainly mistook for a thoroughfare, and to your horror found it to be a *cul-de-sac*, that interposed an effectual bar to your escape, your adversary being all the while close at your heels; and then, in the faintness of despair, you have given yourself up for lost, but with an inward consciousness of ease and satisfaction in the surrender. Even so, when, hurrying onwards in the acquisition of knowledge, a doubt or difficulty came across me, I attempted to fly from it through some easier avenue, but sunk overpowered with something of a pleasing stupor, whilst the horns of the dilemma were about to goad me. Night-mares

like these rode me in the solution of every problem, whether of learning or conduct. At the same time, the very obstacle to which I had thus yielded was triumphantly vanquished by my competitors of unmixed descent, whether Europeans or Hindoos, as a well-poised skiff mounts with the wave and rides gallantly over it. In short, I was conscious of a certain quickness of apprehension, that carried me lightly along to a certain point. The sentiment stimulated my ardour and soothed my vanity; but when I had to thread consecutive reasonings, which, though of the simplest form, lay beyond the proposition I had embraced, my way became dark and confused, and, in despair of advancing an inch further in the labyrinth, I sunk down in a fit of torpor, which became by degrees rather agreeable than painful.

" Whence was this? I was alarmed at the soothing complacency that came over me on these occasions. Had I persisted in the struggle to the last, and then retired with defeat, my case would have been less hopeless; but, instead of making an effort to burst through the barrier, I tranquilly laid myself to rest the moment I reached it.

" Years glided calmly and pleasurably along: I pursued the unambitious tenor of my way, unoffending and unoffended. In truth, when I turn

back to the events of my life, which have left on my mind a chequered feeling of pleasure and pain, I feel a grateful veneration towards the Supreme Disposer, who shed upon my earlier course the choicest of his blessings. I looked around amongst my contemporary half-castes — Eurasians, I beg their pardons—and observed them to be in the same peaceful condition of fortune. Indeed, the Eurasian lot, which it is so much the fashion to commiserate, is for the most part auspiciously cast. The British parent, engrossed in the pursuits of gain, and the gradual accumulations which are to enable him to return to England, and having, therefore, no inclination to an union with one of his own countrywomen—for English beauty is a divinity that requires costly sacrifices at her altar—bestows his undivided cares on his Eurasian progeny; and nature, who always acts by rule, has in each family limited this progeny to a small number, and, in the greater part of a given number of instances, to a single one. Thus, the fruit of the connexion is endeared to him who has condemned himself to celibacy for the sake of fortune; and we are fondly nurtured in an affluence of all that is sufficient to render those happy, who are neither sufficiently English to be enamoured of intemperate pleasures, nor sufficiently Hindoo to

debar ourselves from those which are innocent. Happy Eurasians, till the fatal knowledge was revealed to you, that you were degraded by disabilities you never knew, and bowed down to the ground by the weight of fetters you never felt! With many of them I lived in close communion, and never did a murmur escape their lips. They made no idle comparisons, and complained of no injurious contrasts.

"At Madras, I was placed, at the age of seventeen—an epoch of Eurasian, equivalent to the maturity of European, life—at the desk of a house of agency. It was an age when nature, an expert schoolmistress, made me accessible to youthful emotions. My homage was first paid to English beauty; but with sensations of awe rather than love:—yet there was something in that awe which propelled me to the object that inspired it. In my musings on the subject, it did not occur to me that an abstract beauty resided in the European complexion, but was to be traced in the nameless accessories to that complexion, constituting, on the whole, a being that seemed to be perfection. It was, as the swain says in *Comus*, a thing that, as it passed by, I worshipped. But when I spoke with it, I wanted the requisite phrase and idiom; my tongue clove to my mouth, and refused its office.

"I resided, at this time, in the garden-house of a storekeeper, a respectable, and often an opulent class of the English community in India, but living in a subordinate sphere of connexion. He had an only daughter—a spoiled coquettish pet; pretty, though with diminutive features, and eyes rather arch and playful than expressive. She interested me most strangely. Was it love, about which I had read so much? Why not then make love at once? It was known that my father was rich. Where then was the disparity? My colour was not black; it was a tinge of olive only, that distinguished my complexion from the European. It is true, cosmetics would not help it;—but I said, as Othello did of his—'Yet that's not much.'

"She was an interesting creature, that Amelia Waddle; but the difficulty lay in my inexperience, not so much of the passion, as the set phrase—the words—in which I was to reveal it. Certain novels occasionally came out from England by the India ships, and chiefly from the Temple of Minerva in Leadenhall Street: of course, I imagined they were written under the sanction, probably by order, of the Company, the seat of whose authority was in that very street. I read them, therefore, voraciously, looking up to them as accurate models of the art of making love.

Ovid's were only the rules, but here were to be found their living illustrations. Often did I commit to memory parts of an interesting moonlight dialogue, from some of the numerous brood of fictions which Minerva, perhaps at a loss how to dispose of them at home, used to send out to India. But I rehearsed them in a voice so timid and faultering, that, conjoined with my Eurasian accent, which is never to be conquered nor dissembled, she supposed, or pretended to suppose, I was talking a language she did not understand :— 'I don't understand Gentoos,' she said, 'so you had better hold your tongue.' Perverse thing ! Thus she rebuked me into silence.

" Now and then, but at long intervals, a civilian or two of rank, who had a respect for my father, invited me to dinner. Who has not heard of Cecil Smith, the pleasantest, the wittiest of men ? I sat occasionally, a silent and unpretending guest, at his hospitable board, and the conversation I heard there, chiefly pertaining to England, seemed to open glimpses to me of an unknown world. I was, therefore, careful in treasuring up all that I heard in the delightful societies that encircled his table. Amongst other things, I remember hearing a clever man remark, that 'a series of attentions would win any woman upon earth.' Invaluable aphorism !

Henceforth, it was to serve me, as a talisman, to direct me through the intricate mazes of love. But Miss Waddle—what were the attentions by which she was to be won? If I touched her hand, it was sure to come back to me with a smart box of the ear, and the occasional exclamation—'let my hand alone, you black fool.'

"Not being master of all the turns and prettinesses of English conversation, I took this to be one of them. It, therefore, gave me no uneasiness. On the contrary, faithful to the maxim I had heard at Cecil Smith's, every repulse quickened my attentions, till they became officious even to servility. Her ayah could not have been more assiduous or quicksighted in discerning what she wanted, or picking up what she dropped—a glove, or handkerchief, or smelling-bottle. I shall long remember the morning of one very hot land-wind day. She was reclining on a sofa I had wheeled for her into the verandah, and dropt her kerchief on the floor. The extension of her arm an inch or two (for it was a low ottoman on which she reposed) would have placed it within her grasp. But it was enough to call my fetch-and-carry qualities into play; so I flew instantly and placed it by her side. It fell again. I picked it up with equal eagerness and delight. Again, again, again, the kerchief fell,

as if instinct with life. Again, again, again, I rendered her the same office. The sun shone fiercely even through the screen of cusa-grass that shaded the portico; and such was the impetuosity of my movements, that I was nearly overpowered with the exertion. Once more, the provoking piece of cambric found its way to the ground. Once more, I bustled to pick it up; but the heat of the effort and the weather, made it for that day the last of 'the series of attentions,' by which my English beauty was to be propitiated; for I sunk almost fainting on the floor. I soon recovered, indeed, but perceived to my surprise that the foot of the capricious syren had been all the time kept in employ by kicking me in sundry parts of the person—those especially, of which nearly all the others take the precedence. These kicks she accompanied with 'get up, you black fool!—how can you make yourself such an ass?'

"I assured her I did not sham; that it was pure exhaustion: trusting she would think favourably of me for suffering so much in her service. But she laughed scornfully, calling me an officious blockhead. I still clung, however, to the maxim I had heard at Cecil Smith's. Thus my attentions became slavery—knight-errantry was a mild, unobtrusive devotion compared with mine. If knights-

errant could find favour in the eyes of their mistresses, what was the recompense I had merited in those of Miss Waddle?

"The garden-house, at which Waddle resided, was at Ryapettah, about two miles from the fort. It had been my wont, every evening, when the business of the day was over, to ride thither, taking at the same time the usual promenade of the Mount-road; and emulous, I am compelled to say, of the young civilians, who, from their curvetting steeds, paid passing compliments to barouches, landaus, and curricles, freighted with the English beauty of Madras. It is true, I could not, like them, flutter round the fair groupes, that shone like so many stars along that delightful vista. But I was dressed in the closest imitation of their European fashions; and my Arab, the kind present of my father, who considered the manly exercise of horsemanship as the most redeeming accomplishment from the reproach of Eurasianism, could caper as nimbly and gracefully as theirs.

"One evening, however, my Arab played me a scurvy trick. I had just caparisoned him with a new saddle and bridle of recent importation, and rode with conscious elation amongst the gay cavaliers of the Mount-road, who were showing off their spirited steeds, rebuking with the curb the curvet

heir heels were inciting, and rattling out their idle *persiflage* to the dowager with whom they were to dine, or the misses who sate bodkined between papa and mamma. I took care, indeed, to keep the respectful distance of an Eurasian from the young registrars of zillah courts, and other dashing civilians, not omitting, at the same time, to note down their light talk, and to watch their air and manner, which I would have given any thing to acquire—even my grey Arab;—every thing, in short, but Amelia Waddle.

"In a short time, I observed that amiable creature, mounted—for she was a graceful horsewoman, —on a spirited palfrey. In her appropriate sphere, she too had admirers. It is true, her cavaliers were neither of the civil nor the military service. But her train was seldom deficient in a spruce English clerk or two, or now and then a young attorney. On the present occasion, she was escorted only by a third-mate of an Indiaman, who had found himself (God knows how) on the back of a Black-town charger, and was scudding before the wind alongside of Amelia. As she approached me with her convoy, she smiled with the kindest encouragement; and the smile was not lost upon me. Making a bold effort to shake off the Eurasian bashfulness, which was for ever disconcerting me in my inter-

course with English ladies, and imitating, as closely as I could, the nonchalance of the young civilians I mentioned, I crossed abruptly to get near her, and in the movement gave the third-mate a jerk with my right foot, that went near to unseating him (a check-mate, by the way, he never forgave me), and thus sidled myself close to her right-hand.

"Every body knows that it is the property of an Arab, though slow and sluggish in solitary excursions, to glow with a double portion of Promethean fire when he perceives a rival willing to outstrip him. 'I admire your grey much, Mr. Middlerace,' said Amelia. 'How dearly should I like to see him gallop!' With that, suiting the action to the word, she set off instantly at full speed, and my Arab, receiving the challenge with a snort of defiance, followed her with equal rapidity; the third-mate, on his Black-town hack, doing wonders, for the animal he bestrode had only the use of three legs, the fourth being suspended by the spring-halt aloft in the air. This was an insult my Arab seemed to feel, and having soon shaken off so ignoble a competitor, stretched himself out to give the go-by to a rival more worthy of his powers. Amelia, an excellent rider, pushed her palfrey to the extent of his speed—and in an instant, chariots, palanquins, curricles, tandems, bandys, drew on one

side, as if we had been regularly matched for a race.

" Miss Waddle, all the time, had her horse in perfect controul. I had lost all power over mine; and he ran along as if entered in the Nemæan games, and anxious to be commemorated by Pindar. My seat, always a precarious one, became now endangered; but he went on just as if my consent had nothing to do with his movements. Off flew my hat: at that moment, a thousand faces were grinning most hideously at my expense. Miss Waddle seemed also to enjoy the joke she had created; but though she had reined in her horse, I was still carried onwards on the wings of lightning, and had already arrived at Lord Cornwallis's cenotaph, when the animal, apparently out of respect to that great man's memory, stood suddenly still, and I glided over his neck, like an angel I have seen in some Dutch painting, descending from the clouds on a rainbow.

" Stunned with the fall, which, thanks to the lightness of my person, was not fatal, I remained prostrate for some minutes. The first object on which my eyes opened was the third-mate, who, having dismounted, or rather let himself down the side of his horse, was lifting me up, his square inexpressive face rendered more repulsive by a

broad grin, exclaiming—'How now, tawny? carry too much sail, eh!' So saying, he began swabbing me down, as he called it, to brush off the dust from my dress; that is, giving me each time a prodigious thump with his hands. But a celestial voice vibrated in my ear, that amply compensated for the rude handling I was undergoing from this savage Trinculo; for Amelia herself rode up, and said, 'I hope he is not hurt.'

"'Not at all, Miss Waddle,' was my reply; unless it is, I would have said, by this sea-monster, who is belabouring me, under the pretext of brushing the dust from my coat. A certain Eurasian prudence, however, which has seldom deserted me, admonished me to silence. But did I see aright? for the moment the kind-hearted creature had made the inquiry, I saw a grin upon her face, much worthier the ugly mouth of the third-mate than one formed so exquisitely as her's. She is overjoyed, I said, at my safety, and vents her feelings in laughter.

"From this incident, I date my repugnance to equestrian exercises. I contented myself, therefore, with walking home on foot, like other Eurasians, who sighed neither for horses, nor curricles, nor any of the equipages that shine like meteors on the Mount-road. One evening, I was returning, at a

slow, musing pace, when Amelia overtook me. She was riding gently, with the third-mate, on his Black-town jade, by her side. Gladly would I have declined a rencontre with that maritime production, for he never met me without one of those abominable grins, that had already made him so hateful. But Amelia, in the kindest manner, and in spite of her unmannered companion, entered into the most pleasing converse with me, as I walked, or rather ambled, by her side. Her horse walked, however, faster than I could have wished; but, according to my Eurasian notions of politeness, it would have been a gross insult to have left her whilst she was running on in a communicative flow, with which I was seldom honoured, when she deigned to converse with me. What could this third-mate mean? He was in a broader grin than ever, and looked for all the world like Vishnu, with his wide mouth and distended nostrils, on a Hindu pagoda. She still persisted in her fluent prattle, and I began to think myself decidedly a favourite. From other lips, indeed, it would have been tedious; but she never ceased, though I was puffing, panting, choaked with her horse's dust, and that kicked up by the third-mate on his three-legged beast, bathed in perspiration and ready to drop. How strangely inconsiderate, seeing how fatigued I was

in keeping up with her, not to epitomize her story, which, after all, was only an account of the ladies' dresses at a ball given to the presidency at the Government-Gardens! The least she could have done would have been to moderate her horse to a slower walk. She had now got into a long description of the lady governess's pink sarsnet, and the festoon of laurel which skirted it. But the aphorism came across me, that 'every female was to be won by attentions,' and I attempted to walk on till she dismissed the pink sarsnet, and then politely to take my leave. But that accursed sarsnet would have filled a volume; and I was obliged at last, in a complete state of exhaustion, to lean against a tree to recover my breath. 'Eh, eh, eh!' cried the third-mate, shaking his fat sides, and pointing to the great Triplicane tank near which I halted, 'run in, young tawny, run in and cool yourself.'"

* * * * * * *

Here follow several similar misadventures that befel the Eurasian, down to the marriage of Miss Amelia Waddle with the third-mate, occupying several pages of his diary and three years of his life. His father having died, leaving him a handsome property, he was anxious, like other sojourners in India, to return *home*, and take his share in the great political transactions of England. Before

his embarkation, however, he took a distinguished lead in the measures that were about that time under deliberation, for the entire restoration of his Eurasian brethren to their just weight in the social and moral scale, and to those rights from which they had been so long and so iniquitously excluded.

It seems that the Eurasian, on the death of his father, inherited considerable property; and having, to use his own phrase, determined to return *home*, was deputed by his fellow-Eurasians to carry their petition for a restoration to the civil and political immunities from which they deemed themselves unjustly excluded, in order that it might be presented to the Legislature. From a marginal annotation in the manuscript, it appears also that he was now in his twenty-second year.

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"Experience, the god of this lower world, had, to this epoch of my life, been wanting to me; and to this circumstance I naturally attributed the errors and perplexities in which, from time to time, I found myself entangled. England, I fondly hoped, would in a few years supply the defects of an education so little calculated to train the understanding to the solution of those difficult problems of human conduct, on which our weal or woe depends.

"To an Eurasian, the embarkation in a large vessel is like a new birth. The ship itself was a new orb, peopled with a new race, presenting within its narrow dimensions more opportunities of studying the nature to which I belonged, than had hitherto been within my reach. A new present, a new futurity lay before me. Through the indistinct haze of anticipation, every object of hope loamed, as it were, in huge and gigantic proportions, which half-gladdened, half-appalled me. I was now wafted along the world of waters, towards a country, which the language and sentiments of the European residents of India had pictured to my thoughts as the resting-place of the fondest aspirations of the heart, the paradise that encircled all the modes and forms of earthly enjoyment. I was blest with affluence, invested with the unfettered use of it, and with such a talisman of worldly happiness in my possession, a long vista of undisturbed delight opened to my vision.

"But I had not analyzed with requisite precision the attraction which Europeans felt towards the country of their birth. It was their HOME. The letters composing that word were each so many cabalistic characters, that summoned before their eyes smiling hearths, groupes of familiar faces, village-greens, where their careless infancy had

roamed, all mellowed in the soft moonlight of remembrance, or clothed with fresh life, if remembrance had failed. To me there was no *home*. It was a lifeless term, that awakened no sentiment and presented no picture. What heart beat for my return? What parent, what sister counted anxiously the minutes that retarded it? It was well for me that I did not dwell on these painful contrasts. It would have been too harsh a foretaste of sorrows which, till their due season, are wisely veiled from our knowledge.

"At first, all was prodigy—enchantment. I gazed on the ocean as an abyss illimitable, like that of eternity, and when the flat sands of Madras and the scorched hills of Pulicat sank below our horizon, felt myself pushed off on a vast and shoreless void. But though I knew not the mystic import of the word, the charities it contained, or the promises it breathed, I was returning HOME, and by habit and imitation, the word came as becomingly from my lips as it did from those of my fellow-passengers. Some of them, indeed, appeared to sneer when I joined in those delightful anticipations of home, with which they were wont to beguile the tediousness of the voyage. But it gave me no uneasiness, for they were kind and attentive to me; sometimes so officiously as to annoy me with their civilities.

"One thing, on my first embarkation, had presaged an unpleasant time of it; for I found installed in the office of chief mate, the identical Caliban who had grinned with such savage ecstasy at my misadventures in the Mount-road, and as a consummation of his insolence had robbed me of Amelia Waddle. But he showed me such marked attentions, made me so low an obeisance every time we met on deck, and exhibited so amiable a deference to every observation I made, that though I thought his politeness rather overdone, I began to stifle the unfavourable opinion with which he had impressed me;—the more so, since I found that Miss Waddle had given him little reason to be satisfied with his bargain, the capricious spoiled chit having degenerated into the fretful termagant wife.

"Week after week glided away, and I began, like every body else, to be fatigued with the voyage. 'And how long do you think, Sir, it will be before we get home?' I asked the chief mate, one evening, when it was his watch. 'Get home! Mr. Middlerace, get home!' he returned for answer, in a tone like that of computation—but with a marked emphasis on the word *home*;—'why, you will be *home*'—pulling out his watch—'aye it's now eight P. M. Tuesday the 22d of August—you will be at Portsmouth at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the 5th of October.' And, ideot as I was, I did

not see the banter that lurked in the forced gravity and mock politeness with which he replied to my inquiries; neither did I suspect the accuracy of his reckoning. I had seen the fellow, day after day, assiduously engaged in his solar observations, and my education had been so unscientific, that I leaped with the greatest agility to the conclusion that the day and hour of our arrival was an affair of easy computation, and having no reason to suspect the trick he was playing upon my credulity, looked forward to the auspicious day and hour with the fondest anticipation.

"And it did happen that we saw land on the day and anchored within a few minutes of the hour he had predicted, beneath a high ridge of land, intersected by a long winding valley, along which, with the aid of a glass, I could clearly discern several buildings of considerable magnitude, a street with neat and elegant houses on each side, with the steeple of a church rising pleasingly above them. 'There, Mr. Middlerace!' said Woolfenface, while they were letting go the anchor, 'there! did I not tell you we should be at Portsmouth at eleven o'clock on the 5th of October?' 'You are quite correct, Sir,' I replied, looking at my watch. 'This *is* the 5th of October, and it *is* only four minutes and a half past eleven in the forenoon.'

"'Was I deceived, or did I not discern that hideous grin on his ugly face, which had so often disgusted me—and did not every individual of the group of passengers collected on the deck at that moment eye me with a look, betokening in some contempt, and commiseration in others? Such, however, was the faith my imperfect education had taught me to repose in human assertions (alas! it led me subsequently into a thousand perplexities), that I began to busy myself in immediate preparations for my journey to London, and was infinitely delighted when the purser offered me a seat in the post-chaise, in which, he said, he was about to convey the despatches to the India House.

"Overwhelmed with the idea of having at length reached *home*, full of the importance of the Eurasian mission, and not unconscious of the inspiring sensation of a considerable fortune, securely placed in the English funds, I began the bustle of packing up, requesting the chief-mate to order my trunks and packages to be brought from the hold;—and he affected to give orders to that purport, but in a tone of vociferation much louder, I thought, than was necessary. 'Below there!'—'Aye, aye, Sir!' 'Trunks No. 1, 2, and 3, marked Ephraim Middlerace, Esquire!' Methought I heard the order echoed from below with shouts of laughter; but

my delusion was so complete, that every suspicion died instantly away as soon as it was awakened. With a wild exultation of heart, I joined a party of passengers who were going ashore, and soon felt my feet treading, as I believed, the hallowed soil of England. But the vision was not destined to be of long duration. One of my fellow-passengers, an officer in the King's service, drew me aside, and said, 'Faith!, Mr. Middlerace, they are laughing at you. You have been led to believe that you are in England. By the powers, it's all a hoax;—you are now in the island of St. Helena!'

"In truth, the confederacy to deceive me had been got up with great unity of design and skill in execution. I knew it to be usual for homeward-bound ships to stop at St. Helena; but in answer to all my inquiries on that head, I was assured by Woolfenface, that *we could not possibly make St. Helena;* and in that assurance I had quietly acquiesced. Judge, then, with what surprise and indignation I received Major Nettlehead's kind intimation of the deceit that had been practised upon me.

"'Is it possible?' I exclaimed.

"'Yes,' said the major, 'I tell you so upon my honour;—and I beg, Mr. Middlerace, that my honour may not be called in question.' His tone

humbled and alarmed me. I apologized, and thanked him for his kindness, assuring him I would take the earliest opportunity to tell Woolfenface that he had deceived me.

"'But you must do more,' replied my Hibernian Mentor. 'He has insulted you.' 'Most grossly, major,' I said.

"'And you must call him instantly to account for doing so,' said the major.

"'I will do so this very evening,' was my reply. 'I will tax him with falsehood, and to make his disgrace more galling to him' (I had frequently occasion to observe that the chief-mate was fond of dangling on the ladies whenever they appeared on deck), 'I will tell him of it to his face before the ladies.'

"'You mistake the matter quite,' rejoined Major Nettlehead. 'The ladies must know nothing about it. It must be done in private, and I will be your friend, and carry him your message.' I was not displeased to find the affair was to be a private one, for assuredly my courage would have faltered in reproaching Woolfenface before so many witnesses;—and more particularly before the ladies, in whose presence I always felt abashed. But the major had not yet made me understand him. At last came the explanation. I was to send him, by

Major Nettlehead, a hostile message to meet me behind Longwood, at seven the next morning. 'We must hire horses,' observed the major, 'to carry us up the hill, which is as steep, by all the powers, as the mainmast;—and I will take care of the needful.'

"'The needful!' said I, 'I have enough for that purpose;' at the same time pulling out a handful of coin from my pocket.

"'Pshaw!' said he, muttering between his teeth something that sounded not unlike 'half-caste ideot.' 'That's not what I mean. What I meant was, that I would accommodate you with my pistols. They are hair-triggers, and genuine Wogdens, every inch of them.'

"'In a moment, obtuse as I was to the forms and conventions of European life, the truth flashed on me like lightning. 'What, major,' I asked, 'am I to fight a duel?'

"'You have hit it,' said he, with ineffable coolness.

"'But I never fought one in my life,' I returned.

"'It is high time, then, you should begin,' was his placid answer.

"'And be killed,' I continued, 'because, forsooth, Mr. Woolfenface has insulted me?'—'Precisely so,' said he; 'what better reason would you have?'

" 'But, my dear Sir,' I rejoined, 'would it not be more Christian-like to forgive him?'

" 'More Christian-like, undoubtedly,' said he, 'but not quite so gentleman-like.'

" It was idle to argue with Major Nettlehead on such a subject, for he had killed his man not long before at Masulipatam, and with one of those very Wogdens, as he had himself assured me. His looks were quite fearful when he told me I should forfeit the character and privileges of a gentleman for the rest of my life, if I did not call Woolfenface out. 'And what is more, Mr. Middlerace,' said he, 'by all the powers, you must fight *me* if you refuse. I have offered, as you see, to be a pace-maker betwixt you, and my services must not be slighted.' Here he swore an oath that made me tremble. Thus placed between two fires, non-compliance was out of the question, and the major was instantly rowed off to the ship, which lay about two cables' length from the shore. A quarter of an hour brought him back to the spot in which he had left me. Every thing, he told me, was most *comfortably* arranged. Woolfenface would be behind Longwood the next morning at the hour appointed.

" A party of passengers, amongst whom were the major and myself, had taken lodgings at a

private house during our *séjour* on the island. At dinner, I sate motionless with affright. The major plied me with port wine. It was the first time I had ever tasted it. It seemed, from its strength, to be an admirable beverage for a bull; it inspired me with a sensation like courage; I congratulated myself on the discovery, and in the full glow of a manly determination to avenge the affront that had been put upon me, retired to my apartment. But, in a short time, the screws by which my feelings had been raised were again loosened. Yet how could I retract? I was like the ancient Britons—before them lay the ocean, behind the Picts. I must either fight Woolfenface, or stand a shot from the unerring Wogdens of the major. But surely there were exemptions, which might be fairly pleaded from the tyranny of this barbarous custom.

"Nor was I long before I hit upon one. Was I not entrusted with an important diplomacy in behalf of my Eurasian brethren? Was not the person of every ambassador privileged from a wanton and unnecessary risque? At this crisis of the debate, the major entered. I stated to him my scruples. He overruled them as before, and swore there was no alternative left to me. The major made two glasses of stiff brandy-and-water. Strange phenomenon! I was again wakened to the insult

I had received—again fired with the wish to revenge it. Another glass heated me to a degree of determination still more intense. But it was a smouldering flame, like that of ignited grease, which extinguished the blaze it excited.

"I felt sleepy, or rather stupified—and the major left me, with a promise to call me punctually at the hour, telling me emphatically that, on these occasions, it was better to be too early than too late.

"I could not have been left in less pleasant company than that of my own meditations. My night was restless, and scarcely had I fallen into my first doze, when the major, with accursed punctuality, stood at my bed-side. Happily, my olive tint concealed the paleness which, under similar circumstances, the European countenance would have betrayed. I lingered longer, however, at my toilette than the major liked. 'Make haste, my friend, said he, as if we were going on a party of pleasure. 'Here are the cunning rogues,' opening the box that contained his Wogdens. 'They never miss at twelve paces; but I shall only allow you eight.' 'Eight paces!' I ejaculated. 'Surely we might as well fight in a saw-pit.' I should have continued the protest, but the major's looks awed me into silence.

"We accordingly mounted our island nags, and

began to climb the road, or rather the ravine, that led to Longwood. We did not arrive at the appointed spot till half an hour at least after the time; for the horses of St. Helena are quite unmanageable without their keepers, who run behind, twisting their tails by way of rudder, which at the same time goads them along and guides them in the direction it is intended they should take. But the secret nature of our expedition rendered it necessary for us to get on as well as we could without them. The Bucephalus, however, which the major bestrode, not perceiving the wonted stimulus in his rear, took it occasionally into his head to back down the hill instead of ascending it; and my own, out of mere mimicry, made the same retrograde advances. The major, therefore, adopted the ingenious expedient of turning the heads of both animals from the point we were going to, and then to spur and whip as if it had been our object to go back again. The expedient succeeded; for in the true spirit of opposition, they backed upwards, and thus brought us to the place of rendezvous. We looked around, but Woolfenface was not to be seen.

"The major pulled out his watch. 'I shall give him,' he said, 'half an hour's law. That is the indulgence allowed by the code of honour.' Though inwardly pleased at the circumstance, I

exclaimed, with affected surprise—'not come! how strange!' 'Some accident,' replied Nettlehead, coolly; 'but I cannot think he will be so uncivil as to disappoint us.' An hour elapsed, and no chief-mate made his appearance. 'What's to be done,' said I? 'Why, you must post him as a coward, or give him a horse-whipping, whichever you prefer,' continued the major, replacing his darling Wogdens in their well-padded receptacle. At that instant, his face brightened with a sudden gleam of satisfaction, for the chief-mate, attended by the purser, hove in sight. It seems, they had mounted two steeds more self-willed than our own, and after a long controversy, in which spurs and whips took an active part, they had turned them loose into the valley beneath, and proceeded on foot as well as they were able.

"The matter was soon arranged, and the Wogdens again saw the light. I was placed with my back next to the declivity, and the major, having measured out the eight paces, put a pistol into my hand, and proceeded to make some arrangement with my adversary's second. I looked instinctively the chief-mate in the face, and even at that awful moment it was in broad grin. The major was now receding to a short distance, in order to pronounce the word—fire! But in the same instant, my reso-

lution was taken and executed. I turned my back, and ran down the valley along crags and precipices which a chamois would not have ventured to tempt. By what process I framed the resolve, I cannot for the life of me explain; it was so rapid as to outstrip all thought or volition. I pursued my flight to the beach, and having soon got back to the ship, related to the captain the incident of the morning. He was a man of good sense and amiable manners. Having mildly reprehended the chief-mate for passing such idle trickeries on an ingenuous and inexperienced youth, he recommended Major Nettlehead in future to keep his Wogdens for his own use; a hint which the major, with all his Irish courage, received more calmly than might have been expected from one who had killed his man. The captain kindly attributed my defalcation of nervous energy not to hereditary or constitutional causes, but to the softness and languor of mind, contracted by an education amongst a race habitually passive to every provocation. He knew, he said, many Eurasians, who, after sojourning in England for a few years, showed themselves far from deficient in the moral courage which was requisite to sustain the character of a gentleman. I could have listened to him for ever when I heard him talk so sensibly of the Eurasian character, and

found him so willing and competent to do us justice He insisted farther, that Woolfenface should make me an apology; and the fellow, still however with the infernal grin upon his countenance, advanced and took me by the hand. I received the apology, but could not forbear asking him—why he had deceived me?

"'Deceived you, Mr. Middlerace! How did I deceive you?'—'Did you not tell me,' I said mildly, 'that *we could not possibly make St. Helena?*' 'True,' replied he, 'and neither we, nor any navigators that ever sailed, have *made* it yet.' This, as I afterwards found, was a conundrum; and it was truly worthy of its addle-headed inventor."

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The Eurasian's diary proceeds to relate the mingled emotions of surprise and admiration that agitated him on his arrival in England. It describes his expectation of finding the shores of the river lined with Eurasians to hail his coming;—the strange disappointment he witnessed when he first saw a director, having, as he mounted the steps of the India House, made his salams to a stout old man, in a cocked-hat and scarlet cloak, with a pint of porter in his hand, whom he took for the chairman, but whom he afterwards found to be one of the porters, in the dress worn by those personages on a court-day.

Several minor perplexities happen to him, all attributable to too easy a faith in human assertions, a defect, of which a little London experience soon cured him. He waited upon a member of Parliament, who promised to present the Eurasian petition;—invited him, in the name of the Eurasians in England, to a grand dinner they gave him at the London Tavern, where he ate and drank heartily at their expense, made speeches in praise of the Eurasians and the dinner—and afterwards forgot to present their petition.

* * * *

"Month after month elapsed, and I received no invitation to confer with the chairman, the deputy-chairman, nor with the committee of shipping, nor with the secret committee, nor with any individual director, on the important objects of my deputation. Strange, that a political portent so new and alarming, as the rising of the whole Eurasian body in the dignified attitude of insulted nature, though for the recovery of rights they never had, and the redress of grievances they never felt, should be overlooked by those whose especial provnce it was to watch every speck or cloud in the eastern horizon.

"Eurasian timidity alone restrained me from proceeding at the head of our body domiciled in

London, and demanding an audience of the Court of Directors. Besides, on examining our numerical strength for that object, we found we could only muster about half a dozen—a number not sufficiently imposing to awe the directors into the measures we were anxious to carry—so the matter was abandoned. Still, however, I felt it would be deserting the great cause that had been confided to my exertions were I to omit any practicable means of influencing the directors in our favour. Amongst the many deficiencies of an Eurasian education, is the shrinking bashfulness, that ties the tongue within the mouth when we have any thing important to urge, or any point to carry. Yet an opportunity at last occurred of an interview with one of the directors, which I hoped might turn out advantageously to the common cause. I had taken care to qualify myself as a proprietor of India stock, which I held to a considerable amount. Three stars were affixed to my name on the books, and I was told by the kind friend who advised me to that effect, that it was a constellation that would prove propitious to any objects I might wish to promote at the India House.

"A worthy gentleman became on a sudden so solicitous for the happiness of his fellow-subjects in India, that he besought the ladies and gentlemen

who were in possession of India stock to make him one of the directors. He called upon me, and solicited my vote. 'A civil, well-spoken gentleman,' I said, as he came bowing into the room: 'I will give him my vote, but he shall pledge himself to support the Eurasians.' The words almost died on my lips. At last, though with some hesitation, I gave him to understand that I was an Eurasian. Here I paused. 'My dear Sir,' he replied, 'persons of all religious sects are entitled to vote at the India House, provided they are duly qualified: Catholics, Quakers, Baptists, Anabaptists.' Here I perceived that he had mistaken Eurasianism for one of the numerous *isms* into which the Christian world is divided. When I explained to him, however, the meaning of the designation, and the objects we were seeking, he assured me that, as soon as he should be placed in the direction, and *could feel his way* (these were his words), he would give the Eurasian cause his most strenuous assistance. Delighted with this assurance, I gave him my vote, and being well supported, he became a director.

"'Now is the time,' my friend said, who had advised me to the purchase of my India stock, 'now is the time for you to push the Eurasian cause. See whether he *can feel his way* as yet to promote it. In the meanwhile, as a matter

of course, he will give you a cadetship, for mind, you have three stars to your name. And my boy Joseph is just the age—so pray ask him for the appointment, for there are two at this moment in his gift.' Inspired with Eurasian zeal, and the laudable desire of promoting the interests of my friend's family, I obtained an interview with the director. How strange, that my Eurasian timidity should on such an occasion make me falter! I contrived, however, though in broken sentences, to remind him of his pledge to the Eurasians, so soon as he should feel his way. 'Right, right, Mr. Middlerace,' he replied; 'the moment I can feel my way, the *thing* shall be arranged.' 'The thing!' I said to myself. 'Is the Eurasian cause a thing?' Not willing to harass him with further importunities on the same topic, I proceeded to the next, and in plain language asked him for the cadetship. He was the most civil person imaginable. 'Cadetship!' said the director, 'most assuredly. Cavalry or infantry—which, Mr. Middlerace?' I answered, it was all the same to my friend; it was a matter I would leave to himself. And whilst I was stammering this out, the civil gentleman went on making me bow after bow, with a courtesy so bewitching, that I found myself unconsciously so near the door, as actually to have

reached the passage before he had done bowing. Never shall I forget the retrograde fascination, if I may so call it, by which I was charmed into an exit. I have since heard it termed 'bowing a person out of the room;' but the process described by that phrase is associated with some degree of insult, or at least of contempt; whereas, in my instance, it was done with a politeness so truly enchanting, that I took it for one of the refinements by which high-bred persons facilitate the egress of their visitors without the formality of taking leave.

"Eager to communicate to my friend the kind gentleman's promise of a cadetship for his son, though I must say, I expected a heartier expression of interest in the Eurasian cause, I told him all that had passed. I was surprised to see him shake his head at the good news I brought him. 'But,' said I, 'here is a distinct assurance: can any thing be more explicit?' He replied only by a second shake of the head. Half provoked at his incredulity, I asked him what more he required than so positive an assurance, accompanied by the question—'cavalry or infantry?' implying, as strongly as language could imply, that a cadetship in one of those services was actually awaiting his acceptance. My friend, instead of replying, burst into a horse-laugh, which I perceived he had been for some minutes endeavouring to repress.

" But was the Eurasian cause to languish from my want of activity or resolve? I was determined to see the chairman himself, to explain our views, and to beseech his powerful patronage of our suit. I had to wait in the ante-chamber amongst a crowd of applicants, in whose features I thought I could peruse the grievance to be remedied, the advancement that was sought, and the hope deferred by which the heart was sickened. At length my name was called, and I was ushered into the presence of a tall and dignified but easy and polished person, sitting at a table covered with papers. From some undefined notion of a respectful humility, I stole across the room with the stealthy pace of a cat, and stood full before him. Though somewhat startled at the suddenness of the apparition, he motioned me to a chair. ' Mr. Middlerace—I believe,' said the chairman. ' The son of a late respectable officer, Colonel Middlerace.' I made a slight acquiescence, and then commenced an effort, but in broken sentences, and with a due allowance of hems and haws, to open the subject of my mission. In truth, I am to this hour unconscious of what I actually said. Enough, however, escaped me to guide his apprehension to the subject of the conference I had solicited.

" ' You have been deputed,' he said, with a

suavity of manner that won my heart, 'to present the petition of the Eurasians of India for the redress of their grievances?' I bowed assent, and unfolded a copy of the petition in which those grievances were enumerated. 'Of course,' he continued, 'the Eurasians, yourself amongst the rest, are exceedingly wretched?' I stared, not having expected the question. 'Wretchedly oppressed,' he went on; 'liable to be killed and plundered with impunity.' I replied in the negative. 'Then you are protected by the law from robbery and assassination? Very good, so far. Forbidden, perhaps, to marry or fall in love?' I answered, that an Eurasian might fall in love as often as he pleased, and marry any body who would have him. 'Good,' said he; 'these are requisite ingredients in civil liberty, and I am glad to find that your oppressors have left them to you. Then, I take it for granted, that the bazaars are closed upon you, and that you must either consume bad provisions or go without any.' I assured him he was in an error. We lived on the best of the land, and had plenty of money to spend. 'Humph!' Never shall I forget his ejaculation. 'I am afraid, then, the case of the Eurasians, however deplorable, is without a remedy; for they have nothing to complain of.' 'Nothing, Sir, to complain of!' To be shut out from the high offices to

which every man in a free state naturally aspires!' and I was beginning to declaim some sentences of the petition. 'All very true,' replied the chairman —'and do you, Mr. Middlerace, yourself aspire to the painful office of governor-general, or would you accept it, were it offered to you?' I said, 'Certainly not; it would make me miserable.' 'Then, in a free state,' said he, 'every man naturally aspires to be miserable!' He looked at me in the face as he said this, and having perused in it the ingenuous avowal of the truth to which, by this Socratic process, he had completely extorted my assent, shook me cordially by the hand, and advised me, with such evident kindness of heart, to think no more of Eurasian grievances, that I returned home for ever weaned from the absurd pursuit of seeking redress for wrongs, which existed no where but in the petition for their removal."

* * * *

"My wants were few, and I had abundant means to satisfy them. Shut out, by the unconquerable shyness of my habits, from those intercourses which, by the seduction of example, lead a man into ruinous expenses, my fortune accumulated almost beyond my wishes. Wealth was a dubious blessing to a solitary being like myself, who had no friends to sympathize in his good fortune, but

the mercenary wretches who pursue it, as sharks follow the ship, with a greedy expectancy of the offal that may be thrown out from it. Yet I felt myself made for social enjoyment, and experienced an aching loneliness and chillness of heart, which a pleasing and disinterested friendship, had it been my lot to have formed one, would have soothed and comforted. Nor was it long before my imagination grasped the treasure of which it had so long dreamed. It had been my duty occasionally, whilst I was in the employ of the house of agency at Madras, to carry government specie on board one of his Majesty's ships then in the roads:— a confidential employment, which introduced me to the acquaintance of the lieutenants and other officers, by whom I was frequently invited to the hospitalities of the ward-room.

"I was one morning pacing along one of the walks of St. James's Park, revolving, in no very pleasant mood, the friendless and solitary condition in which fortune had placed me, when I met a person of well-dressed and fashionable appearance, who looked at me in the face with a stare of recognition. We exchanged the usual civilities, and shrinking, as it was my wont to do, from unauthorised familiarity, I made him a low obeisance, and took my leave. I remembered him as the Honour-

able Lieutenant Featherington, of the navy, and as one of the ward-room party whom I had now and then seen, or perhaps conversed with, during one of the visits I have mentioned. But he held me fast by the arm, chatting with all the ease imaginable, but running so rapidly from one topic to another, that I could not get in a word, even when he was obliged to stop for want of breath, and as if we had been all our lives sworn friends and companions. In this manner he dragged me several times up and down Bond Street, and during the whole time, all the quota I contributed to the conversation consisted only of a few of the shortest monosyllables. It struck me, however, that several persons, as they passed us, addressed him with 'my lord.' And so he was; — for having succeeded to the title, and to what remained of the estates, of his father, he was now, as he told me, Viscount Featherington.

"I know not how to account for a certain mystic reverence that, from my youth upwards, I have always felt towards those titular personages, unless it was through the imperfection of my Eurasian education. But I had accustomed myself to invest them with attributes beyond those of mere humanity, as if it was by condescension only they suffered themselves to be classed with the species. In India,

they appeared, indeed, now and then, like the fabled birds of Araby, to awe and astonish us, in the shape of governor-generals or governors; but to walk arm-and-arm in familiar converse with a being of this description, was a dream that never visited my imagination in its most aspiring moods. Yet it seemed odd that several of the gay saunterers, as they passed us, gave him a knowing wink of the eye, and then looked at me with so unrestrained a curiosity as nearly put me out of countenance. Nor was their symbolical speech the more intelligible, when I heard one of them remark to his companion, as they stopped at the window of a caricature-shop, 'Who's that Featherington has taken in tow? Some Jew, for a cool five hundred, I'll swear.' 'Jew!' said the other; 'He's no Jew. That olive complexion may prove an olive-branch of peace between Featherington and his duns. Why, it's some young slip of a nabob out of a tawny-ketch, with more rupees in his pocket than brains in his head. I'll swear to sire and dam, or there's no faith in mahogany.' Eurasian ass that I was! My eyes were as much closed to the light as an owl's; and the jargon of Bond Street as dark and mysterious to my apprehension as the Syriac or Coptic.

"The young peer shook me heartily by the hand

at parting. 'We must meet again,' said he. 'It is not often I can enjoy the pleasure of conversing with a sensible man, who has seen so much of mankind as yourself. Dine with me to-morrow, my good fellow, at six.' So saying, he put his card into my hand, which I received with a look that would have told him, had he minutely observed it, with how overwhelming a sense of his condescension the invitation was received. In truth, it fared with me as if a cubit had been added both to my moral and physical stature. To be the chosen companion —perhaps the familiar friend—of one of the nobles of the land—to burst the barriers of that Eurasian awkwardness which had hitherto rebuked the secret ambition I had cherished in solitude and silence, of obtaining an introduction into the circles of elegance and fashion—was the consummation of all that the beneficence of fortune had yet in store for me. Wealth! what was it, if I was doomed to live amongst the vulgar underlings, with whom the untoward circumstances of my mixed birth had hitherto linked me—beings whose mirth was inspired by ale, whose wit was enlivened by gin—whose converse was as heavy and stupifying as the fumes of their pipes? I was perplexed, however, with the compliment he had been pleased to pay me. 'It is not often I can enjoy the pleasure of

conversing with a sensible person, who has seen so much of mankind as yourself.' Went it not so? I said to myself. What could he mean? My share of the conversation was sustained only by the few assenting monosyllables I now and then contrived to wedge in—and I had seen much of mankind, it was true, but had observed and studied them just as a turnpike-keeper observes and studies those who pass through his gate. Still, why should his lordship think it worth his while to flatter me? The easier and more pleasant inference was, that he had actually discerned the good sense and knowledge of the world, for which he gave me credit, in the appropriateness of that very monosyllabic discourse to which I had confined myself: for a wise brahmin once told me, that all the practical wisdom of life consisted in knowing when to say 'yes' or 'no.'

"Lord Featherington, who was yet single, resided in splendid lodgings at a milliner's in Regent Street. He had been on shore long enough to lose the bluntness of the nautical character, or, as he himself quaintly expressed it, 'to wash the pitch and tar off his hands.' It struck me as a singular but rather a flattering circumstance, that it was a *tête-à-tête* party, for only two covers were laid—and I was still more flattered, when my noble

host assigned the reason for not having invited a party to meet me. 'I had not time, my dear Middlerace, to beat up for guests worthy to meet you; and as for those made-up puppies we met yesterday—*chenilles le matin, papillons le soir*—grubs in the morning, butterflies at night—I know their trivial conversation would be as little to your taste as it is to mine.' The dinner was neat and elegant; the wines exquisite. The Promethean fire of champagne emboldened me to overleap the monosyllabic limit to which my former conversation was confined. He allowed me my full share of the talk; and such was the careless amenity of his manners, that I felt myself much more at my ease with a peer of the realm, than I was wont to feel with the extra-clerk, my father-in-law, whom I was now and then, for decency's sake, compelled to visit at the dusty villa, in the shape of a tea-caddy, which he occupied at Islington. Wine inspires confidence even in the most cautious; and my heart, now that I had conquered the first ceremonious reserves arising from the difference of rank between us, stood on the brink of my lips.

"In a short time, every secret of my soul was revealed to him; all the whispered suggestions of my ambition, all the fevered hopes of my pride; every wheel, every pivot of the moral mechanism

hat constitutes a man's identity, the *moi* of Madame de Stäel's Commentary on Kant's philosophy. He laughed at me for the Eurasian bashfulness that rebuked me, as I frankly acknowledged, every moment of my life. Even my olive tinge became enlivened into a brilliant *brun*, as he rallied me on the false shame which had to this moment made me consider myself a scare-crow amongst women: for I had always attributed Bridget's acceptance of my hand to have been mainly prompted by the command my purse would give her over sarsnets and gros de Naples. With the earnestness of a devoted friendship, he assured me my complexion was now completely in vogue;—that Apollo himself, were he to choose a skin for his re-appearance on earth, would array himself in one not a shade lighter than my own. 'But admitting,' said the viscount, 'that your colour is objectionable, let me entreat you, dear Middlerace, to remember the superiority of intellectual powers to attributes that are personal only!' I listened with delight to his syren-song. A large mirror was before me, and at every glass of claret I drank, methought my face had less and less of the oriental sallowness which had hitherto, as I absurdly imagined, excluded me by the fiat of nature from the hope of rendering myself agreeable to women. It ended

in his solemnly pledging his honour that he would introduce me to a young lady of rank at an early opportunity. He had touched a string which vibrated to my inmost soul. To live amongst the great, to be allied to them by domestic ties, to breathe the atmosphere of fashion, was the intoxicating dream that had haunted my waking and my sleeping fancies. How could I repay this gratuitous, this unlooked-for kindness? And it was a poor, pitiful return I made him; but it was at least of some value I trusted in his eyes, as a grateful acknowledgment of his friendship, when I complied with his request for the temporary accommodation of three thousand pounds, to enable him to complete a purchase which was requisite to the *arrondissement* of the paternal estate that had devolved to him. Ephraim Middlerace, thou type of blockheads, thou prince of dupes, thou ass of the first magnitude!

"Our intimacy ripened every day. It gave me renewed opportunities of manifesting my sense of Lord Featherington's condescensions by farther advances of money. For the aggregate amount he gave me his bond—and what security could be better than the bond of a viscount? At length I became a regular disciple in the college of fashion. I exchanged the awkwardness of an

Eurasian lout for the impudence of a Bond Street coxcomb."

* * * * *

Here follow several pages of self-upbraiding—of bitter retrospect—of shuddering anticipation of the future. It should seem, from the Eurasian's diary, that he married, under the auspices of his titled patron, a demirep of fashion, with the prefix of "honourable" to her name. Her taste for sarsnets and gros de Naples was of course more refined than that of his first wife; but it was in the same ratio the more expensive. Her mornings were spent in a conclave of milliners and sempstresses, her evenings in the usual dissipations of the town. The Honourable Mrs. Middlerace was condescending enough to introduce her husband to her parties. At these parties, the Eurasian had sufficient discernment to perceive that his *entrée* excited a general titter amongst the women, and somewhat louder expressions of mirth amongst the men; in short, that he was laughed at universally, and what was much worse, that the Honourable Mrs. Middlerace herself joined in the laugh. But late hours, the laborious *ennui* of a woman of fashion, tight lacing, thin drapery, all acting upon an enfeebled constitution and declining years—for the Honourable Mrs. Middlerace, long before she bestowed

her hand on the Eurasian, had been laid by on the shelf as a damaged article—at length restored him to the independence and ease of celibacy, but with wasted resources, and a heart half-broken by the scorn and contempt of the unfeeling wretches, whose follies he had mimicked, and whose distresses in many instances he had generously relieved.

Abut this period, his diary appears unusually barren, both of incident and reflection. Sufficient, however, may be collected, from several miscellaneous but desultory entries, to show that his mind had become gradually strengthened by the coarse discipline of misfortune, and that the soft and credulous milkiness of his nature, which had exposed him to so long a series of trickery and imposture, had been exchanged for a more manly confidence in himself and a salutary distrust of others. He became anxious from this time to return to India—his real home; and though we have no longer the aid of his diary, which he has long since discontinued, we know that he still lives beloved and respected, at the head of a flourishing mercantile firm at Calcutta; and that, nothing disheartened by his former conjugal misadventures, he has lately won the heart and obtained the hand of a rich Eurasian heiress; an event which has enlarged

the capital and extended the credit of Ephraim Middlerace and Co.; while, considered as one of three matrimonial experiments, it bids fair to be the most auspicious of them all. We cannot forbear also mentioning, as an instance of the native good sense of Mr. Middlerace, that he frequently recounts his Eurasian adventures, and indulges a hearty laugh at his own expense.

END OF VOL. I.

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